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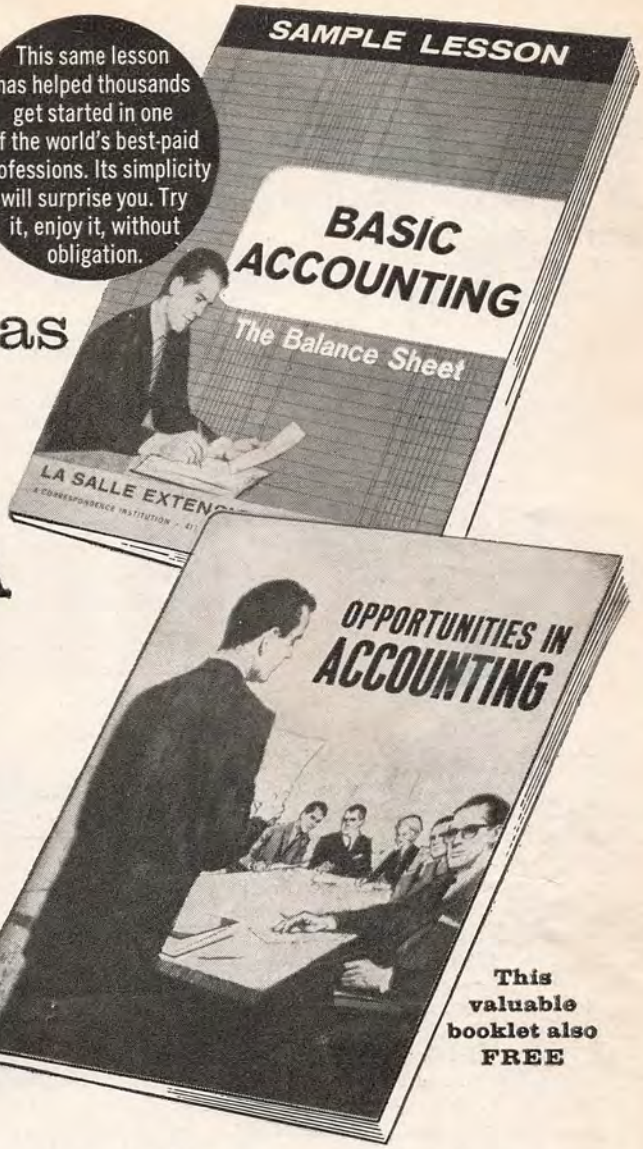

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Innocents Abroad

The belligerent incompetence demonstrated by consular personnel, Messrs. Killea, Johnson and Jochimsen in the handling of the Dykes Simmons' case (May TRUE) comes as no particular surprise. I have traveled in 67 foreign countries and have encountered that sort of callous indifference more often than not. Our foreign service personnel seem to dwell mostly inside a tight little shell of cocktail-party bureaucracy, supported by the U.S. taxpayers, oblivious to the welfare of anyone, either native or American, outside their own little hierarchies.

—*K. C.*
Belmont, Calif.

When I wrote to Washington, D.C., to protest the Dykes A. Simmons case in 1963, following an article about Simmons in another magazine, I received a most unsatisfactory, mimeographed statement from the State Department, regarding the United States policy toward Americans who are accused of crimes in foreign countries. Although I have not yet received a reply from Washington to my current letter of protest, I am sure that it will be equally unsatisfactory.

Clearly, the only way to free this man is to organize an effort, led by a politically prominent person. Surely, among the TRUE readers, there must be "someone who knows someone."

Let's do something!

—*Mrs. A. L. Gardner*
Baton Rouge, La.

I have spent seven winters in Mexico, and have traveled over a large part of the republic. I find the Mexican people both kind and polite, and certainly helpful to the tourist.

I am not saying that Simmons is guilty of murder as charged, but why did he enter Mexico under a false name? Why did he take a car into Mexico that was not his? Why did he give a false name at the hotel? Why does the U.S. Council ignore him? Could it be that they have checked his record in Texas and weighed him and found him wanting? Why didn't his mother get him a Mexican lawyer?

Thousands of Americans enter Mexico every year, and 99 percent of them come back pleased with the treatment they receive. I have often said, and I repeat, we are treated better in Mexico than the Mexicans are treated in the U.S.A.

I feel sorry for Mr. Simmons, but may I suggest to him or anyone else it pays to travel under your right colors.

—*W. C. (Bill) Allen*
Pinos Altos, N. Mex.

Dear Dictator

You have done the people of Louisiana a great injustice by criticizing Huey Long. It is a fact that Huey Long was elected to office by the people of Louisiana because they wanted him and no one else. He was not only for the people, but he "was" the people. True, he used dictatorial powers, but at least he was "our dictator."

Unfortunately for the United States, he was prevented from representing all the people of our land by the scheming plans of his political rivals in Washington. I need not name the person behind his assassination, for we in Louisiana know who he was.

—*Donald E. Cross*
New Orleans, La.

Cock Robin?

Animal Kingdom

I have just finished reading Malcolm Browne's *We're Turning into Animals* in your May issue. I put six years in the Canadian Army in the last world war. Part of that time I was stationed in the 9th American Army sector, and no one will ever convince me the common American soldier is a sadist in any shape or form. I would further say that any commanding officer who would make such an idiotic offer should be demoted to the ranks immediately.

I am one of those people who believe the Americans have no business in Viet Nam at all, and I fully realize the American serviceman is there because he is ordered there, but this pictures him as a bloodthirsty monster which I know from firsthand experience is not the case.

—*Phillip Harrison*
Victoria, B. C.

On behalf of the other animals, I protest the use of expressions such as *We're Turning into Animals*. Only Man is capable of such atrocities as mentioned in the article by Malcolm Browne in the May issue.

Remember, Man is the most vicious and treacherous animal which ever lived on the earth. How about the cold-blooded crocodile? A mother crocodile watches over her young until they can fend for themselves. The man-eating shark? He is merely per-

[*Continued on page* 4]

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[*Continued from page 2*]
petually hungry. He does not kill for sport. Tyrannosaurus Rex? The great thunder lizard of the dinosaur age was undoubtedly the most fearsome-looking beast that ever lived. Yet I do not believe that even Rex would have killed another animal just to hang its head on the wall.

No, it would be more fitting to describe a vicious animal as being "manlike."

—J. G. Burke
Lennox, Calif.

Bombs Away!

Your article, *Paper-Bag Bombardiers,* in the May 1966 issue proves that the cycle has completed itself.

Back in 1940-1941 when Civil Air Patrol was formed by a bunch of stick-happy private flyers who felt they should do something, paper-bag bombing practice was standard operating procedure at most grass-roots airports on Saturday and Sunday, weather permitting. I well remember the intersquadron contests that were held at Wings Field near Ambler, Pennsylvania, on every possible occasion.

We even developed a bombsight that consisted mainly of a pendulum with a sighting quadrant and an adjustment for parallax due to the fact the gadget was held in a clamp on the observer or right side of the plane. (The adjustment changed for a tandem Piper Cub.) Our rules were stiff, as minimum altitude was 100 feet and bombs were dropped by releasing a string instead of being thrown. Rumor has it that our pendulum bombsight was used by General Arnold in his bombing runs over Tokyo and installations in Japan. It was felt that the Norden bombsight was too valuable to risk losing on such dangerous missions.

I hope your article will encourage the bombardiers to keep it up.

—John A. Stees
Harleysville, Pa.

We hope it will encourage the amateur bombardiers to keep 'em coming *down.*

Sorry About That

In reference to Malcoln W. Browne's article, *Sorry About That* (April True). I found it very interesting, but the phrase which constitutes the title did not originate in Viet Nam. It has been in use extensively in Japan for some time. Its counterpart in Japanese is "Gomen Nasai Ne."

Also a few additions to the article: People are told to call one-nine when down on their luck; it's the chaplain's number. Upon first arriving here, chow regularly consisted of a concoction called "splat." It had a tendency, when a spoonful was put in your mess gear, to go splat. And second lieutenants are sometimes referred to as Boots.

—Cpl. W. B. Ford
Danang, Viet Nam

I believe that the phrase is not Vietnamese but Korean. The literal translation of "Sorry About That" into the Korean language might be done in one of two ways. Phonetically, the sarcastic way would be MEE-YAN-HOM-DEE-DA and the formal way of expressing regret would be MEE-YAN-HOJ-A-MOYA.

—Sgt. G. E. Santimaw
APO NY, NY, 09057

Beer Call

After reading your May, 1966 issue, we were amused to see the advertisement by the Continental Can Company on pages 114 and 115. We would like to serve notice that Smokey Billings' record of 45.05 seconds (for easy-opening ring-top beer cans) has been broken. The record now stands at 41.06 seconds, set in Knoxville, Tennessee by Mike Line, on April 16, 1966. Also on the same evening the beer-bottle opening record of 39 seconds, also held by Smokey Billings, was *tied* by Tom Barton, also of Knoxville. These times were officially recorded by a Chrondex Timer.

—Tom Barton
—Mike Line
Knoxville, Tenn.

Who drank all the beer?

Counterattack

In response to Edward Letchman's statement in the May issue (*Truely Yours*) concerning officers in the French Foreign Legion, I must take exception to what he says.

Mr. Letchman states that none of the officers of the Legion was anything but French regular army, who were just doing a hitch in the Legion as part of their tenure of service, and that no foreigner was allowed to hold commissioned rank. Has Mr. Letchman never heard of such famous officers of the Legion as Major Karel Hora (Czech), Colonel Dmitri Amilakvari (Roumanian), Colonel Sivori Peshkoff (Russian) and one with a most decidedly unFrench name: Major Aage Oldenburg-Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, Prince of Denmark.

Also, please note that Karel Hora was missing three fingers on one hand, and Sivori Peshkoff, who was also Maxim Gorki's stepson, had only one arm.

—Ivan M. Musicant
New York, N. Y.

. . . Mr. Letchman's other statements are equally positive, and equally inaccurate. No French officer *had* to serve a hitch in the Legion as part of his training; upon graduation from St. Cyr, the French West Point, newly-minted second lieutenants were permitted to choose the regiment in which they preferred to serve. No pressure was ever used to force them into the Legion. As for the Legion "not caring about a man's past," this is donkey dust. Any number of war criminals have been extradited from the Legion for trial in their native countries, and at least one crack machine gunner was taken out of action in Morocco and sent back to Chicago during the Capone era. It wasn't always like that, but it has been since 1919.

—Leslie A. Kramer
New York, N. Y.

Score one for True author Geoffrey Bocca, who was right in the first place!

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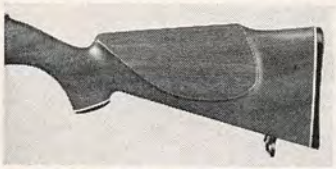

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE AUGUST 1966

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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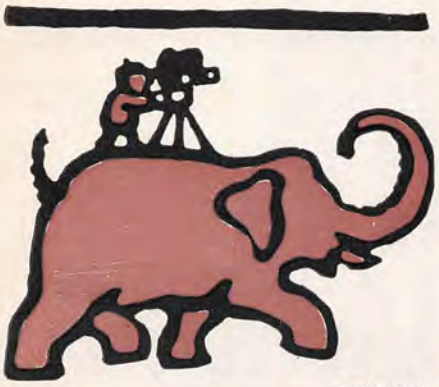

MOVIES

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING. What do you think would happen if a Russian sub ran aground just off Cape Cod? Well, if Jonathan Winters is the local deputy sheriff, Paul Ford the civilian defense chief and Ben Blue the man who spreads the word, peaceful coexistence will be hilariously shattered. Carl Reiner and Eva Marie Saint are also fine, but Alan Arkin, as a nutty Russian lieutenant, steals the picture.

THE GLASS-BOTTOM BOAT. It's a rarity to see a film with Doris Day where the issue isn't seduction versus marriage, so take note. This time she's just a girl in love with a scientist (Rod Taylor); she's also a suspected spy, which leads to highly comic complications. Arthur Godfrey, Paul Lynde and John McGiver help keep it funny.

THE SUCKER. A frantic French farce about an amiable dope who is talked into driving a Cadillac from Naples to Bordeaux not knowing that the car is stuffed to the fins with gold, heroin and jewels. Everything goes wrong, often uproariously. Bourvil plays the sucker to clownish perfection and Louis de Funes is great as a dim-witted criminal mastermind.

A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY. Homesteader Henry Fonda gets into the biggest poker game in Texas, bets his life savings, is raised—and has a heart attack. His wife (Joanne Woodward) has to carry on, but she doesn't know how to play. After she learns, she goes to the bank for a loan—with the hand as collateral. Often funny, sometimes strained. Jason Robards and Charles Bickford shine as a couple of genial misogynists.

A FINE MADNESS. A fast, macabre comedy about a two-fisted, oversexed poet in search of money and peace of mind. Pursued by police, his ex-wife, various broads and a slightly crazy psychiatrist who wants to operate on his brain, he is always down but never out, won't take "no" for an answer and even makes love in a whirlpool bath. Sean Connery is miscast as the poet, but Jean Seberg, Patrick O'Neal and Joanne Woodward are good.

THE NIGHT OF THE GRIZZLY. Clint Walker stars as a rancher fighting off debt and a savage grizzly in the Pacific Northwest. It's kind of corny, but a basic sincerity keeps it alive and there's plenty of action. In the end, it's more than bearable.

MAYA. Clint Walker again, this time playing a white hunter in deepest, darkest India. Jay North, his son, runs away from home, meets an Indian boy and a pair of elephants, and travels with them. The scenery is simply beautiful and the story is beautifully simple. Send the kids.

CINERAMA'S RUSSIAN ADVENTURE. A dull travelogue, showing some of the more attractive parts of Russia. The Moiseyev Dancers and the Moscow State Circus are standout attractions, but much of it is drab, even though the cheerful Bing Crosby narrates. The technical crudity of Cinerama's three-part screen is also very distracting. If you like smorgasbord, you might like this one.

THE LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS? We deeply, devoutly hope so. Marty Allen and Steve Rossi make their movie debut, and spend 90 witless minutes providing reasons why their first film should be their last.

BOOKS

PROMETHEUS by Andre Maurois. The life and hard times of Honore de Balzac, one of France's greatest writers, as seen by one of the world's great biographers. Life in 19th-century France was lusty, hectic and free, and Balzac exemplified the period. He failed at politics and business, maintained several mistresses, conducted love affairs by mail and turned out a steady stream of novels and stories. He died, burned out, at 50, five months after he married. *Harper & Row; $10.00.*

HIROHITO: EMPEROR OF JAPAN by Leonard Mosley. A good but leisurely biography of a monarch who was rarely allowed to rule. Hirohito is a gentle man and, according to this evidence, a good one, but he was so hemmed in by politicians, tradition and the military that he was helpless to stop or change the disastrous course of events in Japan. The book not only tells how, but explains why. *Prentice-Hall; $7.95.*

THE BONAPARTES by David Stacton. There has never been a family quite like Napoleon's; hopefully, there will never be another. His brothers, sisters and in-laws were loony, lazy, lecherous and treacherous (one made a fortune selling marble busts of Napoleon, then sold him out to his enemies; another "attitudinized all day and fornicated all night"). This dazzingly witty book traces the family misfortunes from 1814 to the present. *Simon & Schuster; $7.95.*

CONFESSIONS OF AN IRISH REBEL by Brendan Behan. The last work of the brawling, bawdy, tragicomic writer is a perfect mirror of the man: vulgar, funny and unfinished. Tape-recorded before his death, it's a long, anecdotal monologue about prison life, fighting the English, drinking, loving and writing pornography in Paris. His crudity never quite obscures his fundamental, warm humanity. *Bernard Geis; $4.95.*

THE DETECTIVE by Roderick Thorp. A massive novel about a private detective who accepts a case that sets him off on a spellbinding voyage of self-discovery. The author dissects marriage, adultery, suicide, love, psychology, homosexuality and police work so neatly that it leaves the reader helpless to do anything but read on. Quite simply, it's a helluva good book. *Dial; $5.95.*

THE LAST GENTLEMAN by Walker Percy. Four years ago, the author won the National Book Award for *The Moviegoer;* now he's back with an even better novel. This is the story of a southerner in New York, shy, pixieish and subject to fits of amnesia. He returns home in pursuit of love and finds death. It's melancholy and funny, very deep and very good. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.95.*

A SENTENCE OF LIFE by Julian Gloag. Jordan Maddox is a nobody—a successful executive, but dull and ordinary. When he is accused of a violent murder, no one believes he is even capable of it. He's innocent, but he almost accepts the guilt in order to assert his individuality and absolve his failings, though no one blames him for them but himself. An absorbing novel. *Simon & Schuster; $5.95.*

THIS TIME IN TWILIGHT by Anthony Tuttle. A highly readable novel about a conflict over a prospective dam in the Southwest and the people who fight against it. Much of the story

is set on a rip-roaring river and churns with excitement; on land, it bogs down in melodrama. *New American Library; $5.95.*

AMERICAN TROUT FISHING by Theodore Gordon and a company of anglers. An anthology of 27 articles on the sport, beginning with an essay by Gordon, the "father of dry-fly fishing," and continuing on through other aspects and areas of it by many noted devotees. A fine kettle of fish stories. *Knopf; $5.95.*

IT ONLY HURTS A MINUTE by Don M. Mankiewicz. A fair story about a compulsive gambler is interwoven with a textbooklike dissertation on the science of gambling. The result? Either an unsuccessful textbook or a limp, predictable novel. The odds are against it both ways. *G. P. Putnam's Sons; $5.95.*

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE EMDEN by Edwin P. Hoyt. An excellent account of two great feats in naval history. The first is the final mission of the *Emden*, a German cruiser sailing the Indian Ocean alone in 1915, harassing Allied shipping until it was sunk. The second is the escape of the survivors, by sailboat, barge, camel and on foot, going from the Indian Ocean to Turkey. They were in danger every minute and it makes an exciting story. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

ON AGGRESSION by Konrad Lorenz. The author is a distinguished naturalist, a professor but not a pedant. Here he examines the phenomenon of aggression, climbing the revolutionary ladder from fish to birds to rats to man. Whether examining an aggressive sexual ritual in fish (similar to man's) or explaining the result of bottled-up aggression on a reservation Indian, the result is fascinating, enlightening and readable. *Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.75.*

CHALLENGE THE WIND by John Tomerlin. A fast, vivid novel about the world of Grand Prix auto racing. It follows the fortunes and misfortunes of an American driver from his arrival in Europe to race as a factory-team driver to his success as an independent—and as a man. The milieu, men, women, races and adventure are portrayed with authority and skill. *Dutton; $5.95.*

NIGHT WITHOUT DARKNESS by Kenneth Orvis. A tough thriller about a scientist who develops the ultimate weapon, a "paralysis mist," and then defects to the Russians. Secret Agent Adam Breck is sent to Bulgaria to kidnap him back. He has to kill a lot of people to do it and then the problem is getting back out. It's essentially a chase story

[*Continued on page* 11]

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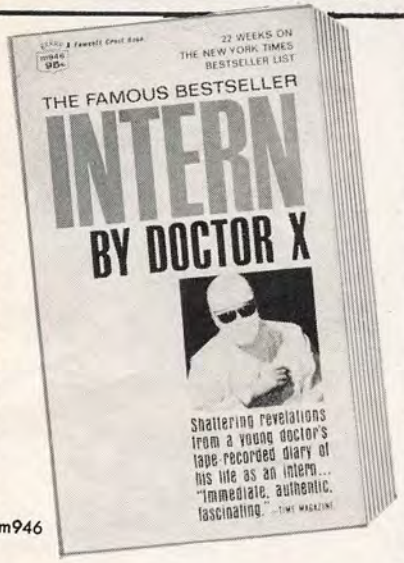

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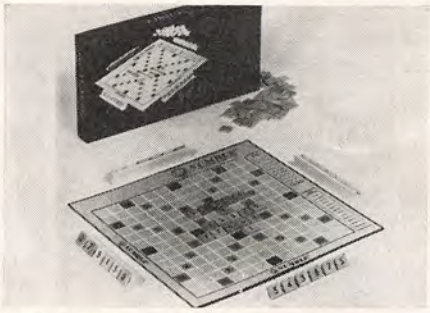

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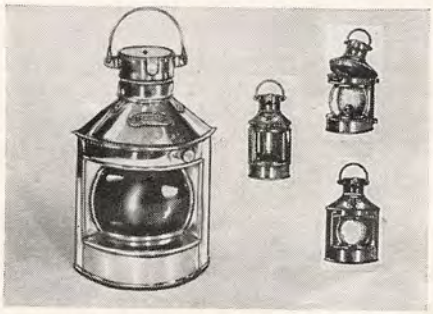

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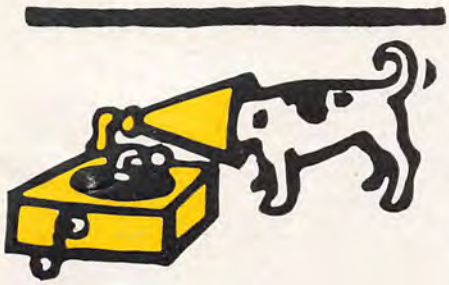
For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 104

 [*Continued from page 9*]

and, since Breck is one of the most savage hares ever hounded, it's quite exciting. *Coward-McCann; $4.50.*



RECORDS

THE "POPS" GOES COUNTRY. Arthur Fiedler and the 95-man Boston Pops Orchestra leave the smoke and soot of the city and invade the world of country and western music. Guitarist Chet Atkins strings along and it's a refreshing, exhilarating trip. The songs are old standards—even proper Bostonians will know the words. *RCA Victor.*

WHAT NOW MY LOVE. Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass are the musical phenomenon of the year; from a standing start a short while ago, they are now the most popular non-rock 'n' roll group around. This new album contains more reasons why—a dozen, to be exact, played in their distinctively insistent, almost percussive style. *A&M Records.*

STRIDE RIGHT. Two jazz giants—saxophonist Johnny Hodges and pianist Earl "Fatha" Hines—head a quintet on one of the best jazz records in a long time. The title tune is an example of the kind of high-stepping piano you rarely hear any more, and the beautiful things Hodges does with "Perdido" have to be heard to be believed. *Verve.*

FADO: THE SOUL OF PORTUGAL. "Fado" is a word in Portuguese that means more than it says; it connotes fatalism in the face of love. It is also a type of song, throbbing and warm, deeply felt and very sad. Amalia Rodrigues, who is known as the queen of the fado, sings 12 examples expressively, making sadness somehow appear beautiful. *Columbia.*

BROADWAY EXPRESS. Trombonist J. J. Johnson is the spark plug powering this swinging train composed of Broadway show tunes played with a spirited jazz feeling. "Once in a Lifetime" is a standout. *RCA Victor.*

BIG SPENDER. A mixed bag of moods and songs from the ever-beguiling Miss Peggy Lee. She sings something old ("Let's Fall in Love"), something new ("Big Spender") something borrowed (theme from *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*) and something blue ("You Don't Know"), and seven more. A perfect marriage of songs and talent. *Capitol.*

THE ROCK-JAZZ INCIDENT. For better or worse, rock 'n' roll is here to stay. One reason is that it's not all bad. This album contains some of the better tunes, played by the hip, rocking orchestra of Marty Paich. The emphasis is, of course, on the Beat, and it's infectious. *Reprise.*

BEETHOVEN: THE "ARCHDUKE" TRIO. One of Beethoven's many virtues was that he expanded the limits of his art, as in this trio; it's as dramatic and full at times as a concerto. Eugene Istomin (piano), Isaac Stern (violin) and Leonard Rose (cello) are to music what Ruth, Gehrig and DiMaggio were to baseball. They give it a warm, eloquent reading. *Columbia.*

THE ELLINGTON ERA, VOL. 2. A generous sampling (44 tunes on three records) of the output of one of America's greatest composers—Duke Ellington. The songs were recorded during the years 1927 to 1940, when people danced to jazz and big bands reigned. They display the richness of Ellington's talent and the excellence of his taste. Featuring Ray Nance, Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Billy Taylor and other well-known musicians, the album is a continuous delight. *Columbia.*

HALF HORSE, HALF ALLIGATOR. An animal which is, unfortunately, no longer with us: the American backwoodsman. This is the recording of an Off-Broadway show, starring the original cast—a man named William Mooney. A collection of windy, wild and funny tales, spiels, songs and poems, culled from Mark Twain, Davy Crockett, Will Rogers and others, it's great fun. *RCA Victor.*

MUSIC: A BIT MORE OF ME. David McCallum, who has achieved fame as Ilya Kuryakin of *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, conducts his impressions, whatever that means, of current musical hits. His musical credits are solid (his father is a well-known conductor and he studied music), but you'd never know it from the way this instrumental group plays. The record follows hot on the heels of his first, *Music: A Part of Me*, which was a big hit. The next one should be called *Music: No More of Me. Capitol.*

A TASTE OF HONEY. Mr. Clarinet Man, Pete Fountain, gives the New Orleans accent to a mixed bag of tunes. Few people could play rock 'n' roll hits and old standards like "It's Been a Long, Long Time" on the same record and make both kinds of music sound good, but Fountain even makes it look easy. *Coral.*

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BY AL STUMP

This wild Irish rogue is a self-made millionaire and radical reformer. His controversial opinions and alley-brawling courtroom tactics have won countless verdicts—and made countless enemies

HE CALLS HIMSELF THE

JACK DEMPSEY OF THE LAW

■ On Okinawa, among soldiers in the ranks, the courts-martial of two infantrymen, whom we'll call Ed McCann and Norm Hertzel, could have been described in one word, and the word wasn't printable. McCann and Hertzel were combat veterans. Early in 1946 they were assigned to the Okinawa occupation force, which was dull duty. In no time they met a couple of native girls and began to live it up a little.

One night after leaving a shack where the girls had shown them some oriental hospitality they'd never forget, the GI's encountered an Okinawan civil police patrol. The local Japanese police hated American troops for having moved in on island women and a feud had been growing. Now an argument began. One cop reached for his hip revolver. The soldiers were armed and also reached. When the shooting ended Sergeant McCann and Corporal Hertzel had all but fatally wounded one patrolman and killed another.

Engaged in sensitive postwar occupation problems, the Army reacted with wrath, charging the men with provoking the fight and deliberately murdering a law officer. They were convicted and sentenced to life terms in a federal prison.

Six years later McCann and Hertzel were marking off the days at McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary in northern Washington, without hope of parole, when they heard that a big-time trial attorney named Vincent Hallinan had arrived at the prison. According to reports, Hallinan liked nothing better than to tangle with high authority on behalf of clients with little or no influence and, despite the odds, won a high percentage of his cases. The cons begged to meet him.

Hallinan listened as they explained: "The Army called it premeditated murder, which is why we're here for life. But we didn't know any of those cops. How could we hold a grudge when we'd never seen them before? We just ran into them and they began screaming at us. Next thing one of them went for his .45."

Hallinan said, "So naturally you believed they might shoot *you*. Didn't your legal counsel establish that fact at the trial?"

"He had damned little chance. We had some witnesses—guys from our outfit who saw what happened—but the Army brass rushed things through and didn't call them to testify."

A wiry man whose smile is tough and slanting and whose eyes squint holes through you, Hallinan asked more questions, then accepted the case. The job of locating witnesses was difficult, but in time he filed briefs with the Defense Department demanding a rehearing. In blunt words, he asked how premeditation could exist when "these men, having performed a natural function, and weary, were en route home when attacked?" Secondly, as combat veterans, what else could be expected of them when the Japanese went for their guns first? He further pointed out that quite an odor surrounded the suppression of trial evidence favorable to the defendants and that this might reach the public any day.

In Washington, a military tribunal was quick to agree that a grave wrong had been done. The life terms were reduced to 10 years, with credit given for the six years already served, plus time off for good behavior and other considerations. Nine months after

Mrs. Hallinan, being led off by sour cop at civil-rights sit-in, gets pat from proud husband. Both Hallinans were arrested.

With a pot of shamrocks, the '52 Progressive Party candidate makes his first campaign appearance after release from jug.

Getting arrested or running for President, Hallinan does everything with zest

Hallinan took their case, McCann and Hertzel walked off McNeil Island, free men.

In the record of man's fight for Lost Causes, of helping his fellows out of hopeless predicaments, Vincent Hallinan's defense of the two might not seem to rank with the great barristerial feats, but it becomes a classic, a thing of beauty, when you consider that he won the release of the ex-GI's while he himself was a prisoner at McNeil Island. Only a few weeks before Hallinan met McCann and Hertzel he had been booked into the joint as Convict No. 734869. The search for witnesses was directed by Hallinan from behind bars. All the thousands of words comprising the briefs he submitted were written in his cell. The whole case had to be assembled without reference to lawbooks, for he had none.

Hallinan was in the federal jug because of another Lost Cause he'd undertaken: the 1950 defense of Harry Bridges, president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, and the object of deportation proceedings by no less than four U.S. government departments. Bridges was almost unanimously believed to be a communist. Even the union he'd led so strongly was drifting away from him. His conviction seemed so assured that "Good-by Harry, You S.O.B." signs went up in port cities. Before Hallinan was finished with the case, however, the United States Supreme Court cleared Bridges (who today is respected, unsuspected and still president of the ILWU) and sharply criticized his prosecutors for "unconstitutional acts."

But at one stage of the legal battle, at the U.S. District Court in San Francisco, Vin Hallinan threw the courtroom into bedlam. He ranted, roared and defied rulings from the bench. The judge broke his gavel and U.S. prosecutors moved that Hallinan be punished to the fullest extent. Marshals seized him where he stood, and he drew a six-month sentence—one of the stiffest contempt of court rulings in years.

Aging handsomely, 69-year-old Vincent Hallinan resembles former Notre Dame coach Frank Leahy, but a Leahy with a hangover. The face is furrowed, the eyes are narrowed and mocking, the muscular body remains so youthful it seems to bounce on springs. He speaks in rapid bursts and with nonchalant profanity.

He has practiced law in San Francisco since 1921 and in more than 70 capital cases has lost just one client to the gas chamber. After winning an important verdict, Hallinan has been known to rush out onto the Hall of Justice steps, throw up his arms and howl, "Jesus Christ, it's payday at the mines! I'm the Jack Dempsey of the law!"

On ability to win verdicts, Hallinan is ranked by some critics with Edward Bennet Williams and Jerry Geisler, although unlike them, he doesn't often represent a famous client. On ability to blow the lid off criminal courtrooms he hasn't an equal. For 40-odd years he has specialized in defending unpopular causes, ordinary people and downright nobodies

against powerful interests—government, banks, parole boards, the military, big industry—and his alley-brawling behavior has brought him a title which nobody disputes. Beyond doubt he is the most embattled lawyer in the country. Possibly, too, he has the most enemies, partly because he is, as Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren has said, "the most trigger-tempered man who ever walked into a courtroom."

Last November the *San Francisco Chronicle* called him a "space-grabbing loudmouth." A California Superior Court judge says, "He's incredibly insolent—a menace," and a U.S. Circuit Court once filed a 5,000-word judgment stating: "Appellant [Hallinan] roams the court with such gross misconduct that we recommend . . . nothing less than . . . his incarceration." Lemuel H. Matthews, president of the San Francisco Bar Association, closes his eyes and exclaims, "Don't ask me about Hallinan! His violence and total rebelliousness leave me speechless."

The more law authorities and the press rip into him the better Vin Hallinan likes it, since it adds to his reputation as a fighter for underdog citizens. "When Harry Bridges was opposed by a cageful of trained cobras the government offered as witnesses," he says, "I had a field day. Chief Prosecutor Joe Donoghue called me a 'mad dog.' There was one swell headline—'HALLINAN TURNS TEMPLE OF JUSTICE INTO BAWDYHOUSE'. You're goddam right I get bawdy when big business—in this case the shipowners—are out to ruin a good man."

In their denunciations of him, enemies invariably refer to Hallinan's fists. At the latest count, Hallinan, son of a Limerick father and a County Cork mother and also a cousin of President Eamon de Valera of Ireland, has engaged in 27 fistfights in and around courtrooms. The years haven't slowed him down.

Last November 22, an opposing lawyer named Donald Zimn, much younger than Hallinan, allegedly accused him of telling the jury "lies." Leaping up, Hallinan knocked Zimn flat with a blow to the mouth.

Hallinan was named the "Beast of the Bar" by newspapers after he took on one Paul Dana, a 200-pound former Utah AAU boxing champion, who was trying a case against him. "There was blood all over the court lobby," a bailiff recalls. "The fight lasted so long that people came in off the street to watch. They were both a mess, but Hallinan won a close decision." In his 27 bouts the clouting counselor has never been beaten.

There is good reason for this record. As a youth, he was a star football player and one of the West's top amateur boxers, a wicked left-hooker good enough to spar with the best professionals. A nonsmoker or drinker, he stays in shape today by bag punching, jumping off diving boards and taking long hikes. Once a month he walks the 20 miles from his suburban home to his San Francisco office—his best time, four hours, 33 minutes.

Still, the question of why an intelligent man, a millionaire through law practice and real-estate dealings, should resort to

[*Continued on page* 20]

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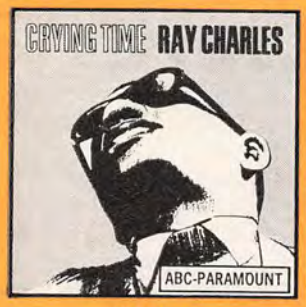

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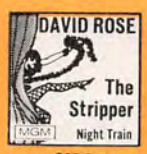

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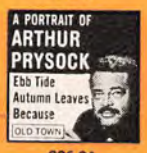

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delights for readers of True Magazine
Hollywood's "record club of the stars"

[*Continued from page* 15]
so much brawling baffles most people. Not Hallinan.

"To begin with, I grew up a primitive," he explains with gusto. "We still had lynch law out West when I first joined the bar, and to protect my clients I carried a gun into court and sometimes had to draw it. Secondly, I've learned that toughness is a helpful tactic. Most men are weaklings who are shocked, horrified, destroyed when you dump them with a crack on the jaw. More than once an opponent has lost his aggressiveness during a trial and all but quit because he feared me."

With his instinct to go for the jugular and general compulsion to raise hell, Hallinan is among the last of the fierce pleaders; yet he has been involved in situations far more serious, accumulating a record without equal in modern American law. He has been:

—Forcibly ejected from courtrooms four times by irate judges. . . .

—Indicted three times by grand juries for alleged malfeasance (he beat two of these charges) . . . .

—Fined hundreds of dollars and twice sent to city jail for contempt of court. . . .

—Suspended from law practice for three years by the California Supreme Court and threatened with further blacklisting by the State Bar Association. . . .

—Sentenced twice to federal prison—once for six months (the Bridges case) and another time for 18 months for income-tax evasion. Hallinan denies any evasion, attributing the conviction to the "government's continuing attempt to destroy me because I fought for Bridges."

These setbacks, including the prison terms, didn't even muss his hair. "I spent a profitable time in the pen," he cockily assures you. "The cons of McNeil Island voted me their spokesman and I raised such hell with petitions to Washington about white-Negro segregation in U.S. prisons that some of it was ended. I also became a prison lawyer and managed to get pardons for half-a-dozen innocent men. Our courts send up so many people who are fall guys for crooked D.A.'s and incompetent, tyrranical judges that it makes me ill."

Overall, the performance is awesome, and behind all the trouble he gets into are two chief reasons. First, Hallinan is a humanist who is deeply concerned by the misfortunes of others. Even his enemies admit he has brotherly love coming out his ears. Secondly, as his verbal blasts at authority might indicate, he's a deep-dyed socialist with a great dislike of "The Rich." "Yes, I'm wealthy, but how many of us get the chance to be somebody?" he asks. "The average American is so defrauded of his rights by the entrenched moneyed minority who control business, the courts, Congress and the whole economy that one day there'll be the worst explosion since the French Revolution. Most people who go broke are victims of the Power Establishment. Most of those in prison don't belong there. We live in a dog-eat-dog system where the rich do the eating—torturing and misusing the real producer, the workingman, until he loses the ability to function rationally."

Never off this kind of soapbox, millionaire Hallinan was nominated by the Progressive Party for the presidency of the United States in 1952 and ran his campaign from a prison cell. His presidential attempt was wasted time, he concedes. However, the tiny vote he drew didn't discourage him. Waving his jailbird background like a proud banner—"When I was doing time in stir," is how he likes to lead off conversations with strangers—he makes more moves against authority than a clubhouse full of hockey players. He has charged fire-department hoses with college kids in civil-rights riots. He walks picket lines with strikers. One World groups, left-wing extremists and civil-rights organizations receive generous donations from him, and he's been loaded into paddy wagons with Negroes holding sit-ins. Bailing out himself and his friends, he defends groups of 50 and 100, charging no fee.

Many Californians look upon Hallinan as a dangerous fanatic and others consider him a downright Red revolutionary. But local editors and political scientists who have studied him carefully dispute this, pointing out that he has feuded more with the Communist Party over the years than agreed with it. They view him chiefly as a rebel, ready to battle practically all established interests.

In fighting for his Lost Causes, Hallinan's foes are generally law enforcement agencies—from the FBI to local police—which in his milder moments he only accuses of being power-mad. Against such forces he has set a few records.

In the 1940's, for instance, Hallinan obtained the fastest acquittal in the country's history of an accused murderer—a man against whom the state seemed to have an airtight case. More recently he broke a 112-year California precedent with one of the most dramatic confrontations of law authority on the books. This was the case of Robert Lee Kidd, the so-called "Mad Torturer."

It began in 1954 when a 71-year-old San Francisco antique dealer, Albert Clarke, was found in his shop, his body battered, carved up and badly burned. Police said an antique sword found beside the corpse was the murder weapon. Clarke was known to have money hidden on the premises—some $1,500 was later discovered.

For six years the case went unsolved. Then in 1960 Bob Kidd, a 39-year-old merchant seaman, was arrested in Indiana on a drunk-driving charge. An FBI check identified his fingerprint as matching a print found on a "bloody smear" on the sword. At his trial a witness stated that in 1954 Kidd had often been in Clarke's shop. Though denying any knowledge of the murder, Kidd admitted he'd visited Clarke on the day of the killing. With that Kidd drew the death sentence.

After Kidd had spent more than a year on Death Row, the State Supreme Court overturned the verdict and ordered a new trial. The second one ended in a hung jury, and Kidd remained in jail while the prosecution arranged for still another trial. His wife made frantic appeals for legal help. No lawyer was interested. As a last try, she placed a classified ad, reading: "I don't want my husband to die for a crime he didn't commit. I offer my services without pay for 10 years as cook, maid or housekeeper to any leading attorney who will defend him and bring about his vindication."

Hallinan responded at once, saying, "No woman has to sell herself like this. I'll act for Mr. Kidd without charge."

With the cyanide chamber ready and waiting, the press scoffed at Hallinan's action as another grandstand play but this time a hopeless one. In his office Hallinan studied the transcript of Kidd's 1960 trial.

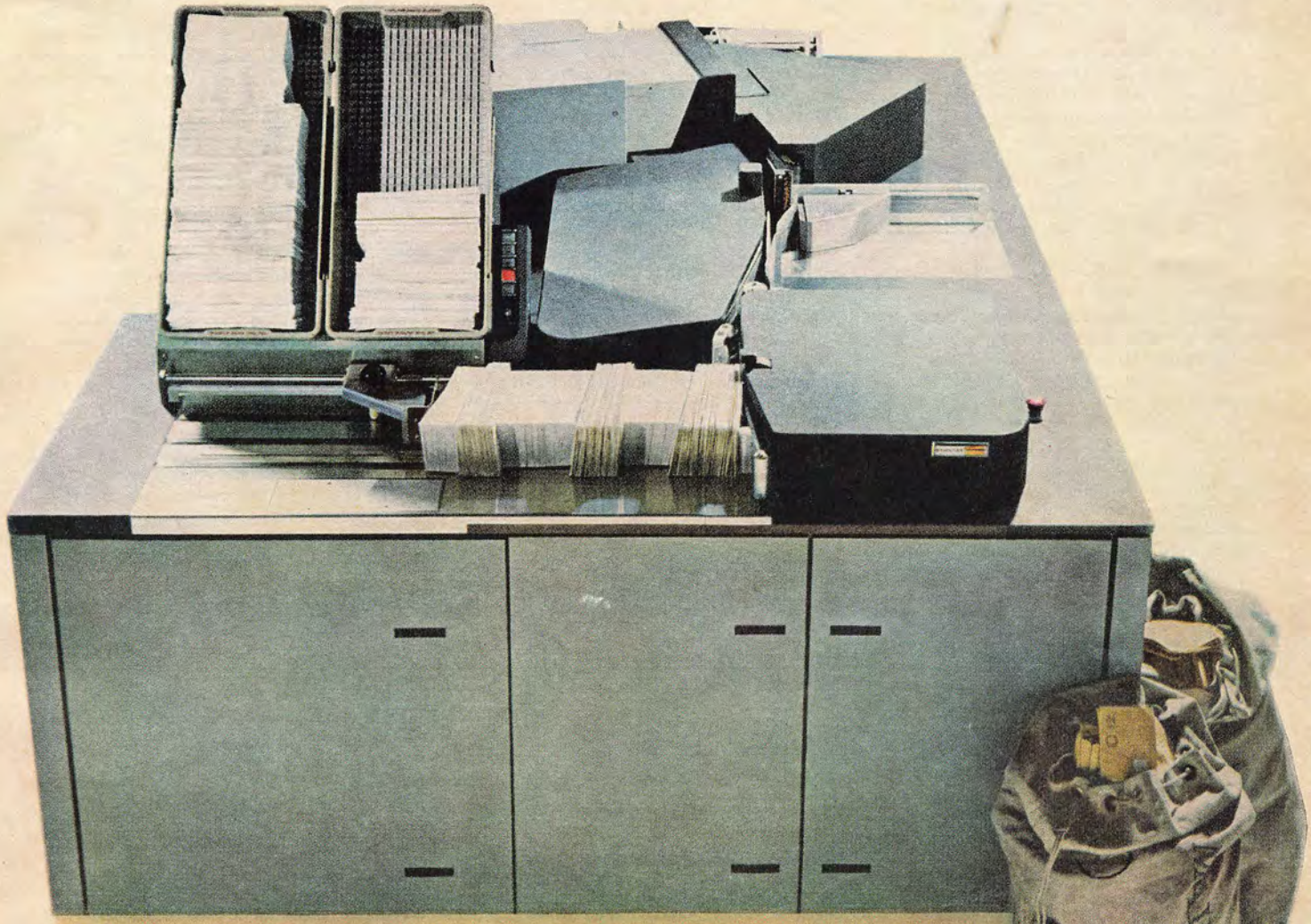
On blood, he is an expert. Coming to

[*Continued on page* 22]

TRUE

"You'll like this little place. It's intimate."

We taught it to read zip codes.



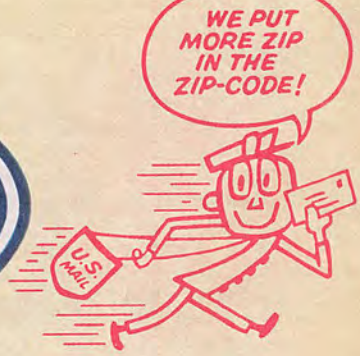
And for good reason. By reading the typewritten zip code on letters it can help the Post Office sort the mail at the astonishing rate of 36,000 letters per hour—fifteen times faster than sorting by hand. And the sooner the mail is sorted the sooner it can start on its way to you.

The electronic zip code reader was developed by our Philco subsidiary. It is now in operation in the Detroit Post Office. And more are on the way.

As you might suppose, it took a great number of new ideas to create the electronic zip code reader. But we're old hands at new ideas. Big ideas, like the Mission Control Center in Houston that Philco designed for NASA. And little ideas, like an automobile key that's cut the same way on both sides, so it's always right side up.

Don't be surprised if the next idea you like comes from Ford.

Ford



[*Continued from page* 20]
the testimony of a police laboratory technician in the transcript, his eyes narrowed. The prosecution had asked, "Did you test the sword for bloodstains?"

The answer was: "Yes, we gave it the regular benzedine test."

Next question: "With what result?"

Answer: "It was positive for blood on the handle and on the blade, beyond any doubt."

At this decisive point the questioning on blood abruptly ended. No further inquiry was made, and the damning fingerprint evidence was introduced. Hallinan's fist hit his desk. Frame-up!

The reason he believed Kidd had been jobbed became clear at the new trial. Placing previous laboratory testimony in evidence, Hallinan asked the police witness:

"After the benzedine test, what did you do?"

"Why," replied the witness, "once we knew it was blood, we matched the fingerprint smear in it with Kidd's."

"You knew nothing of the sort!" barked Hallinan. He turned to the jury. "This is incredible," he said. "The benzedine test, by itself, means nothing. All that happens there is that peroxide of hydrogen is mixed with some drops of benzedine. If it's blood, the hemoglobin subtracts a molecule or so of oxygen from the peroxide of hydrogen and transfers it to benzedine, which turns blue. You then have what's called a positive test for blood.

"But a *positive* reaction only means that it *could* be blood. Any other organic substance—urine, fruit juice, milk or a hundred other items—also will turn blue under the benzedine test. So at this point blood is only one of *many possibilities.*"

Hallinan bored on, "The real proof is the next test. You dilute the material in a saline solution, add drops of acetic acid and let it dry slowly. If hemotin-chloride crystals are seen through a miscroscope, then you know for sure it's blood. But in the trial that convicted Kidd, the district attorney *never asked if this conclusive test had been made.* The omission of that question and of that evidence constitutes one of the worst perversions of justice I've ever seen."

No police lab, said Hallinan, stops with just the benzedine test. "Of course the full test was made in 1960 and the result was the reason the prosecution asked no more questions. Why? Because there never was any blood on that sword!"

He substantiated this by putting Paul Kirk, noted University of California criminologist, on the stand. Kirk said his tests proved the sword to be free of blood.

Whatever substance was on the sword, which Kidd had handled while visiting the antique shop, couldn't be determined. But as a death weapon, the sword was completely debunked. The prosecution, red-faced, now tried a switch. Beneath the corpse of Albert Clarke, police testified, the hammer of a revolver had been found. Kidd was known to have owned a gun. Who could say he hadn't beaten Clarke to death and then slashed him with some other weapon?

When Hallinan blows in a courtroom, people duck. His assistants had to restrain him from punching the prosecutor. When he was under control, he said, "No gun was mentioned when they sentenced Kidd to die. They skewered him on a sword. Now that the sword fable has been exposed, they introduce a gun. A gun no one knows even existed. Is there no end to their perversion?"

The jury had heard plenty. They voted for acquittal, and Kidd walked into the sunshine, the only time anyone in California history has been aquitted after being put on Death Row. Hallinan accomplished it in two months and eight days.

In the courtroom Hallinan at first looks harmless. He wears the same ready-made suit until it sags. His shoes are unshined and usually he needs a haircut. But judge and jury know an explosion is coming, and they get it. In one instance, his client was so obviously guilty of murder that a verdict of death seemed sure. As the trial came down to the final arguments, Hallinan appeared to have been trapped by an assistant district attorney. The D.A. dragged out his arguments until nearly 5 p.m., or closing time. This left Hallinan only a few minutes to make his points. It was Friday, which meant the jury would have Saturday and Sunday to let the prosecution's words sink in. Hallinan threw away his argument and grabbed a gun which had been placed in evidence.

Striding over to the prosecutor he snarled, "What would you do if you found out that your wife was running around with another man, neglecting you and your children for his embraces? Why you'd take a gun and you'd go up to him and jam it into his throat!" Hallinan shoved the pistol hard against the D.A.'s quivering neck.

"And you'd say to him 'You dirty sonofabitch! Keep away from my wife or I'll blow you to hell!' " The D.A. cringed while the jury sat, popeyed. Calmly, Hallinan said, "If the court please, I will continue the argument Monday morning."

On Monday he showed enough provocation leading to the murder so that the verdict was manslaughter, with a 20-year penalty.

Such success reinforces Hallinan's idea that timidity in a court of law is all wrong. You win only by drawing blood is an attitude he recommends to a coterie of young attorneys who are associated with him. Among them are two of his sons, Patrick and Terence.

Just recently 31-year-old, handsome, chip-off-the-block Patrick Hallinan was jailed and fined $250 in Municipal Court. "The old man swelled up he was so proud of me," says Patrick.

Hallinan's other attorney son, Terence, has been termed "incorrigible" by the State Bar for similar actions. He attracted nationwide news attention recently for his fiery attacks on the Attorney General for declaring subversive the W.E.B. DuBois clubs which Terence helped organize. As the family score for flouting authority mounts, the senior member is moved to recall his own father. Here, buried deep, is the reason behind Hallinan's hatred of big business and big government and his insurgent behavior. Pat Hallinan was a conductor on San Francisco cable cars in the 1890's. "We were a poor family because the streetcar trust held him in peonage," Hallinan tells it. "My father worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week, for $70 a month to support eight kids. When he led strikes for higher pay, the trust hired thugs to beat him. He'd come home and drip blood into an old lard can and curse them. His head was covered with scars—from police clubs.

"Finally it drove a fine man to drink. He'd get wild on booze and we kids grew up in terror of him."

Earning a night-school degree in 1921, Vin Hallinan quickly made good. He netted $20,000 in his first year of pleading. Still a rookie at the Bar, he challenged the same streetcar trust his father had bucked. The result made San Francisco history. "There I was," he describes it hoarsely, "fighting the corrupt Market Street Railway Company with no one to help me. In the 1920's on into the '30's the company held total control of the city's juries. Juries weren't picked from the register of voters but by the company's political fixers. No plaintiff lawyer could win a damage case against them. A child could lose both legs because of a drunken streetcar motorman, or some laborer could be mashed to a pulp by a runaway trolley and you couldn't recover a dime. Judges were paid off by bagmen, the Bar Association was intimidated and there wasn't a worse scandal in America."

Repeatedly Hallinan was fined, jailed and indicted—and went broke. As James MacInnis, a prominent Bay Area attorney, recalls it, "While others were supine before the system, Vin showed more courage than I've ever seen. He began to win a case here and there by guts, patience and sheer fury. He was as smart as a sackful of foxes and in time he cracked through, taking down some of the largest verdicts ever returned anywhere."

A six-year-old boy was struck by a careless motorman, his lower body crushed. Hallinan pushed his nose into the jury box, daring the panel to vote against him. "I know who put you here," he said. "And don't ever forget the whole city knows."

The Railway Company's counsel, William Cannon, jumped up to cry, "Mis-

[*Continued on page* 90]

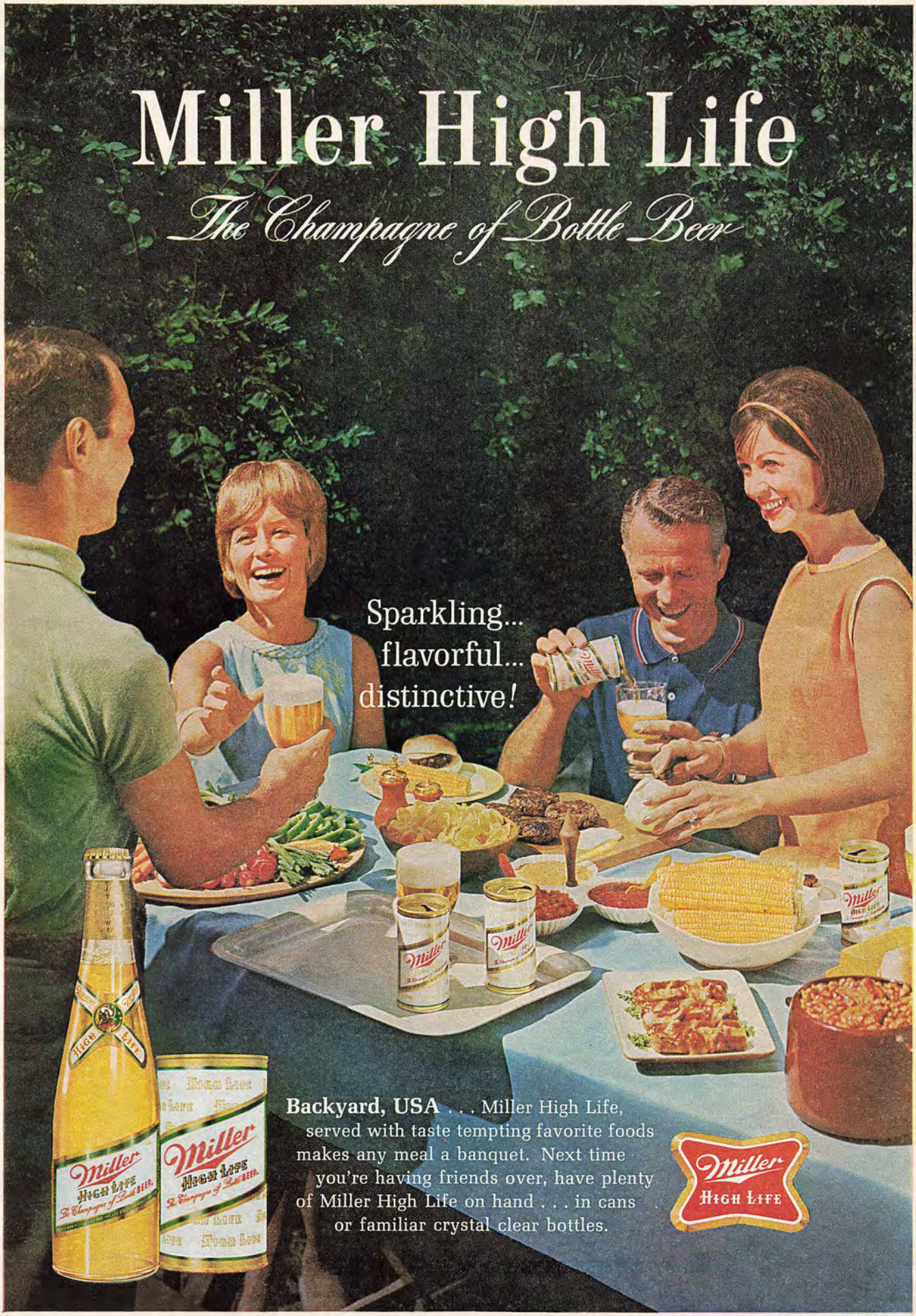
COMING . . .

While the President played poker and chased the girls, his wife became

THE WOMAN WHO RULED IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Discover this strange episode in American history and why it was doomed to failure

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE



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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

32-PLUS

The problem of separating the girls from the women is plenty tough nowadays when every mother hopes to be mistaken for her own granddaughter. Luckily, we have stumbled upon a simple rule that can keep our fellowmen from making embarrassing mistakes. Seems that women's dresses are subject to 10 percent sales tax in England but little girls' dresses are not. Members of a grade-school parents' association put up a squawk when a tax bite was put on certain school uniform dresses. Tax authorities made a Solomon-like decision: "When girls need dresses with bust measurements of more than 32 inches, they are *women.*" Carry your own tape measure, men.

LOVE THAT LICENSE

Leave it to Texans to make their auto license plates glow with self-advertising. For an extra $10—about a tenth of a second's production of a li'l ole oil well—Texans can order any combination up to six letters and numbers that do not duplicate other plates. What's more, the personalized plates are "reflectorized" with materials that make them stand out like a prairie fire at 2,000 feet in a headlight's beam. About 7,500 Texans have bought the fancy plates so far this year, says Robert W. Townsley, Jr., director of the state's Motor Vehicle Division (his 18-year-old son ordered BATMAN). Here are some examples of plates and their owners:

ASTHMA: a physician specializing in respiratory diseases

IFIXTV: an electronics repairman

INVEST: a broker

AKQJ10: a poker fan

GRRR: an unfriendly Texan

HIYALL: a friendly Texan

Reflectorized plates which help to cut rear-end collisions are issued in 27 states, but personalized plates are less common. You can get them in Washington, D.C. though. In fact, there's a set of plates down there with the initials LBJ. You think you know who owns them? A woman by the name of Lucille Brown Jones.

SNAKE BITE

It's better to see snakes that feel 'em, but whisky is no good for snakebite. A lot of territory most favored by hunters, campers and vacationists has a snake population, and it's smart to carry a first-aid kit in case that dead branch you step on squirms and sinks its fangs into you. A special Sportsman's First Aid kit available at drugstores contains a snakebite unit with slip-on tourniquet and equipment for sucking out the venom. The snakebite kit can be bought separately for $2.95. The only specific treatment for snakebite is injection of antivenin. Drugstores also sell antivenin kits, effective against rattlesnake and moccasin venom, for prompt emergency use when the victim may be a long way from a doctor. Drugstores in snake country frequently "rent" antivenin kits, refunding part of the money if the kit is returned unused. Be prepared.

SOUR NOTE

A big Bronx cheer from a French horn for the academic Mafia that tried to pull the plug out from under Meredith Willson. Haughty members of college music faculties hit the ceiling when Willson, composer of *The Music Man* and other hits, was appointed to President Johnson's Council on the Humanities, a bund dedicated to deodorizing the culturally smelly public. These musical goons yipped that Willson should resign because "his distinctions are exclusively in the commercial world of light entertainment and no more represent American achievement in musical scholarship than Bob Hope would represent it in literary scholarship." The scholarship bit is a smoke screen. The real gripe of these arrogant arbiters of musical taste shows up in their claim that Willson "is not qualified to advise the chairman of the Humanities Council or to review applications for financial support of projects." The bellyachers crave handouts from the public trough, and what's more commercial than that? Willson might give culture a deathblow by awarding a grant to some numbskull who writes something that people happily pay to listen to. His detractors should be locked in a soundproof room to bang their tympani until they apologize.

SHOESTRING ADVENTURERS

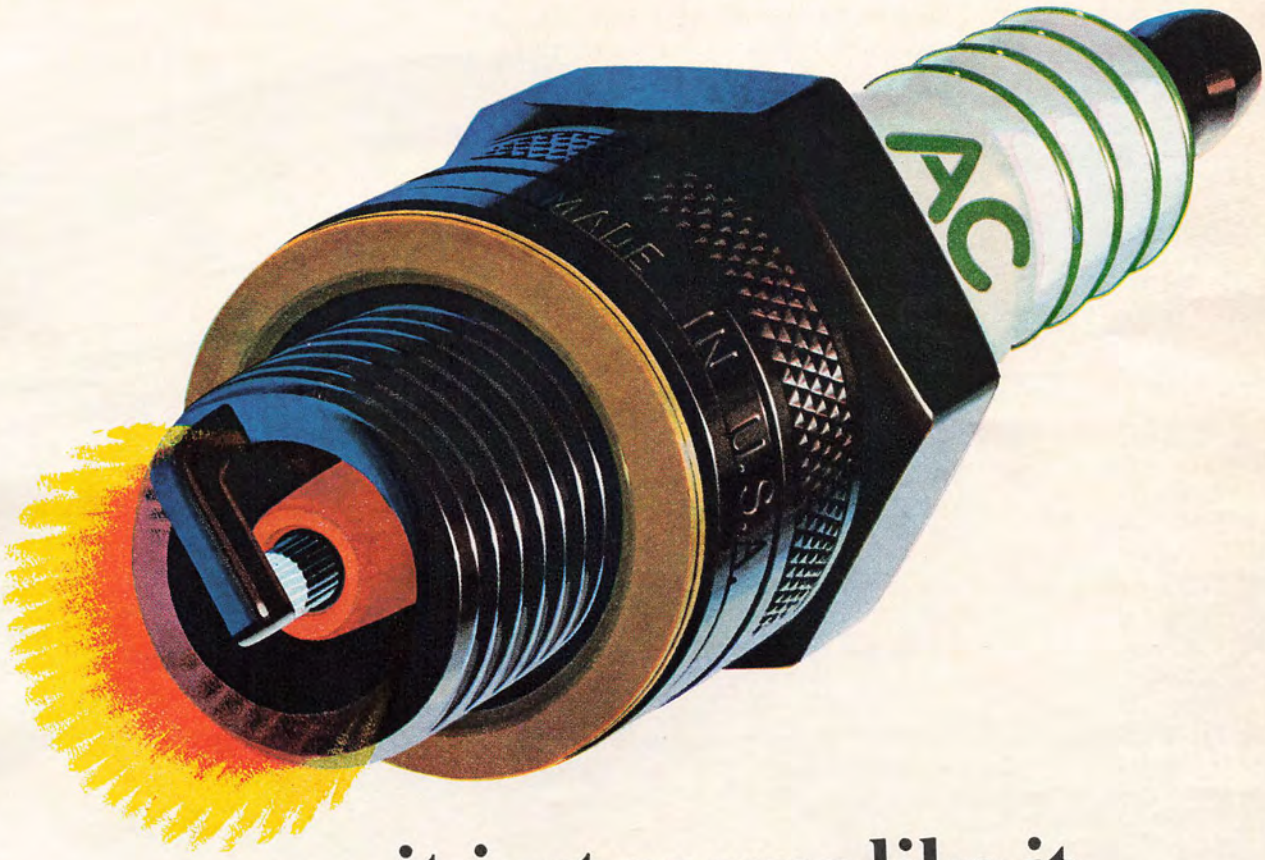
Not long ago a group of 40 men and women gathered on a street corner in Greenwich Village. Within minutes they were surrounded by more than a hundred characters who wanted to join in protesting something, no matter what. The original group waved off the newcomers.

"That taught us to be more careful where we meet," says Howard Goldberg, 35-year-old founder and mainspring of Adventure on a Shoestring, Inc. The 40 revelers weren't protesting anything. They were meeting for an adventure—typically, an "event," dinner, a "surprise"—furnished by the organization. They get a lot of excitement and entertainment at dirt-cheap rates.

Members have visited with a man who talks to trees, with a fellow who plans to form his own country at sea, with a psychic investigator who told them how to get rid of ghosts. They visit with cartoonists, karate experts, playwrights, psychoanalysts, subway troubleshooters, vermouth blenders, master chefs, jockeys, and get behind the scenes of all sorts of activities that tourists and ordinary New Yorkers don't know about and can't get into.

(Continued on page 28)

Spark plugs don't last forever...



...it just seems like it when you're using Self-Cleaning ACs.

AC Fire-Ring Spark Plug's exclusive Hot Tip Insulator cleans itself as you drive. Important? You bet it is. Self-Cleaning action gives your car peak power longer. Surer, faster starts, too. Insist on Self-Cleaning AC Spark Plugs for your car next time you change. **AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION**

GM

AC
FIRE-RING
SPARK PLUGS

WE CAN'T THE ROAD

FIX UP S.

But we can give you a tire that takes any road in stride: The Workhorse. The tough-job tire for pickup & delivery work. Strong nylon cord body resists scrapes and bruises.

Pickup and delivery work can be pretty rough going. Over back roads. Construction sites. Cornfields. Railroad crossings. Fallen branches. Sharp rocks. Potholes. Ruts. Curbs.

That's where the Workhorse tire really comes through. The triple-tempered cord carcass shrugs off the bruises, bumps and scrapes.

Up to 25% more mileage.

You can drive the Workhorse hard. Hit the brake. Step on the gas. The Workhorse is built for the stop-and-go grind of pickup and delivery.

In addition to triple-tempered nylon, the Workhorse has Tufsyn, toughest rubber Goodyear ever used in tires. And more of it—in the right places. 20% deeper tread. Thicker undertread, too. Up to 25% *more rubber* between the cord and the road. The Workhorse delivers up to 25% more mileage than tires now used in most pickup and delivery work.

Light trucks don't always travel light.

That's OK with the Workhorse. It's no Sunday tire. Pile on the tools, appliances, sand and gravel, camping equipment, logs or livestock. The Workhorse has stronger sidewalls for extra load-carrying strength. Helps you haul more. In fewer trips.

What's the price?

No more than an ordinary tire. Prices start at less than $15.00.*

If you drive a pickup, panel, or light delivery truck—get the tough-job tire. The Workhorse, at your Goodyear Dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. Goodyear, Akron, Ohio 44316.

The Workhorse tire gives you a choice of two tread designs: Extra-traction design (shown above) for on *and* off the road. Rib type for on-highway work.

* (Size 6.00 x 16. Rib-type. Plus $2.40 federal excise tax. At all Goodyear Stores. See your local Goodyear Dealer for his "competitive" prices.)

GOODYEAR

Tufsyn, Workhorse—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 24)

Goldberg started the organization after he blew a lot of dough on a night in town and didn't get his money's worth. His philosophy that "you don't necessarily enjoy yourself in proportion to the money spent" is shared by 2,000 members including several millionaires who figure that on their own they couldn't buy the fun the group provides. A rich array of adventurous diversions is served up for peanuts—membership costs $7 a year, $10 for married couples, plus a buck for events attended and meals on your own. Goldberg feels that membership prolongs life, in the real sense that length of life is not a matter of years but of the number of inspiriting experiences packed into it.

Goldberg runs Adventure on a Shoestring from 306 W. 51st St., New York, New York. The name is trademarked but he would like to see similar groups organized in other cities. "Don't be discouraged at the beginning," he advises. He started by handing out newsletters of coming adventures to crowds at stadiums and public places. Only one or two people showed up at the first 20 events. Then membership and attendance picked up through word of mouth. It's important to have events of good quality and members with interested minds. The oldest member of Adventure on a Shoestring is a wonderful 89-year-old woman who four years ago hired a press agent and went into show business. She's the last to complain of fatigue on walking tours, Goldberg says.

PIGTAIL

The price of pork being what it is, a novel way to decrease production costs is fantastically good news for consumers. Recently an inquirer asked the advice of the *Irish Evening News*, published in Dublin, how pigs can be stopped from eating the tails of other pigs. Happily, an outbreak of tailbiting on the Dingle Peninsula had stirred the Department of Agriculture to look into the cause. The diagnosis: boredom. Dispirited hogs with nothing to do took to nipping at each other's appendages. The experts suggested that jaded pigs be given plenty of sty room, lots of wood to chew on and a hanging chain to play with. Plainly the Irish know what's in a pig's id, and there's a lesson in this somewhere.

BOOTLEGGED BOSOMS

Women who get silicone injections to expand their bosoms are not only artificial. They're illegal. Makers of medical-grade silicone fluid resolutely refuse to furnish it for human injection, except to official investigators. Much mammary inflation is achieved with bootlegged silicone or low-grade commercial stuff that otherwise would be used to manufacture Silly Putty. No man or spirit wants to think that the topography he admires is second-rate silicone. We think the makers of medical-grade silicone are being awfully stuffy. They should release the material for dolls who won't settle for second-best busts. Other opportunities to improve upon nature are innumerable and cry for ministration. With hemlines crawling up the thigh, silicone injections to conceal knee knobs could be a public blessing. A clever operator could no doubt implant a silicone dimple where it would be most ravishing. Present uses of the magic fluid barely scratch the surface.

FAST GUNS

An organization called the National Fast Draw Association has nothing to do with poker. Members are the fastest guns around. And the fastest are Mr. and Mrs. Bob Graham of Houston, Texas, a state of considerable *laissez faire* with respect to pistols and revolvers. At this year's world championship meet in Stanton, Missouri, Graham's time for drawing, shooting and hitting a target averaged .45 of a second. That's less than half a second, podner. His wife Merrill averaged .61 of a second to win the women's title. A formidable couple. Graham, 31 years old, doesn't look much like a professional gunslinger. He wears glasses and sells bank equipment. He says, "I can give the average person a pistol, have him cock it and point it at me, and draw and fire before he can." Never mind giving *us* a pistol, Bob. Billy the Kid or the gang at the O.K. Corral might have done a mite better with Graham's equipment. He uses a modern plastic-lined holster.

RENT A CROWD

Want to throw a party with a collection of strange or beautiful people to beat the kinks out of your loneliness? Enough people do to support Rent-a-Crowd, an enterprise mushrooming from a swinging idea of Don Spark, who owns two Manhattan restaurants, Spark's Pub North and Spark's Pub South. Spark leases people. Rents 'em out to party-givers. Gets the host out of the striver's seat. For $50, Spark will play host and feed himself. At modest cost, he has provided a hodgepodge of characters for a couple of dozen Rent-a-Crowd parties, thus far without disaster. Who throws these wingdings? Secretaries often call Sparks at the last moment to "get some men to fill out the party." Bored suburban couples call him to meet interesting new people. For every four persons rented, Spark throws in a junior advertising executive with an attaché case for free.

Spark's price list for people-rental is a fascinating scale of social values. There's no charge for advertising men—just fill a bathtub with Martinis. We're sorry about that. Some of our best friends are ad men. Crew-cut types, though, get 30 cents for subway fare.

Beautiful people get $10 each, plus $5 for formal clothing, Rolls Royce delivery and a sample can of caviar.

Pop artists go two for $5, plus a buck for autographing canned goods.

Beatniks rate a dollar each, two bits extra for beards.

Squares are $8 but are guaranteed to arrive wearing a plastic rain hat cover, rubbers and umbrella.

A female bareback rider, a racing car driver, a female poet or a Shakespearean actor draw $5 apiece.

A hillbilly singer can be had for $1.05 and an Arabian goatherder in native costume for $1.95.

Intellectuals get $7.50 for the evening. We were too timid to ask if the classification includes editors.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The Personal Piper of Queen Elizabeth earns—that is, receives—$50.40 a week for bagpiping.

An Atlanta inventor has received a patent for a device which, when breathed into, counts a person's calories.

—THE EDITORS

We don't make Winchester 1200 slide-actions the way we used to make shotguns—for two reasons.

First, because the old way costs more than you'd probably care to plunk down for a field gun.

And second, because we'd be darn foolish not to use the modern metals and improved production methods that've come along lately.

Especially when we can produce a better gun in the process.

Take the 1200's locking system. It's strong as a high-powered rifle's. Outlasts your older, heavier guns.

And the smooth way it shucks shells. (Nothing muscle-bound there.) That's partly because of its new twin-action slide bars. And partly because the parts fit like nobody's business.

And the interchangeable barrels. By switching them you can use the same gun for either ducks or pheasants.

Try that with your older models. So, as it turns out, the 1200's even better than our famous old model 12.

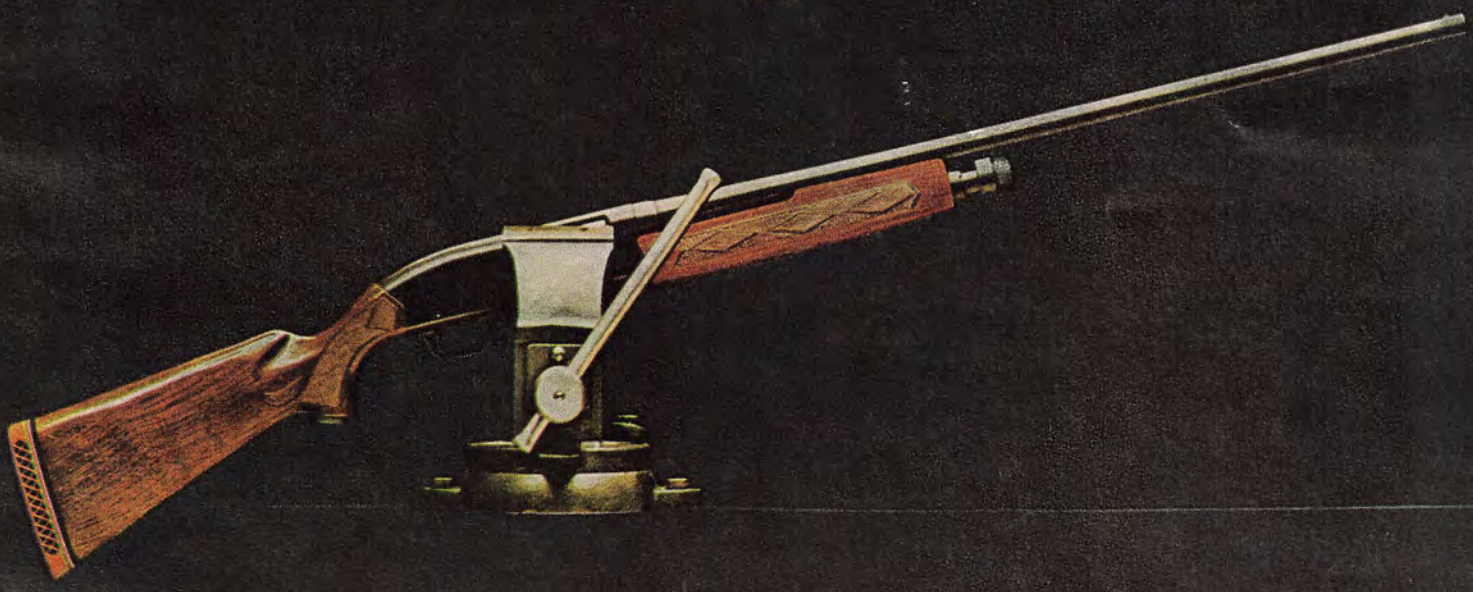
And that's no malarkey.

(Just where that leaves the other slide-actions we'll let you decide.)

About the only place the new 1200 didn't show progress is the price.

We kept it under $100.

Machined gun, $99.95.



WINCHESTER®

Just flip one simple lever into 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

You're cruising the highway smoothly, comfortably in your 'Jeep' Wagoneer. Suddenly—a steep hill. Or slippery pavement. Or icy, dangerous curves. Just flip one simple lever into 4-wheel drive—at any speed—and you hug the road with twice the traction of other cars...twice the control, twice the safety. You've got confidence you just don't have in any other wagon. In short: a 'Jeep' Wagoneer gives you all the comfort, riding and handling ease of any fine car. Plus the incomparable safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. In these emergencies, it's the world's finest protection for your family...off the road, it's a new world of fun and adventure.

All the features and options you'd expect in any fine car: 250 hp V-8 or Hi-Torque 6-cylinder engines. Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission. Power steering. Power brakes. Air-conditioning. 'Picture Window' visibility. 10 added safety features. Choice of colors, custom trim, accessories. Also available in 2-wheel drive. **KAISER Jeep CORPORATION**
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

WHEN FLYING SAUCERS CAME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE:

INCIDENT AT EXETER

A THOROUGH AND UNBIASED REPORTER TAKES A CLOSE LOOK AT UFO'S -- THE BIGGEST MYSTERY OF OUR TIMES--AND REACHES SOME SURPRISING CONCLUSIONS

BY JOHN G. FULLER

■ The book *Incident at Exeter* was no sooner completed than UFO reports began to break out in unprecedented numbers all over the country. After my research in Exeter, New Hampshire, I was, as a former skeptic, now convinced that this would happen, surprised that it had not happened sooner. For the first time, the general press began treating the subject with respect.

I knew that Exeter was only a microcosm, a small sample of a much bigger story that was taking place and was certain to take place with increasing frequency all over the world. Since one reporter cannot hopscotch everywhere to track down an effective story, I decided to concentrate on Exeter because of a well-documented case there involving the police. It could have been any number of other places with similar reports.

When the now-famous Michigan cases broke in March, 1966, House Republican leader Gerald R. Ford formally requested a congressional investigation and the wire services furnished front-page stories for the nationwide press. But when an Air Force investigation indicated that some of the sightings might be attributed to methane or marsh gas, the press again backtracked and seized on this as a blanket explanation for the UFO phenomenon.

This distortion was deplored by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, head of the Astronomy Department of Northwestern University, who

Condensed from the book, *Incident At Exeter*, copyright © 1966 by John G. Fuller. To be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST GAY

STRANGE LOW-FLYING CRAFT BECAME A COMMONPLACE EVENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Exeter, N.H., is a typical, small New England town, inhabited by 7,243 skeptical Yankees.

Mrs. Virginia Hale saw a dome-shaped object hovering over neighbor's house in daylight.

Exeter patrolmen Bertrand, left, and Hunt point out spot where UFO rose.

himself had advanced the marsh gas theory. In a letter to me on March 29, 1966, he wrote: "I am enclosing the actual press release I gave out at Detroit because I wanted you to have the full story. The release was not handled in the papers as released.

"You will note my insistence that the swamp sightings and their highly-likely explanation does not constitute a blanket explanation for the UFO phenomenon. I'm afraid this point was missed, too."

In the official release so badly distorted by the press, Doctor Hynek states:

"The Air Force has asked me to make a statement of my findings to date. This I am happy to do, provided it is clearly understood that my statement will refer to two principal events as reported to me. . . . It does not cover the hundreds of unexplained reports. . . . I have not investigated those. . . . I have recommended in my capacity as Scientific Consultant [to the Air Force] that competent scientists quietly study such cases when evidence from responsible people appears to warrant such study. There may be much of potential value to science in such events. We know a very great deal more about the physical world in 1966 than we did in 1866, but, by the same token, the people in the year 2066 may regard us as very incomplete in our scientific knowledge. . . ."

The Michigan sightings showed marked similarity to the astounding, repetitive series of UFO cases that were continuing on such a regular basis in the Exeter area. At Ann Arbor, Michigan, at least 40 people, including a dozen policemen, turned in reports of four strange, glowing objects, hovering over a swamp nearby. The craft was described as football-shaped, about as wide in diameter as the length of a car, with a grayish-yellow hue and a pitted surface like a coral rock. (A witness in Exeter who experienced a UFO hovering directly beside her car described the surface as looking like "hammered aluminum.") The object closest to the observer was reported to have a blue light on one end, a white light on the other and a large red light

James Lucci

A Pennsylvania hobbyist accidentally snapped this UFO while making time exposures of the moon.

in the center. As in most of the Exeter cases, it was silent as it hovered just a few feet over the swamp. Frederick E. Davids, state police commissioner and also director of civil defense for the state, commented: "I used to discount these reports, too, but now I'm not so sure." Stanley McFadden, a Washtenaw county deputy sheriff, reported that he and deputy David Fitzpatrick watched the object fly over their car about the same time farmer Frank Mannor and his 19-year-old son saw it take off.

At Hillsdale, Michigan, 87 college co-eds took copious notes on an object that hovered over a swamp outside their college dormitory. Joining them was a college dean and a civil defense official who confirmed their stories.

Later, in April of 1966, two deputy sheriffs of Portage County, Ohio, chased an object described as being 40 feet wide and 18 feet high, for some 90 miles, from Atwater, Ohio, all the way to Freedom, Pennsylvania. Police Chief Gerald Buchert, of Mantua, Ohio, confirmed their story. All the observers emphasized they had seen some kind of a vehicle, as opposed to natural phenomenon such as fireballs or St. Elmo's fire.

I became involved with the UFO subject almost by total accident. As a columnist for the *Saturday Review*, I keep a drawer full of interesting press clippings on a wide variety of subjects, especially if they are news stories that are likely to appear briefly in the press and then disappear into limbo.

During the summer of 1965, I came across a clipping in the conservative *New York Times* that reported on the rash of sightings in Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico during which the teletype network of the Oklahoma State Highway Patrol was jammed for three nights with reports from between 30 and 40 of its officers that varicolored objects were tracked in various parts of the state at both low and high level. The sightings were announced as confirmed on radar screens by Tinker and Carswell Air Force bases and then later denied [*Continued on page* 107]

REPORT FROM VIET NAM

CAMP ALPHA, SAIGON

■ Everybody knows that the last week in Viet Nam is the week you are most likely to get killed or hurt or go nuts.

That's not really true, of course. The statisticians can prove a man about to go home is no more likely to get hit than anyone else, and the military brass makes a special effort to keep servicemen from becoming casualties just before they are scheduled to go back to the States. In some Army units, soldiers are taken off operations when they get within 30 days of departure time—and the other branches of service tend to be equally protective. But there are just enough tragic ironies during the final days of duty here to make GI's believe in black fate.

The last stop for homeward bound Army men in Viet Nam is the 90th Replacement Battalion, a bare, crowded compound known as "Camp Alpha" and located inside Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport. It is also, paradoxically, the first stop for many new arrivals. They are all mixed together: the frightened newcomers and the ready-to-depart veterans.

In its initial year of operation, ending last April, Camp Alpha processed more than 56,000 entering GI's, and sent more than 26,000 back to the U.S. But these rates have increased at a staggering pace recently, making Alpha far from a comfortable encampment. There are only enough huts to house a small fraction of the men passing through. The others sleep in large tents or on the bare ground.

One big hangar serves as a mess hall, and another is used as a club. The makeshift club contains a few dozen tables, a refreshment stand that sells soft drinks and beer, and some pinball machines. When movies are shown at night, it becomes as hot as a boiler room.

Theoretically no soldier about to leave Viet Nam stays at Alpha longer than two days, but in practice

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Men about to leave Viet Nam were in this tent when it was hit by mortar attack on Saigon airport. Left: Bus takes home-bound GI's across field to jet.

THE LAST WEEK IS THE LONGEST

In this war you don't serve for the duration, you fight by the calendar. When your get-out day comes, you can leave Viet Nam forever—but you can also get hit the night before

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

it's often longer. Returnees are confined to the compound and no one is permitted out until it is time to board his home-bound airliner.

Late on the evening of last April 12th, a sizable batch of men who had completed their Viet Nam tour arrived at Alpha as did several planeloads of fresh troops. The camp was jammed with about 800 soldiers. Loudspeakers were blaring in the darkness, men with nothing to do tried to make themselves comfortable and the club hangar, as usual, was jammed with GI's watching a movie.

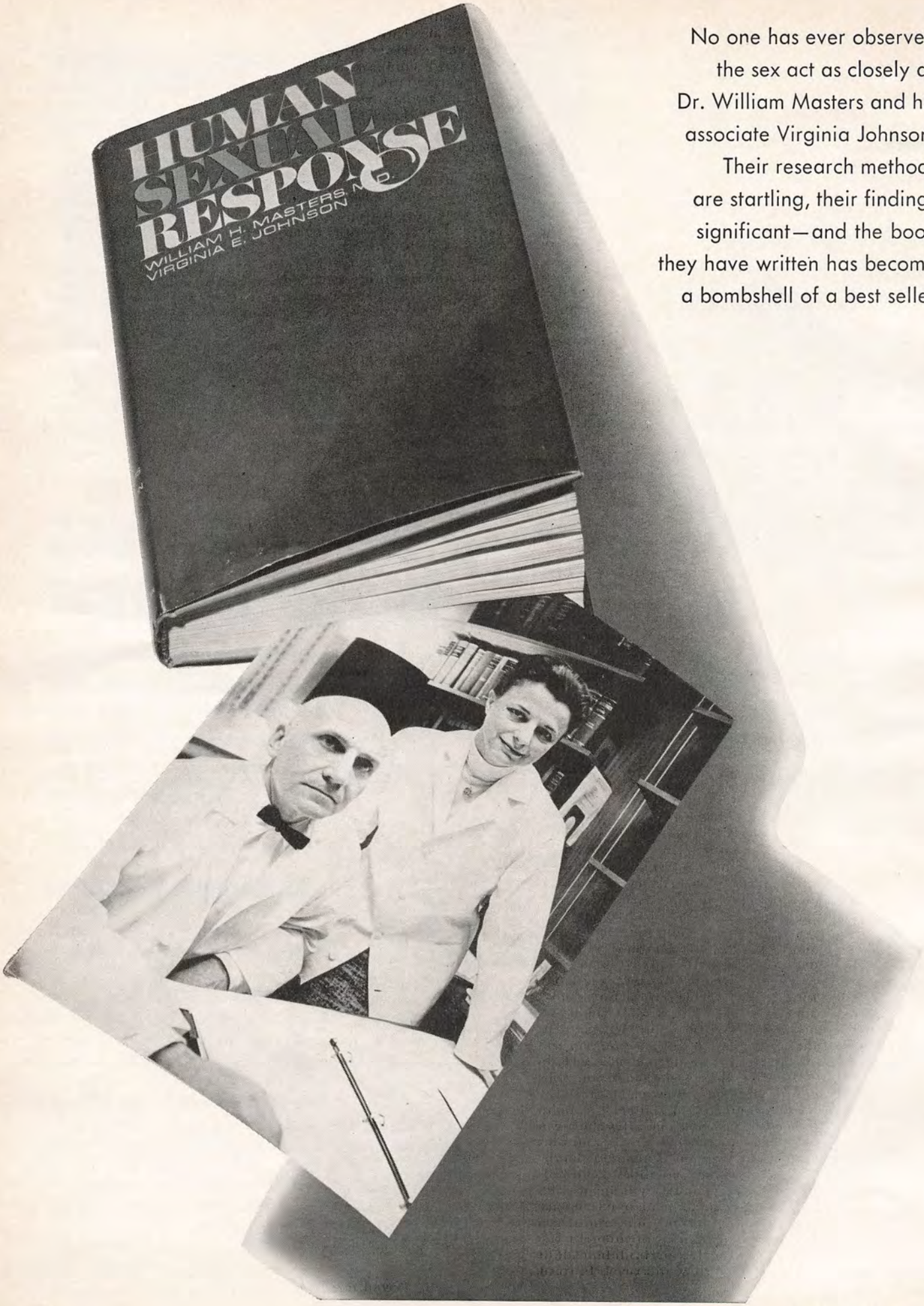
Most soldiers are flown to and from Viet Nam on chartered commercial Boeing 707 and DC-8 jets, and there is no fixed schedule. By midnight it looked as if there would be no more outgoing planes, so most returnees settled down to try to sleep. The sounds and sights of the war they were leaving remained all around them. Military bombers and fighters continued to roar on and off a distant runway, artillery rumbled in the distance and occasional flares twinkled overhead. The sky itself glowed red from the neon lights of the bars in downtown Saigon, a scant four miles away.

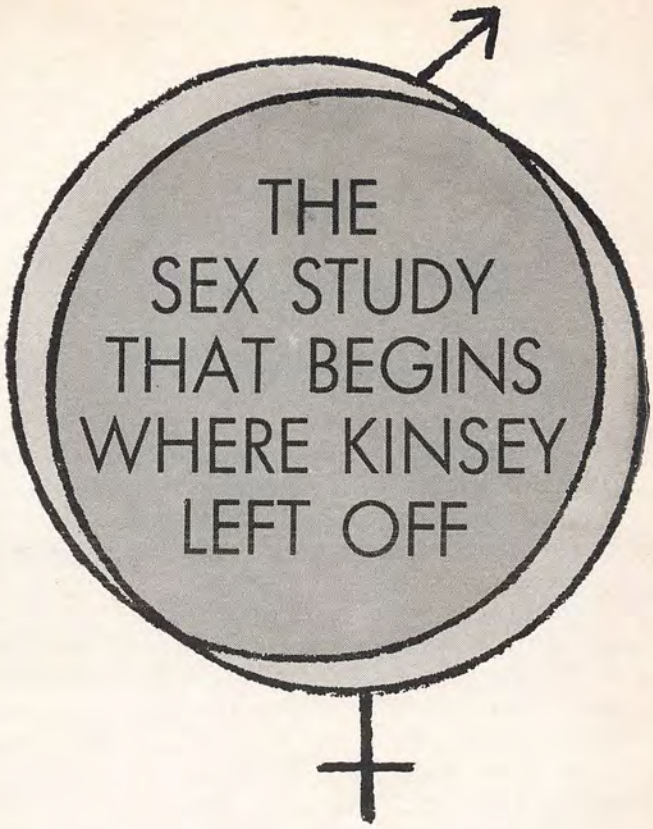
Then, at 12:30 a.m., the Viet Cong proved once again that there is no place in Viet Nam immune to attack and no American is really safe and sound until he's home.

Several squads of enemy guerrillas had infiltrated into positions just outside the airport, evading all of the Vietnamese and American military patrols and the strong police guard. The VC had brought with them 60-millimeter, 81-millimeter and Chinese-made 82-millimeter mortars, and some recoilless cannon. They knew exactly what they were doing.

The guerrillas took their time and adjusted the fire of their guns like professionals. They bracketed their targets and zeroed in. The [*Continued on page* 81]

No one has ever observed the sex act as closely as Dr. William Masters and his associate Virginia Johnson. Their research methods are startling, their findings significant—and the book they have written has become a bombshell of a best seller





BY JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER

■ Dr. William H. Masters, 50, is bald, stocky, has sharp blue eyes, and an absolutely straightforward manner of delivering his opinions. He looks like the pugnacious, self-assertive neighborhood kid grown up; a man who has discovered that he can take care of himself and doesn't give much of a damn one way or another what the world thinks of him.

As it happens, Masters has indeed learned how to take care of himself. In fact, in the light of the storm of interest his work has created, he may very well be the bravest man in America.

As Dr. William Howells Masters of Washington University Medical School in St. Louis, he has devoted the past 12 years of his life to studying men and women engaged in intercourse and other forms of sexual activity. Not only has he observed hundreds of people during thousands of sexual acts but, with specially designed movie equipment, he has photographed sexual activity at close range—even inside the female body. In sum, Doctor Masters has probably observed more physical intimacy firsthand than anyone in medicine or out and, as a result, he understands more about the physiology of sexual response than anyone has ever known. This past April his work culminated in the publication of *Human Sexual Response* (Little, Brown and Company—$10). It has become a bombshell best seller.

Perhaps paradoxically, the book is dull in appearance, contains 366 pages of close-packed text, and chapter headings such as "Myotonia in Sexual Response," and "The Uterus: Physiologic and Clinical Considerations." Within the weighty language, however, is a wealth of new information on how humans—male and female—behave during the sex act. The book covers every portion of the anatomy in the minutest detail, from a "sex flush" which appears on the female face during excitement to the involuntary muscular contraction of the toes.

Perhaps more important than the observation of clinical facts, Masters' work indicates that human sex life may be quite different from what biology teachers and the marriage manuals have been teaching for years. For example, he has discovered: that a good sex life is possible for octogenarians; that some women have a "lethal factor" which kills sperm on contact; that a six-week period of abstinence from intercourse before and after childbirth is probably nonsense.

Thus, the major importance of *Human Sexual Response* lies in the use to which Masters' carefully collected information will be put to deal with a wide variety of marital problems. Other doctors already are saying that Masters' work can be expected to help the infertile have children and the overfertile improve contraceptive techniques. Of perhaps equal significance, Masters has developed new techniques for

"curing" frigidity, impotence and unsatisfactory sexual performance.

It was expected that the book might cause a stir when it came out, but nobody, including the publishers, was prepared for the excitement which followed. Not only did medical magazines respond to *Response* with lengthy reviews, but wire services treated its publication as major news and such austere papers as *The New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* gave it major headlines.

Says Masters' editor at Little, Brown: "It's been sensational. We've been going crazy around here. The first printing sold out in three days. We ordered a second printing and then a third before the book had been out a week. We've had requests for rights to the book from over 500 foreign publishers. Their letters have been incredible, actually begging us for the rights. Astonishingly, we've even had a bona fide offer for the movie rights."

As a matter of policy, Little, Brown will advertise the book only in medical and technical journals. Nonetheless, it seems likely that the book will outsell the first Kinsey report (300,000 copies). Little, Brown won't tell how many copies of the Masters report it has printed, but an educated guess is 100,000 in the first week alone. It was not surprising then that within a month after publication, *Human Sexual Response,* was on the national best-seller lists.

While Masters publicly contends that he is no different from hundreds of other researchers laboring in the obscurity of medical laboratories throughout the country—and a number of his fellow scientists agree—the fact remains such sex research is an explosive and emotional subject. It is technically illegal under the laws of the State of Missouri, immoral according to the tenets of huge segments of the American populace and improper according to some members of Doctor Masters' own profession.

Research into sex hardly began with Masters or his most recent predecessor, Dr. Alfred Kinsey. As far back as anyone wants to go, man has been fascinated by sex and what it does to him. Scientists, philosophers, poets and clergymen have asked the same questions for thousands of years. Why is a man so impelled toward this experience, in which "the pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense atrocious?" Why the consuming interest, the astonishing effects? Why the variations among men? Why the differing reactions among women?

For centuries nobody produced answers to the questions. Finally, about 75 years ago, when the scientific method was firmly established in the field of medicine, Sigmund Freud, Havelock Ellis, Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing and a handful of others started trying to find out what really happened when the lights went out, and why.

After Freud, sex became a fit subject for scientific inquiry—a sordid and illegitimate one according to many persons, to be sure—but one to which scientific tools could logically be applied. Thereafter occasional investigators entered the field in rather desultory and disorganized fashion. Even 50 years ago, there was some Kinsey-type research being done.

Yet despite a considerable amount of theorizing, there weren't very many results. The problem was how to find out what people did and thought about sex without coming right out and asking them. How to find out what effect sexual intercourse had on the heart, the brain, the blood system, without taking measurements. How to find out what changes took place in the sex organs with no observation of sexual activity. Until these things were done, sex would remain a scientific mystery.

Only two men (with their associates) have so far produced any substantial body of data about sex in America. The first was Kinsey, who succeeded where others failed because he was willing to ask people the questions that had been regarded as unaskable. The other is Doctor Masters, because—risking social pressures, ostracism from the medical profession, and even jail—he has been willing to watch what was regarded as unwatchable. As a result he has earned a niche in medical history.

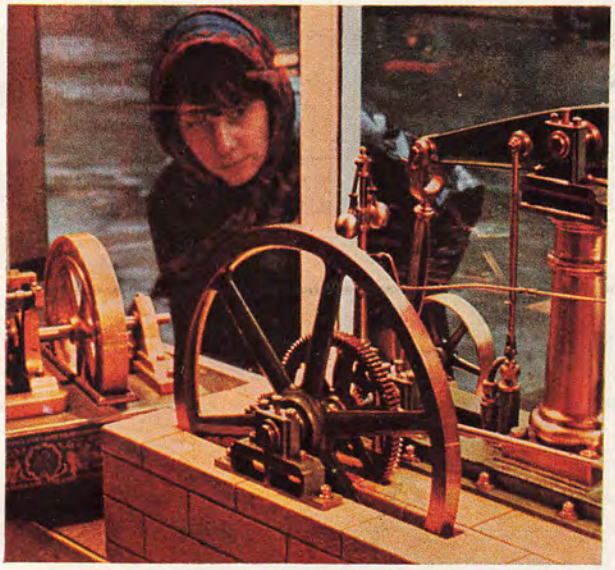
Masters was born in Cleveland in 1915. His father was a district manager for the early Postage Meter Company, and as such traveled widely around the country. William and his younger brother Frank went to schools in Cleveland, Houston, Evanston, Pittsburgh and Kansas City. Finally William landed at Lawrenceville, a preparatory school in New Jersey. He went on to Hamilton College in upstate New York which happened to have both an excellent English department and a first-rate premedical program. Masters majored in literature, with a view to teaching it. He was a brilliant student. He did five years' work in four, wrote a master's thesis comparing the satire in the novels of the 19th-century humorist, Thomas Love Peacock, with the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. He intended to go on to Cambridge University in England.

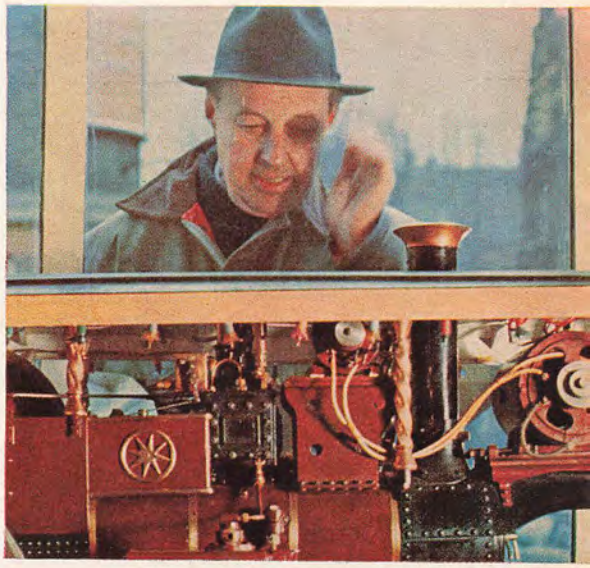
He never got there. Along with his English literature major at Hamilton, he had taken a premedical course. During the spring vacation of his senior year in 1938, his younger brother, always determined to be a doctor himself, talked Masters into going to medical school. (The brother, Francis Winne Masters, is now a plastic surgeon and teacher [*Continued on page* 102]

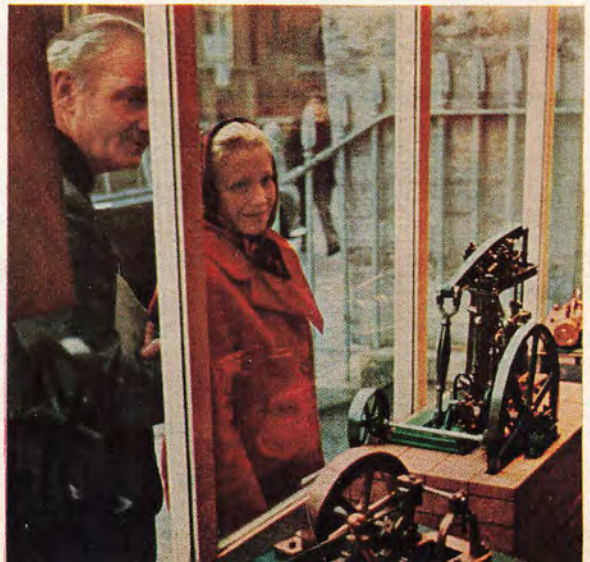
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JESSE L. ALEXANDER
PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A STEAM ENGINE TO CATCH THE EYE

These eyes of young and old are fascinated by the wonderful contents of a memory-filled London store where working replicas of a romantic age of power are preserved. Now turn the page and come inside for a look

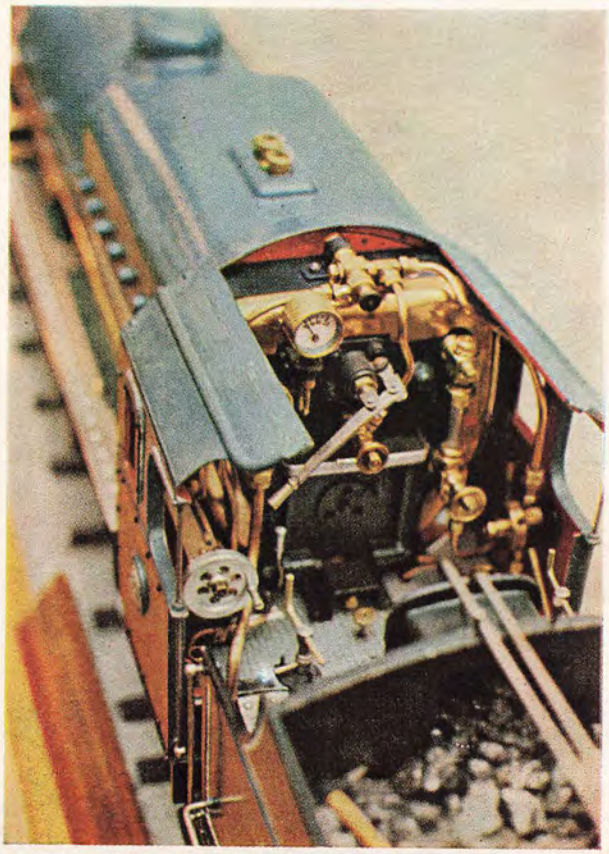






"Steam Age" shop advertises steam engines and mechanical antiquities. It keeps evening hours for fans to buy, sell or just talk steam.

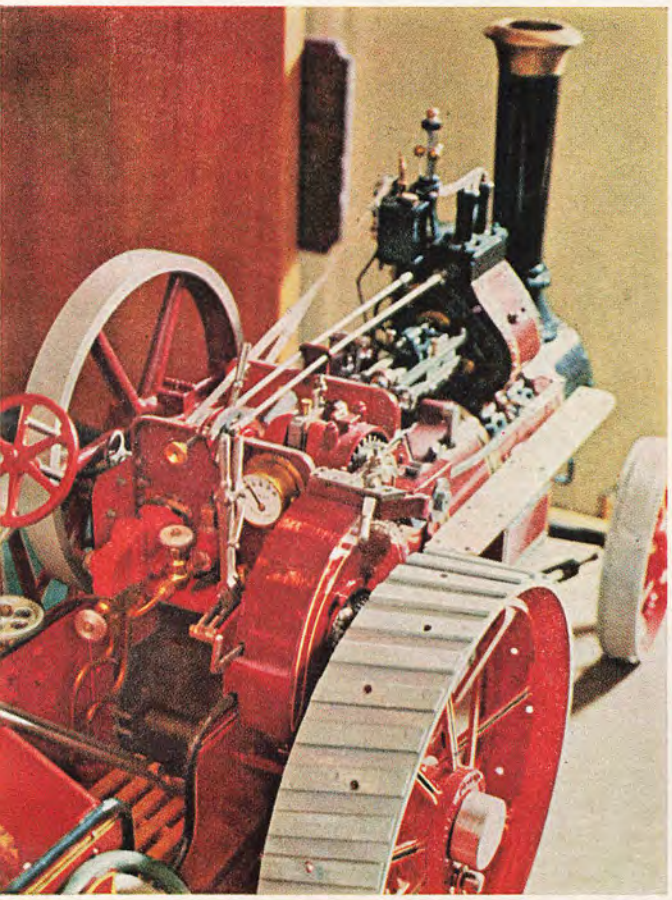
■ The window oglers on the preceding page are peering at marvels displayed by "Steam Age," a London shop filled with miniature duplicates of steam engines and parts. Locomotives, traction engines, steeple engines, steam clocks, antique fittings and tools entice visitors from both sides of the Atlantic. The two young Englishmen who run the store—Jonathan Minns and Ivan Scott—want to preserve a record of the great romantic age of steam before, like sail, it all ends up on the scrap heap. They've gathered models from every possible source, and fanciers bring them new ones every day. Many of their models are made by skilled and enthusiastic amateurs who regard working from hundred-year-old drawings as challenge and pleasure. The store also has original patent models and rare models, made by apprentices to early steam engineers, which were used as operating catalogues for prospective buyers of steam-powered devices. "Steam Age" prices range from 75 cents for a simple fitting to $15,000 and up for a prize-winning, specially made locomotive exhibition model.



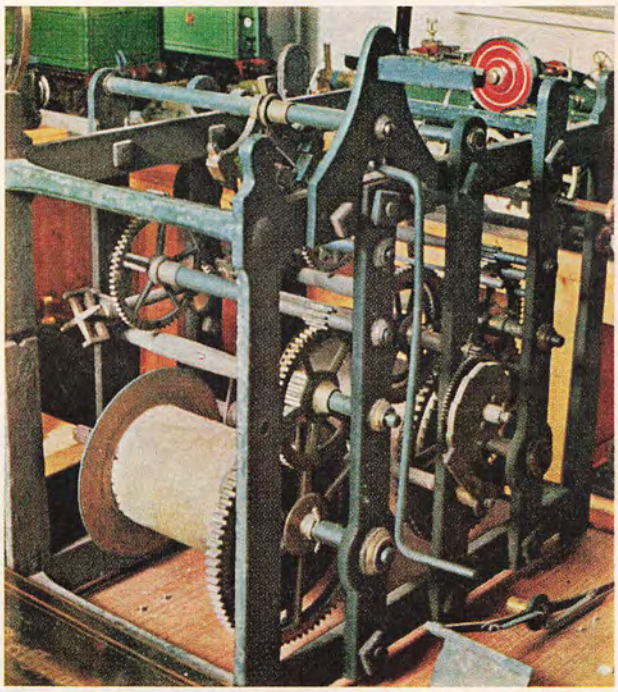
Rolls-Scot locomotive model won 1935 prize.

Englishmen thought steam could do anything and for hundreds of years it did

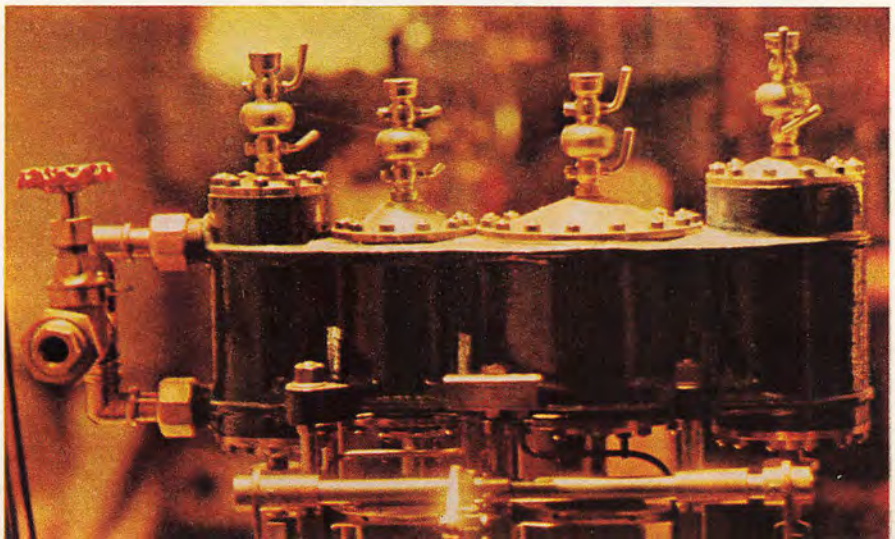
Co-owner Ivan Scott (left) shows a Burrell single-crank compound traction engine. Visitor (right) admires "O" gauge copper and brass, live-steam tank locomotive.



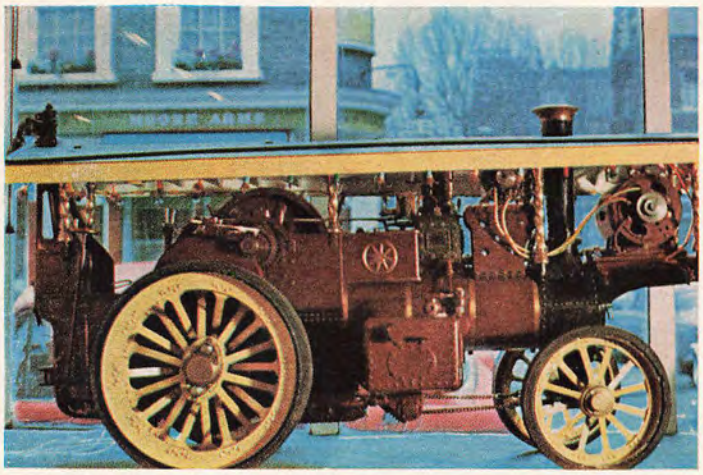
Burrell agricultural engine was once used on 19th-century farms.



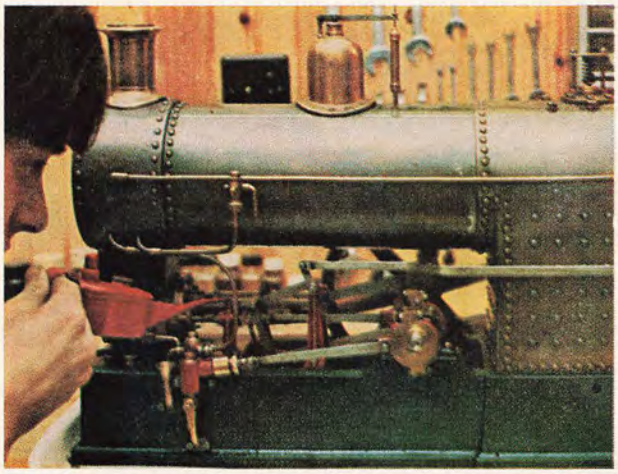
Steam-powered clock made in 1822 has a two-faced movement.



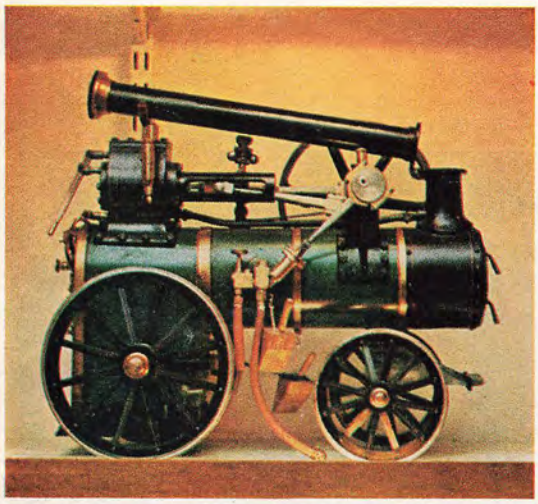
Cylinder block of this compound twin-cylinder Thames launch engine is from 1890's era of silent steaming on calm waters.



Two-inch scale model of 3-speed carnival wagon has dynamo for lighting.

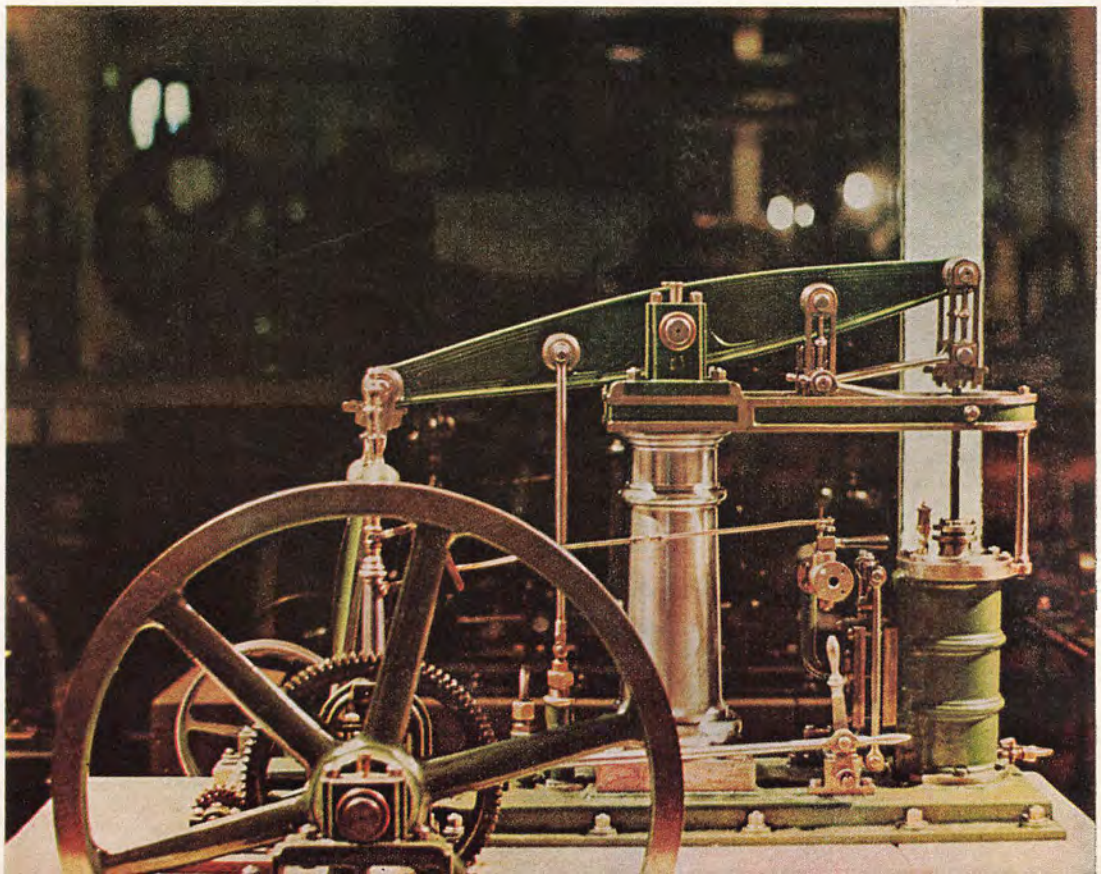


Stationary engine, 1903, powered mills, small industries and farms.



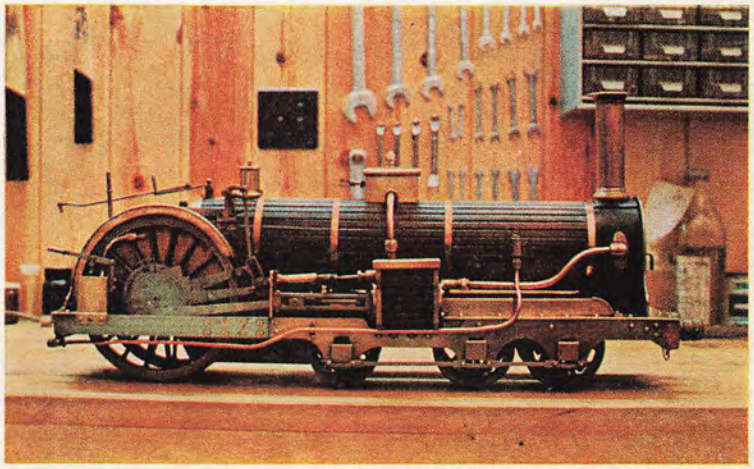
Long stack of farm engine, 1910, kept sparks from hay.

Since Thomas Savery made the first practical steam engine in 1698, Britishers have had a passion for applying steam to everything from boats to apple peelers. Early designers embellished their beam engines with handsomely cast columns and decorated locomotives with ornamental handrails. And they built to last. Steam-powered show wagons, for example, such as the model above, pulled fairground machinery between towns from the turn of the century until the 1940's. Many such wagons still steam into rallies today. And a surprising number of the industrial stationary engines that kept Britain's vast textile industry humming are still working in the mills. It's this tradition that lures steam buffs into "Steam Age" to browse among the historic models.

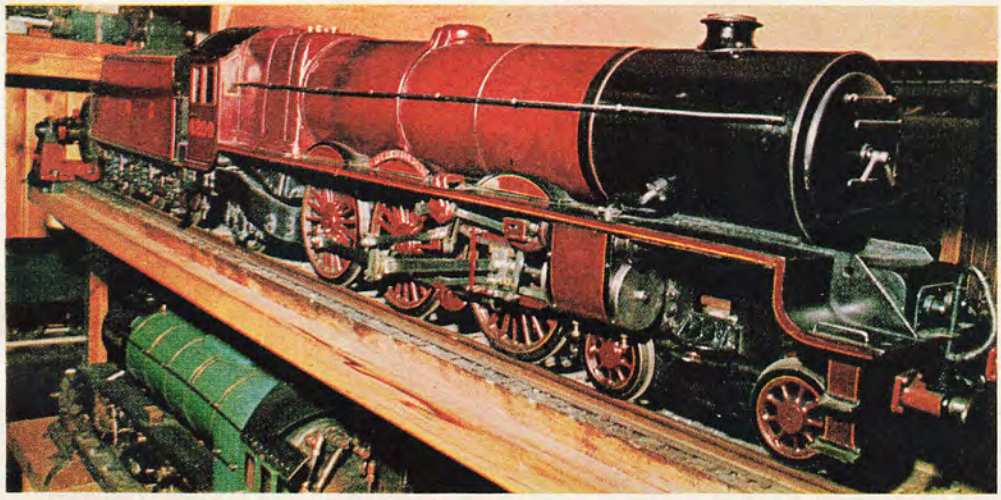


Unusually well-designed industrial beam engine was used from 1820's through 1900. These still turn up in small British factories today.

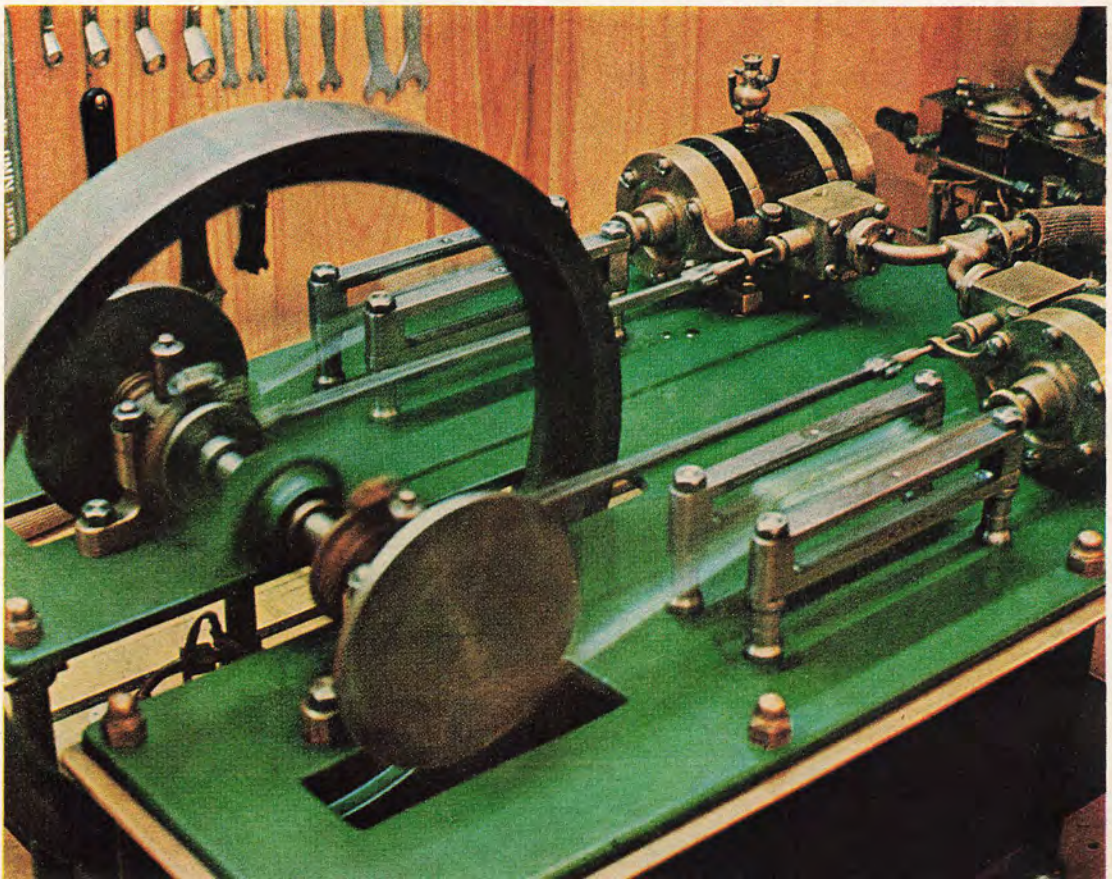
Steam engines built for beauty and service seem to last forever



Crampton locomotive with mahogany-lagged boiler was a radical design in 1848.



Working model of four-cylinder Princess Royal can pull 30 people. Green Arrow is also 3½-inch gauge.



Two-cylinder mill engine, 1875, is type that was common power source from 1860's to 1940's and is still working in some Yorkshire textile mills.

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

THE MEN WHO SHOWED COLUMBUS THE WAY

Newly uncovered facts at last reveal the truth about the Viking discovery of America. An eminent writer now tells the full story of the epic voyages of Erik the Red and his followers—voyages that led Columbus centuries later to visit Iceland to learn how the Vikings crossed the Atlantic

BY FARLEY MOWAT

After many generations in the background of American history, the ancient Norse from Greenland, who discovered America five centuries before Columbus, are at last getting their due.

The Big Year of the Vikings was 1965 A.D. It was in 1965 that Helge Ingstad, a Norwegian explorer, completed the excavation of a Norse occupation site in northern Newfoundland which carbon-14 tests date to about 1000 A.D. It was in 1965 that President Johnson took time out from building the Great Society to proclaim an official Leif Eriksson day in honor of one of the Norse explorers.

It was in October, 1965, just before Columbus Day that Yale University published its Viking map. The map was a bombshell. Discovered in 1957, this ancient parchment, *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

ELECTRICITY GOES PORTABLE

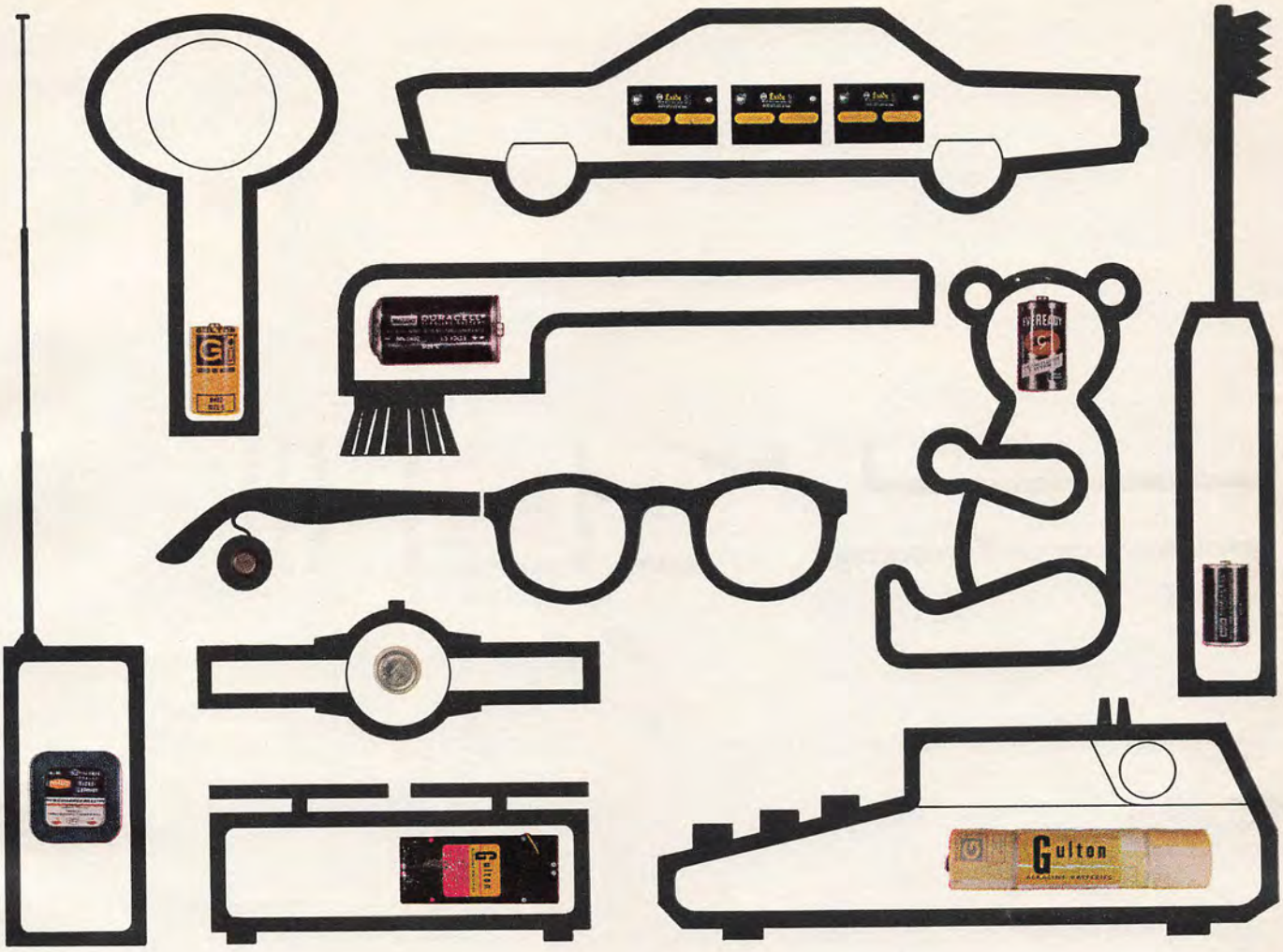
Today just about anything that runs with a plug-in cord can also be run with a battery. Tomorrow science promises new electrical wonders that will revolutionize medicine, automobiles—even daily life

BY MAX GUNTHER

▪Every weekday morning a black Renault Dauphine pulls out of a garage in the suburb of Abington, Pennsylvania, and starts an eight-mile trip to Philadelphia. The driver is Morrison McMullan, Jr., an executive of the Electric Storage Battery Company, which sells its products under the trade name Exide. His car, cheap-running and free of fumes, is powered by electric batteries.

McMullan believes he may be in on the beginning of a trend. Electric-powered cars have held little interest for decades because the limitations of their batteries kept them from being competitive with gasoline-driven vehicles. In recent years, however, the battery industry has begun to turn out new types so good that a whole new era of portable power has opened up. You've seen many of the devices now running on batteries—shavers, TV sets, toothbrushes. You're going to see others, and among them will be battery-powered cars.

McMullan's car has a Renault body, but the gas engine and the fuel tank were replaced with an electric motor and storage batteries. When McMullan gets



home at night, he plugs a cable from the car into an ordinary house-current outlet. While he's asleep, the batteries are recharged. The power cost amounts to less than one cent a mile.

After being almost ignored for a century, portable electric power has abruptly begun to get attention. To an increasingly mobile population, it sounds good. More than a hundred devices that once trailed a plug-in cord restricting movement have been redesigned to run on battery power. Remington, Schick and Sunbeam sell shavers with rechargeable batteries. Black & Decker, Skil and Porter-Cable turn out battery-powered workshop tools. Kodak makes an electric movie camera, as does Bell & Howell; General Electric a photo floodlight, SCM a typewriter, IBM a tape recorder, National Cash Register an adding machine—all run on batteries. You name it: toothbrushes, toys, TV sets, fire alarms, shoeshiners, carving knives, cigarette lighters —somebody has put a battery in it.

What has happened is that the demand for portable power and the supply have started to chase each other in a climbing spiral. The spiral got its initial momentum from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. NASA's spacecraft needed batteries that were smaller, more powerful, longer lasting, more reliable. The battery industry developed them, then sought other markets. "Hey, look at *this* little wad of watts!" the industry would say, waving each new battery before the public. "If it can be trusted to fly to Mars, think what it'll do in an electric shaver!" And then other minds would think up other uses and the spiral would get another boost.

"Whole new technologies have sprung up in the last decade that couldn't exist without batteries," says Joe L. Dalfonso, engineering director of the Mallory Battery Co., one of the world's biggest battery makers. "Space exploration comes to mind first, but there are other areas—medical electronics, for instance."

Mallory makes about 90 percent of the miniature mercury batteries for one medical device, the tiny cardiac pacemaker. A pacemaker, surgically implanted in a man's chest, keeps his heart beating when its own automatic timing system has broken down. Certain kinds of heart failure [*Continued on page* 78]

TREE RIVER, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

ARCTIC HIDEAWAY FOR BIG, RARE FISH

In the long days of August, the char, flaming red with spawning color, swarm into Canada's Tree River. The biggest of these battlers may weigh 30 pounds, but one half that size can still be the catch of a lifetime

BY HANK BRADSHAW

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ Suddenly the pilot banked the little red Cessna sharply, and we slipped down to glide above silvery ribbon of frothy water.

"There it is," Warren Plummer, the pilot, said admiringly. "The Tree River—the greatest river in the world for Arctic char."

He wasn't telling me a thing. The Tree was the reason I had come to the Far North. On this remote river, in its final seven miles before emptying into the Arctic Ocean, the world's record for the mysterious char had been broken four times in the two years before my trip in 1964. A 27-pound, four-ounce char, caught on September 2, 1963, is still in front. But, in the same week that record was set, the old record from 1962 was topped two other times.

News of this fabulous fishing had given my casting arm such an awful twitch that on August 15, I left my Iowa home and traveled 2,400 miles to seek a cure. I had planned to hit the spawning run, which usually begins in mid-August and continues until icy Arctic winds close camp the second week of September.

"Everything is in your favor to catch a big one," encouraged pilot Plummer, who pioneered fishing re-

sorts in this rugged country. His Great Bear Lake Lodge was my stopover point on this trip. "The weather is perfect—a break for this time of year in the Arctic —and it's spawning time."

Very little is known about the char. Scientists even speculate that they may spawn more than once a season, after which they may skip a year, perhaps two. But, during the four years since sport fishing had begun on the Tree, the months of August and September had proved to be the time of a regular spawning run for this fish.

Their underjaws hooked fiercely and their bellies a blazing orange-red, the big male char leave the frigid ocean to fight their way upstream with the females. The fish must battle white-water rapids and a 16-mph. current—all in the interest of perpetuating the species. After spawning, the curved jaw of the male recedes and its undersides turn silvery.

I had been briefed on the fishing. But no one had prepared me for the beauty of this mad river. It rises from a cluster of lakes 60 miles southwest of Coronation Gulf, the river's delta forming the shape of a tree. The country I saw from the [*Continued on page* 98]

Eskimo shows male and female char. Only male develops blazing red coloration, turning silvery after spawning.

BY JOHN S. TOMPKINS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT

Shades of 007! Here's a handgun that fires "bullets" which are really tiny rockets. Lightweight, almost kickless, it's a space-age wonder looking for a big military buyer

Inventor Mainhardt launched rocket in straw to show pistol principle.

A PISTOL THAT GOES ZAP, SWOOSH, POW!

■ There's a gun factory hidden underground in a remote canyon about 30 miles east of San Francisco. It's hard to find and the people there are rather closemouthed about what they're up to. But it isn't a secret government plant and it isn't run by a syndicate or foreign agents. It is the headquarters of MB Associates, an exotic research outfit that's America's newest arms company.

The initials MB stand for Robert Mainhardt and Dr. Arthur T. Biehl, the two nuclear (that's right, nuclear) scientists who started the company. They are a highly improbable pair of gunmakers, but they didn't really start out to make guns in the first place. They began by making the world's smallest nuclear reactor, then looked around for other problems to solve and wound up trying to devise a basic improvement in firearms. Mainhardt and Biehl succeeded at this, too, with a radically different pistol called the Gyrojet—which isn't really a gun at all but a hand launcher for tiny, bullet-sized rockets.

The Gyrojet is made of aluminum alloy and it looks and feels like a large cap gun or an air pistol. But appearances are deceptive. It's a very lethal handful. Firing its standard ammunition, the Gyrojet packs more punch than a .357 magnum, but weighs less than a vest-pocket .22 derringer. It can't jam, has only a tenth the kick of a .45 automatic and can be fired under water or even in outer space.

Shooting Gyrojet is a real surprise. The recoil is so slight as to be hardly noticeable—about like a .22 caliber revolver. There's a sharp report with each shot, but it comes from three or four feet *in front of* the muzzle and is caused by the rocket breaking the sound barrier. With each shot, a light puff of warm air reaches the shooter's face. Backblast from the rocket, it's not at all bothersome.

Accurate shooting, especially rapid fire, is fairly easy. The light

Carbine version of the Gyrojet. So far, the military is merely "interested."

Make a rocket less than two inches in diameter? Impossible, experts said

recoil just doesn't move the pistol very far off target and the trajectory is flatter than with a bullet of similar size. Gyrojet just seems to burn 'em in where it is pointed. Even a relative tyro with handguns should have little trouble keeping all shots in the black on a standard pistol target at 25 yards. . . .

This gun story began in the early 1950's when Bob Mainhardt and Art Biehl were working in nuclear physics at the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, a few miles down the road from the underground factory they have today. Mainhardt is a husky, outgoing type with a lot of drive and enthusiasm. He talks the slangy jargon of the West Coast aerospace business: a salty mixture of science and military words—with a lot of salesmanship thrown in. Biehl is more of the intellectual. Reserved, pipe smoking, a bit professorial, he prefers research to business.

As Mainhardt recalls it now on the start of their business: "I had been in atomic weapons almost continuously since I was 20 years old—and I was now 37. At the time the Atomic Energy Commission was asking people to help make the atom peaceful and we thought, by God, we'll take 'em up." So the two started out to design the world's smallest nuclear reactor that would sell for under $100,000 and be used for training nuclear engineers and making isotopes for medical research. Having no money, they borrowed $3,600.

The partners quickly came up with a design for a miniature reactor, had beautiful reports on it printed and garnered many endorsements from other scientists. Even the AEC agreed that the design was great, but at the same time it refused their application to start making reactors because the partners didn't have enough money. The law says that AEC must approve anyone who wants to go into nuclear business, because the AEC doesn't want an outfit to have to quit for lack of funds with a partly built machine; they're dangerous enough when put together right.

Eventually, in the spring of 1956, the tiny company became Aerojet-General Nucleonics, subsidiary of Aerojet-General Corporation, a giant maker of rocket engines, and then produced its first reactor. The AGN-201 as it was called, is still for sale at $95,000 each. Small by normal reactor standards, it makes a good-sized truckload.

By early 1960, Mainhardt and Biehl craved freedom from big company life. They pulled out of Aerojet with about $100,000 apiece from stock and set up MB Associates in a small office over The Little Daisy Dress Shop in nearby Danville, California. The idea was that they would help other young scientists start businesses of their own in return for a piece of the action. In this project they were joined by a really well-heeled outfit, the Frederick H. Prince Trust of Chicago, but there weren't enough good deals around. And Mainhardt concedes: "We didn't have all the answers anyway." After a few months of this, the two decided to go back into manufacturing something. The only question was: what?

The decision to try making miniature rockets just sort of evolved. Both men had worked on nuclear rockets at the Radiation Lab, and while he was at Aerojet, Mainhardt helped some local teen-agers start an amateur rocket club. Then, about the time MB was starting up, President Kennedy was talking about moving away from massive nuclear retaliation to limited warfare. Guerrilla groups like the Army's Special Forces, the Air Commandos and the Navy SEAL teams began to get talked about. But nothing really new in

Unique Gyrojet pistol fires rocket bullets with more punch than .45 automatic.

the small-weapons field appeared available to them.

"It was rather striking to us," says Mainhardt, "that the .30-06 stood for caliber .30 Model 1906 and the Colt .45 was of 1911 vintage." The more the two discussed the thing, the more it seemed that Uncle Sam needed a family of weapons based on new technology. "We just assumed that we couldn't miss," says Mainhardt, "since the existing technology was over 50 years old and nothing really new had happened in that time."

What they had in mind was radically different—small, high-performance, needlelike rockets that could be fired from various holders either singly or in clusters. Little rockets would be lightweight and recoilless. If fired in clusters, they would compensate for aiming errors. It all sounded pretty good, but everyone they talked to who knew anything about guns or rockets was sure it wouldn't work.

Experts didn't believe that very small grains of propellant would burn uniformly, let alone stay together in the combustion chamber long enough to produce a high-efficiency microengine. Others thought the components of a very small rocket would be hit so hard by thermal shock that they would disintegrate. Still others said they wouldn't fly straight, that the fins would not stay on, and so forth. As Mainhardt puts it: "It was a real case of 'they said it couldn't be done.' "

To double-check their own calculations and a few crude basement experiments, MB Associates hired Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California, to do a study on the feasibility of miniature rockets. It was May, 1960, and the report was not encouraging. SRI had experimented with rocket motors made from steel tubing one inch long and about 3/32 of an inch in diameter. The test firings showed that efficiency might be low and that variations in performance from round to round might be quite high, spoiling accuracy.

Mainhardt and Biehl studied the report, gulped and went back to the laboratory. They made some quarter-inch-diameter engines of their own and tested them the following month with more encouraging results.

The experiments resulted in a thick technical report by MBA called "The Microjet." It described how miniature rockets could be made and what kinds of weapons they might be used in. A hand-weapon system using eighth-inch-diameter metal Microjets an inch and a half long with fins was described. Applications from land mines to antiaircraft shells were outlined. Washington, however, received the report coolly. MBA was told that the technology was not feasible and therefore of no interest to the military.

After that slap in the face, Mainhardt and Biehl fired off a few little rockets just to convince themselves that they weren't nuts, and pressed on with development work.

Searching for the right propellant, the two began contacting civilian rocket-engine and missile-fuel companies. By midsummer of 1960 they had been in touch with Thiokol, Standard Oil of Indiana, Grand Central Rocket, Atlantic Research, Dow Chemical, National Rocket, McCormick-Selph, Holex, Hercules, DuPont, Phillips Petroleum, Olin Mathieson, Beckman-Whitley, Astro-Rocket, Aerojet and others. They even talked with fireworks firms. Mainhardt recalls that the discussions with experts in all of these companies were rather discouraging. None of the rocket scientists believed that the principles which worked in big engines could be scaled down below about two inches in diameter.

In other words, the smallest practical rocket that anyone in the business had [*Continued on page* 91]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN LICHTNER

The best fighter in the world today is my fighter, Cassius Clay. He's a Black Muslim and I'm a white Catholic and that has made some problems. But there sure have been a lot of laughs, too

MY LIFE WITH THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

BY HIS MANAGER, ANGELO DUNDEE, as told to DAVE ANDERSON

■ We were in Las Vegas for the Floyd Patterson fight. Every day after his workout on the stage of the Stardust Hotel, Cassius Clay would put on his white terry-cloth robe and sit in a chair with a microphone in front of him and hold a press conference. The sportswriters would ask him questions and every day he would say, "Patterson has no chance to beat me. No chance at all. It won't be no match."

The quotes made all the papers and all the TV shows. But it bugged the promoters. One of them called me aside a few days before the fight. "All this talk about no match is bad," he told me. "Clay should be building up Patterson's chances, not tearing him down. Tell him to change his tune."

"What do you want from me?" I told the promoter. "I can't do anything about it. The kid is gonna talk."

How well I know. I'm his manager and trainer. His *boxing* manager and trainer. Unless it involves his boxing, I don't try to tell him what to do or what to say. In 18 years of working with nearly a thousand fighters, I have always made it a policy to stay out of their private lives. With Clay's it's not easy. His private life seems to be on page one every time I pick up a newspaper.

Take the Army situation. The day he was reclassified 1-A he made the statement that he didn't have "no quarrel with them Viet Cong." Boom, he was one on page one again and the headlines really steamrollered.

I didn't agree with him. During the second World War, I earned a battle star for kicking parapaks out of a C-47 to troops in the snow at the Battle of the Bulge. It wasn't much, compared to what most combat soldiers went through, but I was proud of it. I can still see those Nazi tracer bullets coming up at the plane. I believed in this country then and I believe in it today more than ever. But as an American, I also believe another man has a right to *his* beliefs. Cassius Clay, or Muhammad Ali, lives according to the beliefs of the Muslims.

The Muslim doctrine may seem to be unpatriotic. But nothing in the Marquis of Queensberry rules states that a boxer's name must be Nathan Hale.

Over the past few years I have been the white man closest to Cassius Clay. I like him. Some people can't understand this. But I'm a fighter-lover. Fighters are a special breed. Willie Pastrano, one of my favorite fighters, once told me he was going to quit boxing and get a regular job.

"Willie," I pleaded, "*anybody* can get a job. But not anybody can be a fighter. You're special, Willie. Do me a favor and reconsider."

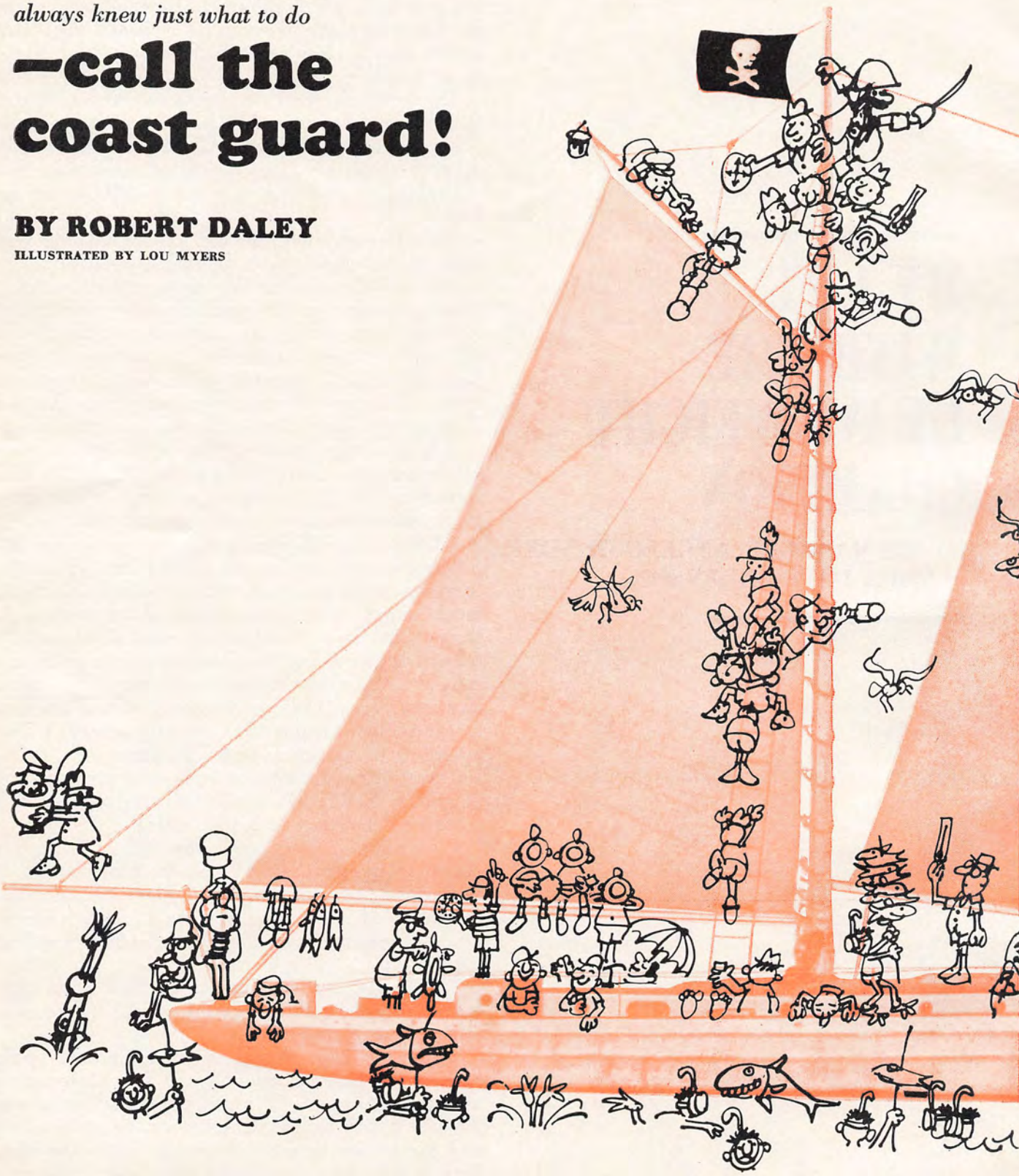
Willie reconsidered and he went on to win the light-heavyweight title. Cassius Clay is special, too. People are starting to agree with what I've been saying all along: that he's a great fighter. He's six-four now and a trim 215 and maybe the fastest heavyweight in boxing history. He's going to be a superheavy- [*Continued on page* 86]

When the Liki Tiki *set out for Florida with six jolly sailors and a boatload of beer, it had behind it an impressive record of nautical foul-ups. But when the crew got in trouble, they always knew just what to do*

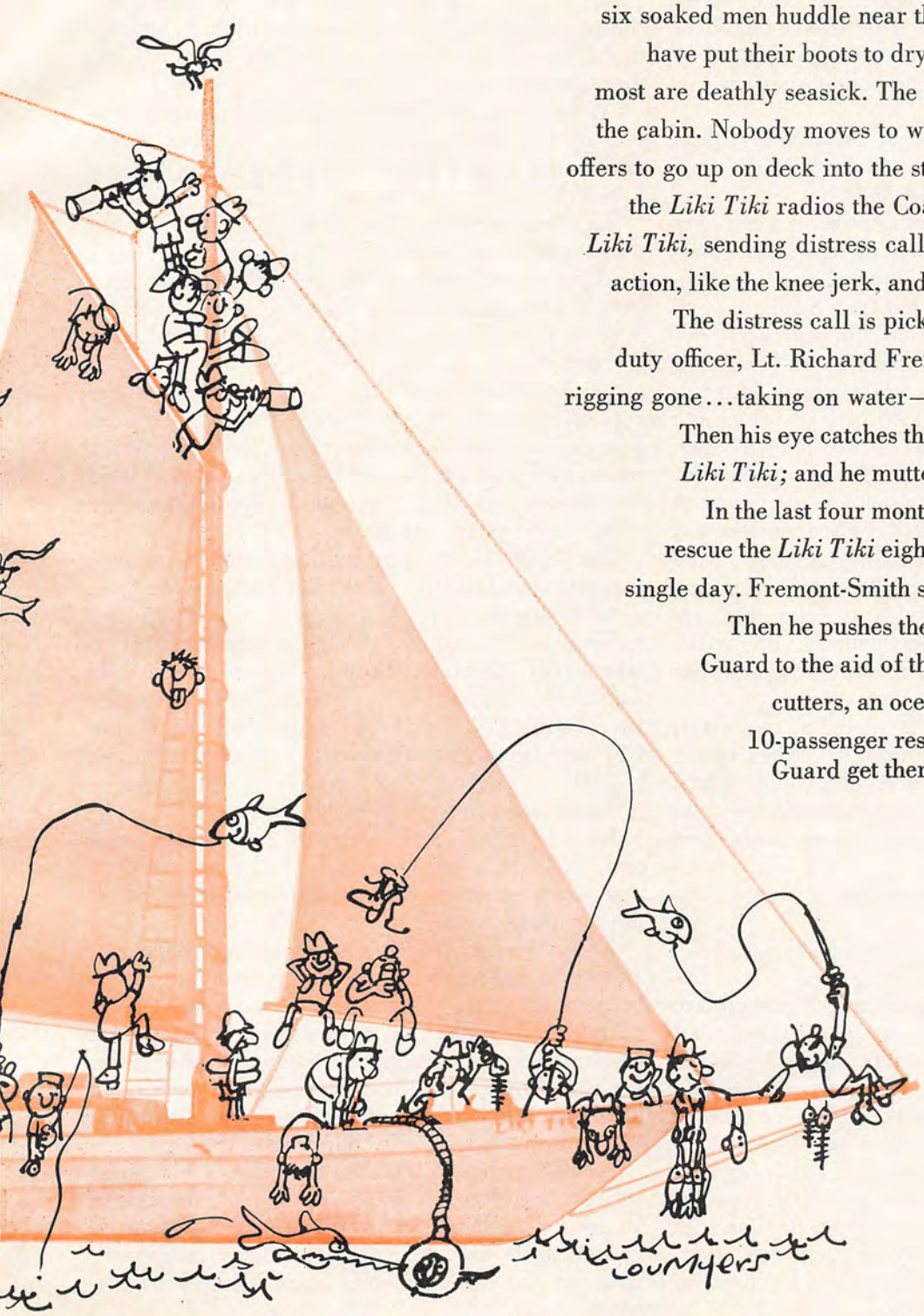
—call the coast guard!

BY ROBERT DALEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MYERS



■ Our story opens in a gale. We find the once luxurious schooner *Liki Tiki* bounding from wave top to wave top about 20 miles off the New Jersey coast. This boat already has at least three trips to the bottom behind it and another is beginning to seem inevitable. The *Liki* (rhymes with leaky) *Tiki* is owned by the Woodbury Skin Divers Club, a group of fun-loving pranksters and beer drinkers, and even her name is a joke. But nobody on board is laughing now. In the heaving cabin six soaked men huddle near the galley stove in which some have put their boots to dry. The men are half frozen and most are deathly seasick. The stench of burning leather fills the cabin. Nobody moves to withdraw the boots and nobody offers to go up on deck into the storm to take the helm. Instead the *Liki Tiki* radios the Coast Guard. For the men of the *Liki Tiki,* sending distress calls to the Coast Guard is reflex action, like the knee jerk, and as predictable as a hangover. The distress call is picked up at Cape May where the duty officer, Lt. Richard Fremont-Smith, reads the report: rigging gone... taking on water—which is no laughing matter. Then his eye catches the name of the ship in distress: *Liki Tiki;* and he mutters, "Jesus Christ, not again." In the last four months the Coast Guard has had to rescue the *Liki Tiki* eight times—once it was twice in a single day. Fremont-Smith shakes his head. "Incredible." Then he pushes the button which sends the Coast Guard to the aid of the floundering schooner: three cutters, an oceangoing tug, a seaplane and a 10-passenger rescue helicopter. Will the Coast Guard get there [*Continued on next page*]



in time? Will anybody get those boots out in time?

Or is this at last the end of the *Liki Tiki?*

The *Liki Tiki* was a big boat, measuring 67 feet at the waterline, and over 90 feet from stern to bowsprit. She was built in 1921, reportedly at a cost of $250,000. By the time the Woodbury Skin Divers got hold of her, the price had dropped considerably: $800. That was in 1961 and the boat was on the bottom of the Delaware River.

But the Woodbury Skin Divers Club rode to the rescue. They found the boat under 12 feet of water at high tide and raised her. The usual method of raising the *Liki Tiki* was (and perhaps still is) to nail plywood over her hatches and pump in air. Up she would pop.

Sailing her back to Barnegat Bay, New Jersey, the Skin Divers ran her aground for the first time under Club ownership, but they had not yet learned the trick of radioing the Coast Guard. Instead they phoned Elmer Seaman, the mayor of Union Township (pop. 3,000) and owner of a construction business specializing in sewers mostly. Seaman came down and bulldozed a channel for the *Liki Tiki.*

Seaman and eight others then bought her, more or less as trustees for the club. All of the other members in exchange for dues of $5 or $10 per month then had the run of the boat. More than 50 men worked on her and sailed on her in ensuing months.

For two years money and man-hours were poured into the boat until she was worth, by Seaman's count, $15,000; or according to Oakley Guenther, who was in charge of the engine, $30,000. Of the nine owners, Seaman, Guenther and Karl Baker, the captain, were in the construction business; among the other owners were a used-car dealer, a tavern owner and a wrestler.

Mayor Seaman, who usually served as navigator, had a private pilot's license and was credited by the others with being a genius with maps and charts. Although the Coast Guard later dragged the *Liki Tiki* off sandbars six times, nobody on board ever blamed Seaman.

"It's a big boat. It draws a lot of water," explained Baker.

Said Seaman: "When everything is shallow, you're bound to run aground."

It is true that the waters around Barnegat are shallow, but other boatsmen in the area were not only satisfied with smaller boats, they also never traveled without tide charts. The men of the *Liki Tiki* did not care much whether the tide was in or out, preferring to rely on the Coast Guard.

And they liked the idea of the *Liki Tiki's* bigness, for she could carry a lot of beer, and 40 or more of them could go riding around on her at one time with either several men or nobody at the helm. Said Baker once: "Everybody wants to run the boat, so we run aground once in a while."

Guenther remembers one weekend fondly.

"Our divers went down and you never saw so many flounders in one place in your life.

"One guy got six on one spear."

Another crewman adds: "And the lobsters. One was so big that, holding it by the tail above your waist, its claws touched the deck."

However big the lobsters actually were, however many flounders one man was able to drive one spear through at one time, the boys had a helluva time. As fast as they brought lobsters up, Guenther threw them in a pot and cooked them and the boys stood there soaking wet, ripping the claws off and dunking the meat in melted butter. They ate lobsters until they couldn't eat any more.

At this point, somebody noticed the unhappy captain of the nearest charter boat. This man was a friend and he had had a line out all day without a nibble.

To cheer him up, some of the Skin Divers went down and located his hook. Earlier they had found a pair of sunglasses on the bottom and now they caught a big lobster, wired the sunglasses to its face, hooked the lobster to the captain's line and gave the line a tug.

On board the *Liki Tiki,* everyone watched the captain reel in his "catch." The sunglasses started glinting about twelve inches below the surface of the water, and then the captain's face began to change expression, and then on the end of his line dangled a lobster wearing sunglasses.

The Skin Divers were rolling around the deck laughing hysterically. Make no mistake, this was a fun-loving bunch.

Then, in November, 1964, the boys decided to take a really big trip. The idea was to sail the *Liki Tiki* to Florida for a winter of skin diving and other fun. To this end she was put in dry dock in Atlantic City and her bottom scraped and painted at a cost of $501.

These six men were to make the trip.

Karl Baker, 35, of Woodbury, New Jersey, captain. A bricklayer by trade, he had three children and was partner in a construction business which built mainly houses.

Elmer Seaman Jr., 39, a bachelor from Barnegat, a burly florid-faced man with a politician's cigar between his teeth. As always, he was navigator.

Oakley Guenther, 52, of Beach Haven. His own children were grown and he had adopted three more. He often bragged that he had never been seasick in his life. When the weather got rough, he would "jump up and down with happiness," he said.

Steve Bottcher, 32, of Philadelphia, a machinist with two children. A fine diver, he had contributed an icebox to hold the beer and had made many needed parts and accessories, such as underwater housings for cameras. He called himself a deckhand.

Budd Wilson, 30, of [*Continued on page* 84]

ESCAPE TO RICHES

A TRUE report on the Men Who Have It Made

A FUNNY CAR BROUGHT THEM FUN & FREEDOM

BY ARTHUR WHITMAN

■ Can two small-town guys from Ohio achieve wealth and happiness doing just what they want to do and nothing else?

Claud Dry and Dale Orcutt can and have. For the last 17 years they've put their collective sweat into a big garage—or a little factory—in Athens, Ohio, producing an automobile called the King Midget. Since 1949 they've put about 5,000 of these little cars on the road.

A morning's work for Detroit? Sure. But for Dry and Orcutt, a more than substantial production figure for 17 years. And, actually, more than they wanted to turn out. To do what you want to do, you do it when you want to—not when you have to. Such was the attitude which shaped their working schedule—when they were only two weeks behind on orders, they would stop making KM's and have their 18-man shop go to work building prototypes of new transmissions, drive systems, suspensions or whatever.

A boxy little two-seater, the KM is practically handmade of steel and aluminum, with a perforated-channel and tubing box frame. It is 9′ 9″ long, has an 11′ turn radius and looks like a cross between a sports car and a Jeep. In its natural state it wears no doors, top or side curtains, but these are all optional extras. The KM can also be equipped with racks for guns, tackle or golf bags.

Each wheel has its own individual hydraulic brake system, and all wheels are independently sprung—a feature that makes the car as handy on plowed fields as on suburban boulevards. The tires and what is laughingly called the "power plant" are the only major parts not designed by Dry and Orcutt. The one-cylinder engine, air-cooled and rear-mounted, is a 9¼-hp. heavy-duty job built for lawn tractors. It pushes the 670-pound car along at 55 and gets 50 to 60 miles per gallon. If the engine fails, change the spark plug and give it a kick. If that doesn't work, take it to a lawn-mower mechanic.

If something goes wrong with the two-speed-and-reverse automatic transmission, put it in a box and ship it to Athens. The shop will recondition it for six to eight bucks, and make a nice profit on the job, too. A marvel of simplicity, the transmission operates on a two-clutch principle: one holds until it is relieved by the other. Free of planetary gears, oil baths and torque converters, it is down to a grand total of 74 parts, or about 1,000 parts less than Hydra-Matic and other big-company jobs.

Curt Gunther

The price of a KM is $872 stripped, or $995 completely equipped, Federal tax paid. Once the company accepts an order, delivery takes about eight weeks.

From the beginning, Dry and Orcutt decided to have no truck with dealers; they advertised only with occasional ads in mechanic's hobby magazines and sold directly to individuals, one car at a time.

Naturally, dealers flocked to them, with two to five inquiries a week. Just as naturally, Dry and Orcutt filed all of the inquiries in the wastebasket.

Unbusinesslike? Perhaps. But they did build a little office which they attached to Dry's house, and they did hire a Gal Friday to answer the phone and take care of the billing. And they did get a file cabinet. To hold trout flies.

After all, they had little or no intention to spend much time in the office. Their shop provided all the action they needed or wanted, and that's where they managed to duck long-distance phone calls from prospective customers—like the Miami auto leaser, trying to buy 15 KM's for use as courtesy cars by a big beach hotel. "He thought he could kid us," said Dry, after turning down the dealer's third phone call of the day. "It starts with an order for 15, but the next thing you know he'd want 15 more!"

Dry is tall, graying and genial. Orcutt is short, graying and genial. These mild-mannered but resolute partners met during World War II, when they were both in the Civil Air Patrol. Dry was a linotype machinist at the time, Orcutt the maintenance chief at a pants factory. Dry had been a race driver as a kid; both were pilots, of course, and devout tinkerers. They began to exchange views on auto design, and discovered they were both wondering why no one made cars like aircraft, producing rugged, lightweight machines that could carry payloads equal to or greater than their own weight. Before long, they were drawing up designs to prove points to each other, and it was dawning on both of them: somebody will make such a car someday, why not Dry and Orcutt?

To finance themselves, they set up shop in Athens to make motor scooters on a part-time, after-work basis. Within a year they were making enough money so that they could quit their jobs and make scooters full time, using their spare time—and spare dough—to make auto prototypes. They made eight cars by hand before they were ready to make a few jigs and dies and build their first KM in 1949. They made the mistake of selling it to someone in Athens, which is the home of Ohio University, and were suddenly overrun with hordes of students wanting to buy King Midgets. They tried keeping up with it for a while, found it hopeless, and made a rule to save their sanity: no KM's to be sold within a 50-mile radius of Athens.

A greater crisis came in 1953 when they got the first clutch of patents on their transmission. Immediately came an offer from one of the major auto companies to come to Detroit to adapt their little miracle to a line of small cars the company was then planning. It meant whopping salaries for both of them and, because of the patents, the wealth of Creosus. "I won't say we didn't think about it," says Dry. "We considered it every which way. But we couldn't see what the point would be unless we wanted to get rich and famous."

"And the truth of it is," added Orcutt, "neither one of us wants to be famous."

But rich, it seems, they had to get. A couple of months ago they received an offer which they simply could not resist. A group of investors offered a whopping price for their Midget Motors corporation, if Dry and Orcutt would stay on in charge of research and development. This was the perfect escape from the managerial aspects of the business that had always bugged them, so they grabbed the green and headed for the shop.

They're still working when and how they want to with their first true love—small car design and development. But now they're also tinkering with a new automatic transmission incorporating three, four or five speeds, suitable for larger cars and trucks.

And who knows where that will take them?

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRY GERSTEN

CONFESSIONS OF A WHEELER-DEALER IN ANTIQUES

[who prefers to remain anonymous]

A not-so-honest member of a long-suspected business reminisces about great killings he has made (up to 46,000 percent profit) and the great suckers he has known. If you always thought there were crooks in the antique trade, here's a chance to meet one

The average antique dealer is nearly as talkative about his business as a Mafia member is about his. The reason is the same. What you don't say can't be held against you. This is not to imply that all antique dealers are sharpies—only about 98 percent.

Ever since some ancient figured you could get hard cash for used furniture, clothing, jewelry or what-have-you, the antique industry has operated on two basic premises: find a sucker who'll sell low, then another who'll buy high. And always aim the pitch at the female. Women are often the ones who cruise the junk shops and the antique parlors and toss away hubby's hard-earned dough.

Anyone who buys antiques really runs the risk of throwing money away. Let's give the business a kick and see how it slithers. First, look at the markups. In most retail businesses markups are pretty well standardized. For example, furniture stores operate on a 50-100-percent markup, jewelry stores about the same; drugstores 30-50 percent and grocery stores much less. Most antique dealers won't touch an item unless they can run up the price 200-1,000 percent and 10,000 percent isn't rare. My record for an item is 46,000 percent—460 times what I paid for it—and there are dealers who have done much better.

How do we find suckers? There are lots of ways. The most generally used technique is called "snupping" by the trade. Here's the way I snup.

I put a couple of cold packs of beer into my station wagon and head for the back roads. When I see an old farmhouse that looks likely, I stop, get out and open the hood. It isn't long before the curious farmer shows up and peers over my shoulder.

"Car break down?" he asks.

"Nothing serious," I reply. "Just a loose fan belt. Do you have a monkey wrench handy?"

Pretty soon the farmer and I are sitting on his porch enjoying the beer. It isn't long before his curiosity rises again.

"You a farmer? You seem to know a lot about farming."

"Nope," I answer, setting the trap, "I'm an antique buyer. Work for a couple of big museums."

"They pay big money for antiques?"

"The most," I reply with sincerity. "Usually eight or 10 times more than dealers pay."

The farmer thinks over my words, and I have the feeling of watching a condemned man placing the noose around his own neck.

"Say, we got a bunch of stuff in the house," he says. "Local antique dealers been after it for years. Won't sell it to 'em. They're thieves. Want to take a look?"

As I walk from room to room, I decide what I want. Now I go into my act.

Pointing to a Victorian commode that's worth about $40, I say, "Museum's been looking for one of those. Hard to find one in mint condition. Give you $400."

The farmer swallows, but before he can recover I nod to a desk worth $30. "Would you consider taking $650 for that beautiful old desk?"

The farmer, speechless, nods affirmatively. I proceed from room to room, offering ridiculous prices. Finally I sum up, "Well, I guess that's about it—$5,900 for 14 pieces of furniture." Then I add, almost as an afterthought, "I notice you've also got a few smaller pieces of glass and bric-a-brac. Interested in selling?"

Now for the kill. I point to a china closet in the corner. "That yellow glass and the red one look interesting." They're rose amberina—worth $85-$100 each to a couple of collectors I know.

The farmer fetches out the two pieces. I point to another. "That thing with the purple swirls is so homely I want it for myself."

The farmer brings it over. It's a peacock-pattern vase by Louis Comfort Tiffany, the famous stained-glass artist, worth its weight in gold.

This ploy goes on for a minute or two longer, and the table gets loaded with valuable items.

Looking at my tally sheet, I say, "Let's see—$5,900 in furniture, and I'll give you $50 for the odds and ends. I'll be back tomorrow morning with a truck and a certified check for the furniture. Meanwhile I'll cart this glassware with me—afraid it'll get broken on the truck." I count out $50. "I'll pay you for this small stuff now. Just sign this bill of sale."

The farmer takes the $50 and signs. I've just bought $1,500 in antiques for $50. The farmer is still waiting for me to show up with the truck and the check for $5,900!

Sometimes I employ a wholesale method. I place the following ad in country papers:

> "Buyer for museum will pay top-dollar for your antiques. All negotiations held in strictest confidence. Write Box 651."

The leads that come in I line up by address so that I can make four or five calls in a day. The rest of the technique remains the same. Last summer I hit a town in northern Vermont, made five calls and removed $5,000 worth of antique glassware in one day. My investment was $350!

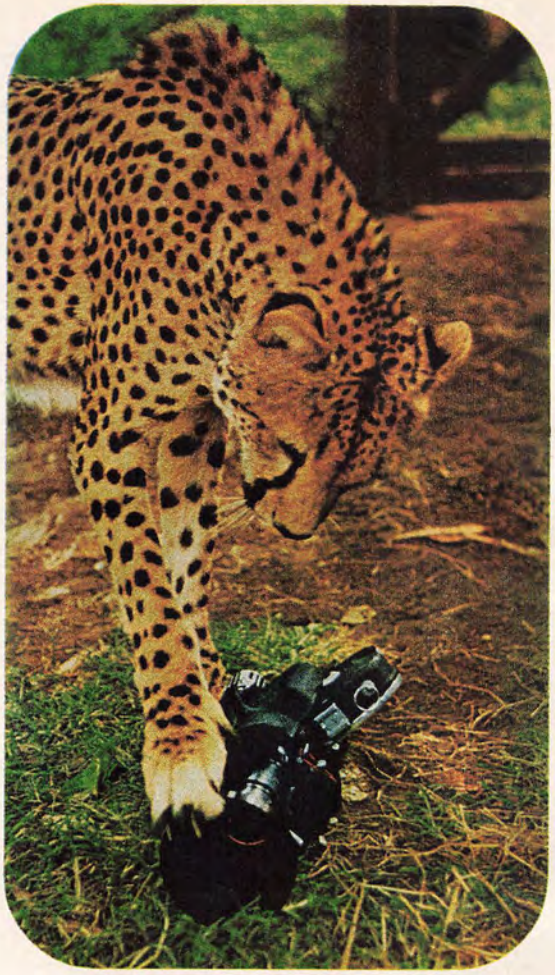
On a Saturday afternoon a couple of weeks ago, my phone rang. A wheezy voice asked whether I was interested in buying old guns and described two extremely rare Navy Colt revolvers. An hour later, I pulled into the drive of a tumbledown house and was met by a gaffer pushing 85. He introduced me to his wife, an elderly woman who was hobbling about with the aid of two canes. [*Continued on page* 82]

CAMERA SAFARI TO CAPTURE AFRICA'S BIG GAME

It could be the greatest adventure of your life—getting closer to wild animals than hunters ever do—and bringing back the pictures to prove it

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY ROBERT HALMI

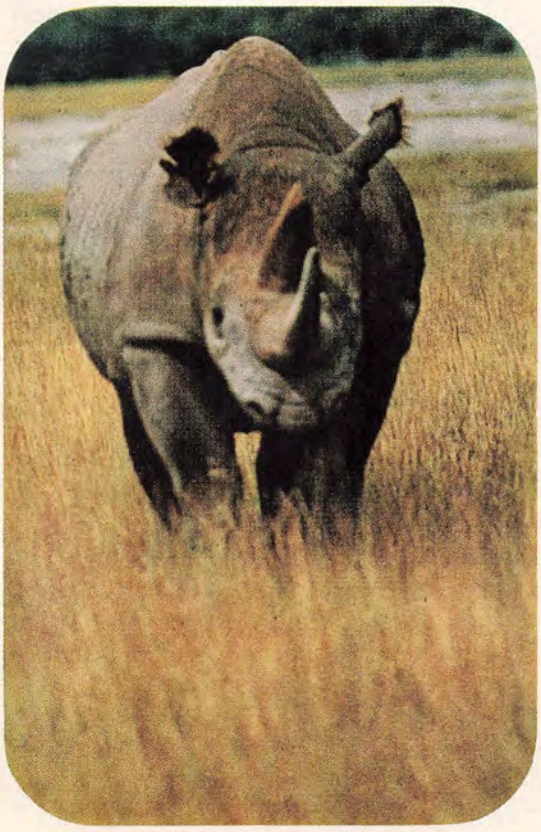
■ My white hunter, Amadeo, and I had been stalking the rhino around the water hole for long, hot hours, trying for a head-on shot but the short-tempered beast wasn't cooperating. Then suddenly its keen sense of smell picked us up and it turned to look, ears perked, weak little eyes staring right at us. It started slowly toward me, gathering speed as it came. When the rhino was 20 yards away from where I was standing (as still as possible), I squeezed off one shot. The beast's sharp hearing caught the click of the shutter and the startled rhino, after a moment of uncertainty during which I tried not to move, wheeled around and trotted away.



Wild cheetah was caught investigating camera.

I waited an hour for the sun to drop behind the vulture to take this very African shot with 300mm. lens on 35mm. camera.

I finally won this shy smile from woman in Mozambique. My Polaroid print of herself calmed her fear of cameras.



Long stalk of rhino gave me just this one shot.

Patience and planning are essential for good pictures of natives.

Right light in right composition makes tiger-fishing shot exciting.

Peter Barrett

Even making movies, I'm ready for stills.

My 135mm. lens caught a snoozing lion in the park ranger's hut.

In one sense the rhino got away, but in another it didn't, for I now had its portrait captured on film—that rhino is mine forever. That's a big reason for going on safari with a camera. Instead of killing perhaps four or five outstanding animals, going through the complications and expense of getting heads mounted and even finding a place to put them, you can bring back hundreds of trophies from one safari—on film. They won't crowd even a one-room bachelor cabin. For me each picture is a reliving of that heart-in-the-throat moment when I squeeze the shutter to capture an exciting animal, at home in its own environment. And it can be done with a camera that costs less than mounting just one trophy head.

This year more than 100,000 people will travel to Africa. Of these, several thousand adventurous tourists will take some of the most exciting pictures of *their* lives. Most will go to East Africa where there is the largest concentration of a tremendous variety of game, superlative fish and exotic birds in fascinating country. In 1964 a record 82,258 tourists went to East Africa, 600 to shoot big game and [*Continued on page* 68]

CAMERA SAFARI

Imperfect exposure in imperfect light, but a fast decision to try with a wide-open lens made a beautiful photograph.

Perfect conditions don't exist in nature; these running buffalo were shot with a fast panning camera after sundown.

BRING AFRICA BACK ALIVE– WITH THESE

■ Face-to-nose with an African lion in the bush is no time to wish you had a different camera. Take the right type with you on safari to immortalize the moment. Here are two groups of equipment for a successful camera safari that will help you capture your trophy photographs. At left is a roundup of basic equipment for bringing back big game, shy birds, native ritual and even spectacular scenery. You may add one or all of the embellishments at right according to your purse, your photographic skill and your weight allowance.

Left, top: Start with dustproof carrying case. Fibrebilt (1) *has foam-lined compartments, $24.75. Linhof Nu Line tripod (2) * Model 1, $49.95, supports Honeywell Spotmatic Pentax 35mm. camera (3) * with built-in light meter, $289.50. Attached Takumar 300mm.

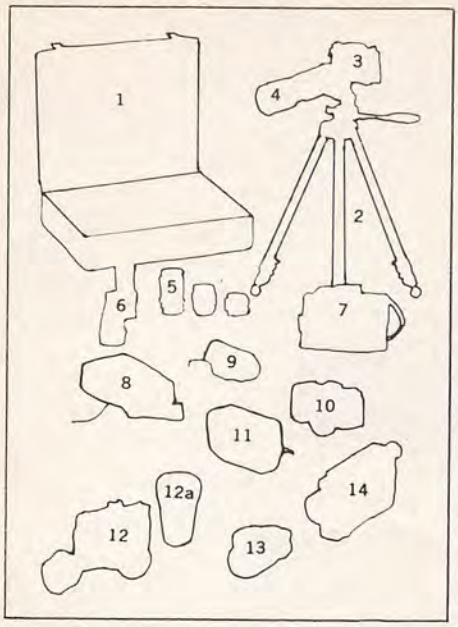
[*Continued on page 68*]

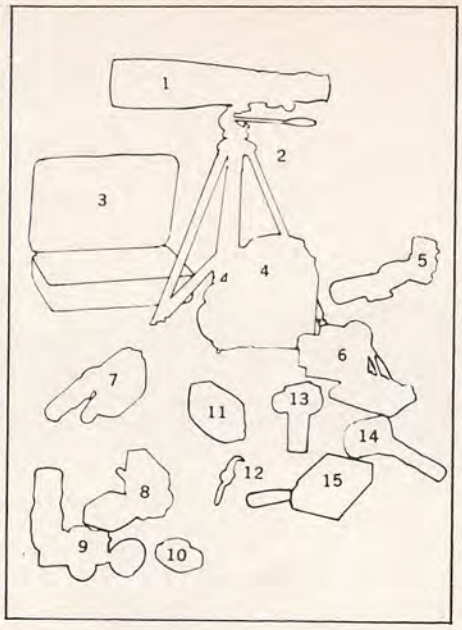
*See diagram on left top of page 68.

A safari lives forever on film. Here are some tools for doing the job right

PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY VICTOR SKITA

[*Continued from page 67*]





lens (4) is $159.50. Additional Pentax lenses (5) increase camera flexibility, are 135mm., $149.50, 50mm. Macro, $114.50. Bushnell 350-650mm. Televar variable telephoto lens (6) for wide range of long-distance pictures is $59.50. Polaroid Color Pack camera Model 104 (7) makes instant pictures to impress the natives, $59.95. To record sounds of wild Africa, Norelco Carry-Corder 150 (8) comes with one snap-in tape cassette for less than $90. Battery-powered strobe unit (9) lights night shots. Ultrablitz Monojet B1, $69.95. Nikkormat F/T (10) with through-the-lens light meter comes with 50mm. lens, $269.50. Bell & Howell Super 8 movie camera Model 430 (11) features "optronic eye," $159.95. Kodak Retina Reflex IV (12) 35mm. camera, $220 to $250, has many interchangeable lenses (12a) including Tle-Xmar 200mm., at right of camera, $226. Weston Master V (13) exposure meter measures incident or reflected light, $36.95. Kodak Instamatic M6 Super 8 movie camera (14) has zoom lens and electric eye exposure control, less than $160.

Second diagram shows refinements and technical improvements: (1) Kilfitt Sport-Fern-Kilar 600 mm. lens attaches to 35mm. camera, $599.50. It's mounted on heavy duty Linhof Nu Line tripod (2) Model 2, $79.95. Aluminum foam-lined carrying case (3) is from Camera Shop, $48. Bell & Howell 70 DR 16mm. turret movie camera (4) with f/1.9 lens is $465, case is $42.95. Bushnell 750 to 3000mm. Spacemaster extra long-range telephoto (5) for single lens reflex cameras is $110. Polaroid Color Pack camera 100 (6) comes with flashgun, $164.95. Kodak K-100 16mm. turret movie camera (7) with 25mm. lens and viewfinder is $526. Additional lenses with viewfinder are 50mm. $262; 152mm. telephoto, $340. Elmo Dual-Filmatic Super 8 movie camera (8) $209.50, also has single 8 magazine (left of camera), $39.50. Nikon F (9), for amateurs with talent, and 50mm. lens is $269.50; Nikkor Auto 200mm. lens behind camera is $210 and 85mm. is $189.50. Gossen Lunasix electronic light meter (10) is $63. Bell & Howell Super 8 movie camera, 432 (11) has electric zoom lens, $269.95. Bulova's Accutron electronic watch (12) has manual correction for crossing the Date Line, $200. Honeywell 1/21 spot meter (13) is $129.50. Autostrobonar 660 electronic flash (14) turns off automatically, $149.50. Wollensak 4100 portable cartridge tape recorder (15) weighs three pounds, $99.50.

—Pat Graves

CAMERA SAFARI TO CAPTURE AFRICA'S BIG GAME

[*Continued from page 64*]

about 2,000—half of them Americans—to hunt with cameras. More and more visitors are making safaris instead of ordinary tours trips.

Plush, bathtub-in-the-bush trips in the old tradition can still be had, but the era of the packaged tourist has reached East Africa—Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Mozambique. A photographic safari is easy to arrange and costs much less than even a simple big-game hunting expedition, and it offers Africa with all its primitive beauty to both the first-time visitor and the many old hands like me.

Every airline flying to East Africa offers a package deal, from New York, to camera enthusiasts. For example, BOAC is promoting a "Wing Safari." They fly you out and arrange for your local transportation in small, light planes. A 22-day trip, New York to New York, costs less than $2,000. That includes a visit to at least six game reserves with accommodations ranging from tent camps to the luxurious Mount Kenya Safari Club.

Alitalia charges $1,400 for a similar 21-day trip with travel by car from camp to camp. Scandinavian Airlines has a 33-day trip that includes South Africa and Rhodesia for $2,300 and a 21-day East Africa safari for $1,540. TWA's 21-day photography and fishing safari is $2,300.

If these bargains don't appeal, you are welcome on your own. You'll find regular hunting safari companies ready to help you—such as Ker & Downey, Safariland and White Hunters—and outfitters who specialize in photographic safaris. Among these are White Band Travel Service, Bruce Safaris, United Tours, Uganda Wildlife, Tanganyika Wildlife and Thorn Tree Safaris. All have offices in Nairobi, Kenya, which offer trips for as low as five days on safari for $171.

You may arrange your safari in one of two ways: by visiting game sanctuaries and national parks or by going into regular hunting areas with a professional white hunter and safari equipment. A three-week trip that includes three or four national parks is a wonderful experience. You'll be able to photograph almost every species in the rich African kingdom. Game parks charge an entry fee of around $2 and each has its specialty. Serengeti is famous for lions and leopards; Amboseli, with Kilimanjaro as a spectacular backdrop, for rhino; Lake Manyara for trees full of sleeping lions; Murchison Falls for hippo, crocodile and herds of elephant. Ngorongoro has hundreds of migratory animals. Luxurious Tree Tops has an artificial moon and a salt lick to attract animals all night.

Whatever way you arrange your safari, you'll want to have enough camera equipment but not to load yourself down with unnecessary gear. I suggest the following list as your basic equipment: a 35mm. single-lens reflex camera with a "normal" lens, about 50mm. Add to this a range of lenses such as 28mm., 135mm. and 300mm. If your camera has a built-in, through-the-lens light meter, that's all to the good. Otherwise you'll need a good general meter. Also useful is a "spot" meter (it measures light in a small circular area) to use with telelenses. Thus if you are photographing a lion under a tree 100 yards away, a spot meter will give you the correct reading on the lion's shaded head no matter how bright the sun elsewhere. A light tripod and a flash unit—bulb or strobe—are useful for night shots by a water hole and in camp. If you have a Polaroid camera, be sure to take it along as it's a good entrée to natives who love to see their own pictures in fearsome poses. Another good gadget to break down native resistance to picture posing is a tape recorder.

If you take movies, one of the new Super 8 cameras is simplest to travel with —light, versatile and easy to load. Your tape recorder can provide you with the sounds of Africa to run with your movies.

Don't forget plenty of film. The average photographer uses 20 to 30 rolls of 36-exposure film on a three-week trip. Take it all with you to be sure it's fresh, undamaged by excessive heat or moisture.

Whether you take one camera or three, your equipment should be assembled in one crushproof, dustproof box, well cushioned inside to protect your gear.

Have a good trip and shoot 'em all!

—Robert Halmi

just mention my name

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

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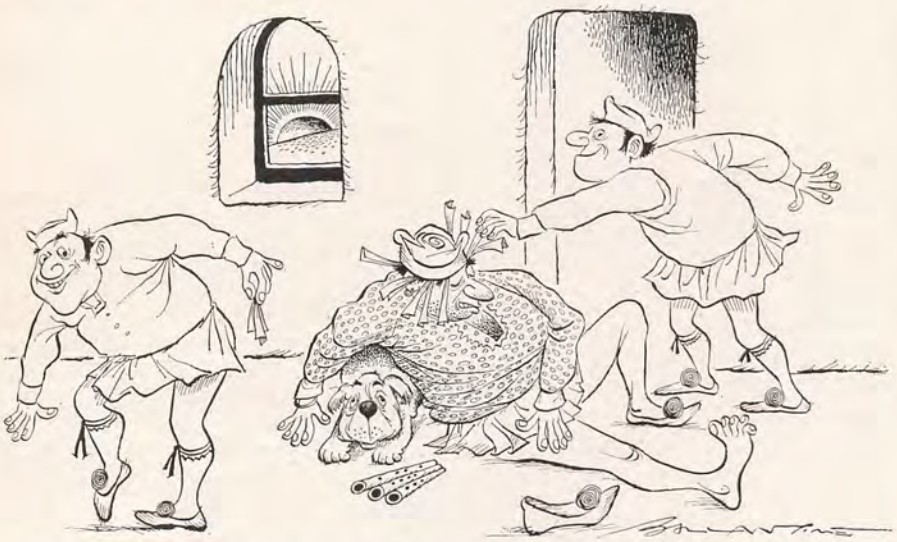
STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Paying the piper takes a peculiar form in rural Greece. At peasant wedding parties, music for the feasting and dancing is recruited from a local town, usually two or three gypsies playing shrill wooden pipes. As bottles empty and the party gets loud, men guests bring out paper money. Folding a note lengthwise, a guest ostentatiously tucks one end between the chief piper's red cap and his forehead. Soon the musician's head is fringed with money as other guests follow suit; when a breathing spell comes, the musician transfers the bills to his pocket. Several more times during the night the guests literally press money on him in large amounts. But it's all a show, a status symbol; in the cold, sober dawn, each man remembers precisely the sum he laid out and takes it back again. The piper is then allowed the customary fee: one percent of what he got the night before. *By Efron Shilakis, Wayne, Mich.*

The wildest boat ride in America flushed thrill seekers of the 1870's down an unusual Nevada watercourse. It was all wood and a yard wide—and 15 miles long. The V flume, so named for its cross-sectional form, had been invented to float Sierra timber from forest to mines. Its sides were two-foot-broad planks, joined edgewise at a right angle, and it was supported on trestlework five to 70 feet high over hill and dale in a winding route, descending always at least one foot in 40 and in places as steeply as one in two. Water released from a mountain lake sluiced heavy timbers down the flume in a rumbling rush. Inevitably somebody tried riding the surge. A one-trip "boat"—a plain V-bottomed trough fitting inside the flume—was knocked together. The ride proved to be a terror . . . and for hardy and privileged souls thenceforth, a test of courage. In 1877 a visiting New York dignitary recorded his experience. He rode with two Nevada silver magnates who enjoyed quarter ownerships in a $100-million mine. Crouched in a 30-inch-wide floating trough, he was breathlessly flung around curves, catapulted across ravines, hurled down steep slopes and generally wrenched and drenched. Each multimillionaire vowed he wouldn't make the voyage again for his entire mine. The New Yorker noted that the 15-mile trip took only 35 minutes. As a free-drifting boat speed record, the 25 mph. averaged in Nevada's now-vanished V flume seems unlikely ever to be surpassed. *By Frankie Bell, Danville, W. Va.*

When Ludwig I quit being King of Bavaria in 1848 to go into retirement, the admiring soldiers of his favorite regiment gave him a unique present. They cut off their beards and mustaches, with which every military man was well outfitted in those times. The collected hair was then processed by a bedding-maker like regular upholstery material—mechanically spun into a tightly twisted rope that was chemically treated to "set" the twist, then picked apart to yield a mass of springy, curled hair that formed the stuffing of a velvet-covered mattress. This was presented to the ex-king with the fond hope that he would take his ease on it with pleasant memories of his loyal soldiers.

Why fleas succeed in life, as they have been doing for millions of years, has been demonstrated by a careful experiment in host-finding. Fleas locate hosts—the animals they live on—by following a variety of clues, including odors, air currents, warmth, moving shadows. One Asiatic flea, for instance, that bites an earth-burrowing rodent and also people, will emerge from rodent burrows and pursue a man for some distance, guided apparently by ground vibrations the man makes as he walks. Pursuit is by crawling and hops, which average about seven inches. To measure host-finding ability, a scientist scattered 270 marked fleas in a walled meadow of more than a third of an acre, and then released three "clean" rabbits. A few days later, 45 percent of the fleas had made happy landings on the rabbits—a remarkable score, considering that the fleas had to contend with grassy terrain equivalent, if they were of human size, to a jungle 600 feet high. *By L. R. Thiebout, Utica, N. Y.*

Though "Fish spears man" should be news—according to the principle that "Man spears fish" is not news—it is a little-known fact that certain sea fishes have impaled human beings, sometimes fatally. These fish are, surprisingly, not bony-nosed billfish types. They are needlefish, tropical shallow-water dwellers that grow four and a half feet long but scarcely four inches thick. Both upper and lower jaws are equally prolonged into tapered slivers that, when the mouth is closed, form a spikelike snout almost a quarter of the fish's length. Needlefish swim fast and when feeding at night sometimes make long jumps over the surface. Ten pounds or so of javelin-shaped fish darting through the air becomes a deadly weapon. Persons wading at night in south Florida have been badly pierced in face, neck or leg. In Mexico, where market spearfishermen boldly lure the toothsome needlefish with a light, wounds are common and at least two men have been mortally speared by their quarry. Jugular vein and belly stabbings have killed South Sea islanders. Yet the needlefish is innocent of murder. Its excited leaps aren't aimed, and at most it can be charged with accidental manslaughter of victims unlucky enough to get in its way. *By William Perley, Jacksonville, Fla.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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AUTHENTIC OLD-TIME

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For the sports who just want a drinking mug without a top, this is the same as the others in every way except for the lid, comes only in ½ liter size for $6.95; set of two, $11.95, and worth it!

About as long as they've been fermenting beer. And in that time, it hasn't changed much, for the steins themselves are still "turned" on old-fashioned wooden lathes, and the wet clay trimmed with wooden paddles and then hand-worked to get the fantastically life-like figures that decorate them all-around. It is an art, in every sense, and when they've been hand-painted in bright colorful pigments, and then kiln-fired, you get much more than just a solid handful of drinking equipment—you get, just like the burghers of old, a handsome hunk of pottery that will brighten up the shelves of any room. One more thing you should know—the clay is not just ordinary clay, but comes from a district in West Bavaria where it is especially mined because it actually retains the cold. The pewter covers are engraved, and all in all, it makes a nice way to quaff your favorite liquid. Available in three sizes: ⅛ liter, each $5.95, set of 2, $9.95; ¼ liter, each $6.95, set of 2, $11.95; ½ liter, $8.95, set of 2, $16.95. (For the uninitiated in the audience, a liter is equal to a little more than a quart.)

HAMILTON HOUSE, Dept. 48T-8, Cos Cob, Conn. 06807

I understand if I'm not completely satisfied with these remarkable steins, I can return them in 10 days for a full refund. I am enclosing check or m.o. for $_____. Rush me the following:

—⅛ liter steins @ $5.95 —sets of 2 @ $9.95
—¼ liter steins @ $6.95 —sets of 2 @ $11.95
—½ liter steins @ $8.95 —sets of 2 @ $16.95
—½ liter (without tops) @ $6.95 —sets of 2 @ $11.95

(Please add 55¢ postage each.)

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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Ron Smith

THE BRAINSTORM THAT BACKFIRED

Uncle Wilbert Robinson spent 18 long years as manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. He weighed 300 pounds and wore a uniform that made him look like he'd just stepped out of a train wreck. As a manager, John McGraw could stay in bed, spot Robbie two runs and still have an unfair advantage.

Robbie tried hard, though. Once he even tried to straighten out the Daffiness Boys, as the Dodgers were known in the days at Ebbets Field when nobody was certain whether a screwball was a pitch or a person.

It was 1930 and his Dodgers, men like Babe Herman and Dazzy Vance, were in midseason formlessness. Base runners paid no more attention to signals than the lead buffalo in a stampede and the only thing the outfielders could catch was hell from the fans. "Something," said Robbie after another defeat, "has got to be done."

The something was one of Robbie's brainstorms. He called the team to a meeting and said, "From now on your stupid mistakes will cost you money." With that for openers he announced the formation of an outfit he called The Bonehead Club. "The way you guys play, membership will not be exclusive," he added. "A small mistake costs one dollar. A big mistake is five dollars."

The Dodgers snorted and grumbled but for three days they played with perfection. Then The Bonehead Club got its first—and last—member.

Robbie was making out his lineup card before a game with the St. Louis Cardinals. For his catcher he wrote the name of Al Lopez. He handed the card to the umpire, gave a copy to Gabby Street, the Cardinal manager, and went back to the bench. Ernie Lombardi, the other Dodger catcher, wandered by on his way to the drinking fountain. "Quit stalling around, Lumbago," growled Robbie, who not only was absentminded but had trouble with names. "You're catching today."

Lombardi strapped on the shin guards and headed for home plate. Nothing happened until the second inning when Lombardi came to bat with two men on base. Then, from the Cardinal dugout, Gabby Street howled like a man who'd stuck his finger in an electric socket. "Lombardi's not in the lineup," Street screamed. "Lookit the card."

Bill Klem, the umpire, did look at the card. He looked at Lombardi. He looked at Robbie. "Lombardi is an automatic out," ruled Klem, waving a finger under Robbie's nose. "And you can't use Lopez the rest of the day."

Uncle Robbie waddled wearily back to the bench. Dazzy Vance was there to meet him. "Hey, Robbie," Vance wanted to know, "is that one dollar or five dollars?"

The Bonehead Club was, of course, dissolved. "A thing like that is all right for college guys," explained Robbie, "but grown men don't need it."

THE MEN WHO SHOWED COLUMBUS THE WAY

[*Continued from page* 45]

which dates to 1440, had been kept under close security. Not even Norse scholars knew of its existence until Yale published it after spending eight years establishing its authenticity. It is the first map drawn before Columbus' time that establishes that the Norse explored a good portion of the North American coast about the year 1000. It shows the coasts of Labrador and the great northern peninsula of Newfoundland. It encompasses the three most famous of the Norse discoveries: *Helluland* (probably north Labrador), *Markland* (south Labrador) and *Vinland* (Newfoundland).

Also in October, 1965, my book, *Westviking—The Ancient Norse in Greenland and America,* was published. It is in essential agreement with Yale's Viking map. It is a fresh look at the Norse voyages as seen through the lenses of many sciences: climatology, archaeology, anthropology, geophysics, zoology and others. Where I lacked personal knowledge in these sciences, I called on specialists.

I am a northerner by birth. My father taught me to sail in a *redningskoite,* which is a descendant of the Norse trading vessels. I am well enough acquainted with the North Atlantic to understand something of its nature and I know the minds of the older Newfoundland skippers. As for the Norse, their proud and violent ghosts have haunted me since I was a child.

Out of this background and out of four years of research came *Westviking.* From its material, I have made this reconstruction of the Norse discovery of America, for TRUE.

Dawn began to break on the west coast of Iceland shortly after midnight. There was no true darkness, since it was spring, and the subarctic sun lingered below the horizon for only an hour or two.

Dark islets, scattered like drowning monsters about the great inlet called Breidha Fjord, began to take shape. From the crest of one, a crag-faced man searched the waters for unfriendly ships. When he was satisfied, he picked up his heavy poleax and made his way down the rocky slope to an almost landlocked cove below.

In the dawn the cove seemed overcrowded; it was small, and the four seafaring ships at anchor seemed larger than life. They were handsome, broad-beamed, double-ended craft, graceful as canoes though nearly 80 feet long.

Iceland slumbered that morning in the year 981, but there was no sleep in the island cove. Small fires winked into life along the shore, carefully tended so that no plumes of telltale smoke would rise into the yellowing sky. Each fire was surrounded by a milling clot of men waiting impatiently for their breakfast gruel.

A longboat emerged from the shadows of one of the anchored ships. Six men clad in rough woolen clothing rowed,

"There is no accounting system known to man under which my office could transfer you to Detroit, too!"

while a seventh stood upright at the steering oar. His face was turned to the dawn sky and his broad nostrils twitched as he sniffed the morning breeze. Short, heavyset and powerful, with pitiless eyes and an unkempt red beard, he looked what he was—a man of the true Viking breed.

The watcher from the heights reached the landing place as the red-bearded man leaped ashore.

"Nord gives us a good gift of this day," the watcher reported formally.

Erik Rauda—the Red—abruptly nodded.

"What moves upon the fjord?"

"Nothing, Erik, but seals and birds. The wind will be abeam this morning and no clouds tell of storms to come. The course we steer will be both straight and true."

So started the voyage which was to lead a handful of Icelandic Vikings westward across a wilderness of ocean to the unknown shores of North America.

It began in a strange way. Erik Rauda was not deliberately seeking new lands; he was fleeing Iceland, having been sentenced to three years' exile for starting a bloody feud. (When an Icelander was sentenced to exile, he became fair game for anyone with skill enough to kill him. Flight was the only answer.) Eric lived in a feuding time. His father had been permanently outlawed from Norway about 962 for multiple murders. In 970, when Erik was about 20 years old, he got himself outlawed out of North Iceland for butchering two neighbors. He moved south, where during the next decade he started a new feud leading to the death of several more men and to his own inevitable exile. It may be that Erik derived his nickname "the Red" as much from the color of his hands as from that of his beard.

It was the usual thing for outlawed Icelandic Vikings to spend their time raiding eastward to the coasts of Europe. Erik sailed westward, but his purpose was the same. He did not sail into the unknown. Even at that early date, the lands west of Iceland were not unexplored by any means. East Greenland had been used by the Vikings as a sea-mammal hunting ground for a half century before Erik's time. South*western* Greenland was also known to the Icelanders, although mostly by hearsay.

When the Norse first reached Iceland, about 860, they had found it occupied by people they called *Westmanni*—Celts and Picts from Ireland and the Scottish Islands. The Vikings drove out the Westmanni, who fled west to Greenland, where they settled along the southwestern inlets, in country they named *Irland Mikkla*—Greater Ireland. The Icelanders heard about the place through Norse traders working from Ireland and England to Greenland. One of Erik's relatives, Ari Marsson, had even been shipwrecked there. Traders brought word of him back to Iceland, where the report came to Erik's interested ears.

When Erik sailed out of Breidha Fjord, therefore, he knew where he was going and what he expected to find—not new lands, but Westmanni settlements to be raided for loot.

Accompanied by the ships of three of his friends to provide protection from his pursuers until he was out of reach, Erik stood out past the glacier-capped headland of Snaefells. Here the ships came head-to-wind while farewells were shouted, then the sail of Erik's vessel filled again, and her prow turned west.

It was a tough crowd of about 20 men that accompanied Erik. Probably there were also slave women for the comfort of the crew, since the Vikings were a notably lusty lot.

The crossing to Greenland was an easy matter. Erik wasted no time on the inhospitable east coast. Driving south from his landfall near the known area of Angmagssalik, he rounded the tip of the island at Cape Farewell and found himself on the southern borders of Irland Mikkla.

Now things began to grow interesting. The Vikings polished their battle-axes, swords and thrusting spears. A sharp lookout was maintained from the masthead as the ship began cautiously working north. Everyone was alert for the first wisp of smoke from the shore, for the first skin-covered boat of a fisherman. Surprise was important to Viking raids; so, at intervals, the vessel was anchored in the lee of a headland while her longboat was sent ahead to scout the coast.

The tension grew, but there was no sign of human life. Baffled, Erik held toward the north. This country *had* to be Greater Ireland—but where were its people? The silent fjords and mountains gave no answer.

The days passed, and Erik decided to risk sailing up one of the inlets. One afternoon his ship poked her head cautiously around a bend, and there, above the shore, stood a human habitation—silent, empty and touched with mystery.

The discovery struck the Vikings as ominous. They landed and gingerly searched the buildings. The inhabitants had simply vanished. Erik and his men were of a superstitious race. They cast uneasy glances at the looming mountains, as if they suspected some uncanny presence lurked there . . . waiting.

The Westmanni were gone. A few years before they had had news that Ireland was shaking off Norse domination, and so they took ship for home. They had departed long before Erik's arrival, leaving behind only decaying sod houses hidden in the recesses of the fjords.

Warily Erik's Vikings searched other fjords. Finally they withdrew to a tiny exposed isle near the mouth of one of the inlets. Summer was coming to an end, and Erik deliberately chose to winter on this barren, windswept rock so that they could better defend themselves against surprise attack.

They built a one-room turf shanty, and here the crew, with their women, settled down to wait out the long winter with gambling, drinking, fighting and whoring. For Erik it was a time to think about the future. He had seen enough of the southern country to appreciate its value. Because the North Atlantic was then in a warm climatic cycle, south Greenland boasted fine sheep and cattle pasture—better than existed in most of Iceland. Erik conceived a dream—a dream of a prosperous Viking settlement over which he would rule as king.

When spring came, the ship sailed up the deepest fjord. Landing near its foot, Erik sent his men to establish boundaries by lighting bonfires around a circuit of several miles. Then he pronounced the Icelandic land-claiming oath.

TRUE

"Give her a clout!"

"All of this land I take for myself, since I see no occupied houses on it."

This was to be the king's personal domain—but before it or the surrounding country (it is now known as the Julianehaab region) could be occupied, there was some unfinished business.

Erik wanted to know the whereabouts of the vanished Westmanni. It occurred to him that perhaps they had retreated to the north in order to get farther away from the dangerous proximity of the Vikings in Iceland. He decided to find out.

Making use of the long subarctic days, he worked his way north, sailing close to shore, until he reached a gigantic mountain standing with its feet in the sea near Söndre Strömfjord, some 500 miles above Cape Farewell. The mountain was a natural observation tower, and Erik landed a party to see from its summit what lay beyond.

Led by Hrafn, the skipper of Erik's ship, the climbers gained the crest. They could look nearly a hundred miles north, along a coast rugged beyond belief, with the great central ice field of Greenland glittering starkly behind it. Then one man glanced idly out to sea. . . .

"Hrafn! Look west! I swear that must be land!"

Hrafn looked, and on the western horizon he saw the loom of mountains.

It so happens that Davis Strait is at its narrowest (200 miles) between the highest peak in west Greenland (7,300 feet, at Söndre Strömfjord) and the highest peak in Baffin Island (7,100 feet). The two lands are intervisible at this point even without the refraction effect that prevails in high latitudes in summer, when each can be clearly seen from the other.

Back at the ship Hrafn reported to his master.

"To the north it is worthless country, all rocks and ice. The Westmanni would be fools to go that way. But due west of us lies another land. I think we might find fat cattle there."

Erik was willing to go. The ship turned her stern to Greenland while the steersman held his course "over the shoulder," sighting by the great mountain they had now named *Hrafnsgnipa*—Hrafn's Mountain. Before they reached mid-channel, a new peak loomed on the horizon ahead and they steered for it. The ship neared the sea cliffs of the Cumberland Peninsula of Baffin Island. None knew it, but Erik and his crew had become the first Europeans in recorded history to reach a true part of North America. The date was 982—510 years before Columbus sighted *his* island in the Caribbean Sea.

To Erik, the coast of Baffin Island was a disappointment at first glance. Chilled by the polar waters of the south-flowing Canadian Current, it appeared to be much less hospitable than even the opposite coast of Greenland. There could be no Westmanni farmers here—no easy pickings for Viking raiders.

Yet Erik's disappointment was short-lived. He and his men soon found ample evidence that this country was a hunter's paradise.

If the cold current chilled the land so that it offered no pasture, the icy waters provided one of the finest feeding grounds for sea mammals in all the arctic regions. Innumerable walrus rookeries dotted its shores. Ivory-horned narwhals swam in great herds off its coasts. Seals were fantastically abundant. Herds of caribou and shaggy musk-ox roamed the highlands, while polar bears in numbers prowled the beaches.

In those times, ivory from walrus and narwhals was of fabulous value in Europe. Walrus hides provided the best cordage for European ships. Polar-bear skins and live young bears were worth a king's ransom at the courts of Europe. Erik had stumbled on a gold mine, and he recognized his luck.

Through the rest of the summer, he and his men remained on the Cumberland coast, whaling, sealing and hunting on land. They found no Westmanni, but they did stumble on indications that other creatures had lived along this coast. Strange stone tools and weapons and weird subterranean houses built of rock and whalebone testified to the onetime presence of beings beyond the experience of the Norse. The Vikings were not afraid of any *man* who walked the earth —but they firmly believed in the existence of ghastly trolls and ferocious semi-human beings who lived in wild places. The Vikings felt the touch of fear.

What they had found were the abandoned winter houses of a proto-Eskimo people, now extinct, known to science as the Dorset Culture. The Dorsets were big men—later Eskimos referred to them as giants—of true neolithic stock. Nothing like them existed in any of the lands familiar to the Vikings.

Erik refused to winter on this coast. Turning his now heavily laden ship eastward he recrossed Davis Strait and again pickd an outlying island (near Hrafnsgnipa) to establish a winter base.

At this high latitude, he and his men had to endure almost six months of winter darkness in a roaring world of wind which the Viking imagination was quick to fill with nameless horrors.

Spring brought Erik face to face with a difficult decision. Planning a kingdom in south Greenland, he would have preferred to spend this last summer of his exile in the southern fjord country, preparing for the immigrants he hoped to tempt from Iceland. But he could not rid himself of the worry induced by the Dorset tools and weapons. He had begun to suspect that the Dorsets were responsible for the disappearance of the Westmanni. Thus they presented a real threat to his plans. He needed to assure himself that the mysterious unknowns did not live within striking distance. The only way to find out was to venture far up the Greenland coast from Hrafnsgnipa.

"I wanted this campaign aimed at the American 12-year-old-mentality, and *you* guys have gone intellectual and slanted it for the *14-year-old*-mind!"

"Daddy says it's like turning back the mileage on the car."

It was a forbidding shore that he sailed past—and a relatively lifeless one. The mountains marched blackly into a sea that was much poorer in mammals than the waters of Baffin Island. The West Greenland current flows from south to north, and it is too warm to support much of a population of seals and walrus. Consequently, because the region was unsuitable for sea beasts, it was also unsuitable for the Dorsets, who lived mainly on seals.

After exploring Disko Bay, Erik returned to his northerly course. About midsummer he passed Upernavik and found the sea filled with gigantic icebergs. Pressing on, he came in sight of the stupendous wall of the Humboldt Glacier, where the ice cap formed in interior Greenland sprawls out into the sea on a front of more than a hundred miles.

This awesome place seemed the end of the world to the Vikings, and at last Erik was satisfied. Neither human nor near-human beings could exist here. Erik could not guess that north of Melville Bay and the Humboldt Glacier lay an ice-free land where, even then, fur-clad men of great stature were hunting seals. Thus Erik never did encounter the mysterious Dorsets. This was an experience which was to fall to other Viking venturers of a few years later.

Erik turned back to about latitude 74°, more than halfway up Greenland's west coast. He had made an epic journey, having sailed nearly 1,200 miles from Cape Farewell. Now it was time to head again southward.

Late in August, Erik's ship nosed into the fjord where he had claimed land. He now named the inlet Eriksfjord. The remaining period of good weather he used to make a careful survey of the whole of the region and to allocate lands to his followers. One more winter of exile remained to be endured. Then, in the spring of 984, Erik's weatherworn ship, laden with ivory, furs, oil and hides, rounded Cape Farewell bound for home.

Erik had served out his time of banishment, but those who maintained a blood feud against him in Iceland were not satisfied. They mustered a small army to receive him, and once more Erik had to hide out, on an island owned by a friend.

The restriction cramped his plans, since he was anxious to gain recruits for his kingdom. Unable to travel about, he sent verbal "fliers" around Iceland advertising his new country. With a genius any modern real-estate man might admire, he now began calling it *Green*land —the name which has stuck ever since. It was a brilliant piece of deception that soon had Icelanders clamoring to join the settlement voyage.

When Erik had enlisted enough men, he sallied from his island and caught his enemies in an ambush. The battle finished in a draw, but it freed Erik from his isolation.

Through the early months of the year 985, western Iceland was in turmoil. Men sold their farms and drove their livestock to the shores of Breidha Fjord, where the colonization fleet was gathering. When June brought sailing weather, 35 vessels crowded with cattle and with as many as a thousand men, women and children stood ready. Hopes were high on the morning the ships sailed for Greenland. But there was death ahead.

Having made the voyage to Cape Farewell once, Erik's skipper Hrafn no longer needed to follow the long, dogleg course to Angmagssalik, thence south to Cape Farewell. He chose instead to lead the fleet on a direct course to the southern tip of Greenland. He could not know that this course would take the ships over an area of undersea volcanic activity.

Good weather blessed the voyagers. At the end of the second day, they were 200 miles out from Iceland. The sky was a hard, clear blue. A light sou'easter pressed against the great square sails and the heavily laden ships surged westward.

Suddenly a heavy, muted thunder filled the air. The ocean seemed to quiver. Men looked about apprehensively, then stared astern as a cry of terror rose. Out of the east loomed a mountain-wall of water bearing down on the fleet with unimaginable speed and power.

The tidal wave—born of an underwater eruption—swept through the fleet, smashing and overturning. Behind it the sea boiled. When the slab-sided waves were over and the sea again lay quiet, nearly half the ships had been sunk or disabled. Only the handful in the van had escaped. The remainder still afloat turned at once for Iceland.

The *hafgerdingar* (ocean whirlpool) had been terrible; as an omen it was catastrophic. But it would not deflect Erik Rauda from his purpose. He ordered Hrafn to hold the course for Greenland, and the ships without damage followed.

They reached the promised green land, and immediately the settlers took up the task of getting ready against the winter. Under the summer sun the families—men, women and children alike—hauled turf and rocks to build *skalar*—single-roomed halls—for themselves, and barns for the livestock. A few settlers had only to repair homesteads abandoned by the Westmanni. Some men put out in their longboats to scour the coasts for fish and seal meat and oil, and others sweated to gather hay for the cattle.

While the settlement was getting itself established, another event was in the making. It was to have as far-reaching consequences for western man as any other single incident.

In midsummer of 985, long after the colonization fleet had sailed, a single ship arrived at Iceland from Norway. She was a heavily laden trading vessel skippered by Bjarni Herjolfsson who, with his father Herjolf, owned a merchant-trading establishment in Iceland. Every second summer Bjarni sailed to Norway with a cargo of homespun, walrus hides and ivory, seal oil, gyrfalcons and other Icelandic produce. He then spent the succeeding winter trading for manufactured goods and ironware. The following summer he'd sail back to Iceland.

Bjarni happened to be in Norway

when Erik returned to Iceland from Greenland. But Herjolf was at home and he was quick to appreciate the opportunities to be had in setting up a trading post in Greenland. So he sold the family property and sailed with Erik, leaving detailed instructions for his son to follow.

Bjarni, reaching Iceland, was amazed but he did not question his father's judgment. Pausing only to provision ship and take aboard the wives and children of his crew, he set sail after the fleet.

When he left Iceland, summer was at an end and the weather was becoming treacherous. Bjarni had almost reached south Greenland when a polar nor'easter burst. He had to heave to in the grip of the gale, and for many days his ship was at its mercy. The gale died, but the ship was then lost in fog. When the fog finally cleared, Bjarni's lookout reported seeing land on the western horizon.

It was not Greenland. It was the eastern coast of the vast island we now call Newfoundland.

Bjarni sailed closer and found a rolling country covered with forest. When the pole star rose that night, he sighted on it and estimated he was seven sailing days (a Norse sailing day equaled 120 nautical miles) south of his destination.

Bjarni did not linger along this newfound land. He did not even go ashore, for he was no explorer; he was a merchant-skipper whose job was to get his ship and passengers to their proper port as fast as possible. Ideally he would have steered a direct course, but this was impossible. He had no instrument capable of determining his longitude—his distance west from Greenland. Instead, he decided to sail north until he had regained the correct latitude, whereupon he would have only to head east to reach south Greenland.

Sail north he did, and in the process coasted part of Newfoundland and almost all of Labrador. Coincidental with reaching the northern tip of Labrador, he also reached the latitude of the Greenland settlement. Changing course, he sailed into the Labrador Sea and four days later made his landfall not far from the Greenland cape where his father had already reestablished the family business.

It seems incredible that the news Bjarni brought should have roused only casual interest among the Vikings. His own reaction seems to have been embarrassment that he had got so far off course. The rest of the Greenland colonists could hardly have cared less about another new land—they already had their hands full.

For the next decade the Greenlanders ignored the discovery, partly because Erik Rauda was not prepared to let anything interfere with the building of his kingdom. As the years passed, however, and the settlers poured in, the onetime outlaw achieved his goal and became a self-made *jarl* (an earl, or petty king).

But construction in Greenland had a serious drawback: the country lacked a supply of native timber. At the start the settlers had got by with driftwood, but after a few years they had to begin importing wood all the way from Norway at tremendous expense.

Then about 995 Leif, the elder son of Erik Rauda, saw a way to profit from the shortage. He recalled that Bjarni had seen great forests in the land to the southwest. Quietly he made a deal whereby Bjarni and himself would make a voyage to that land and fetch a cargo of timber. After five days at sea the two raised an island and coasted past it into Newfoundland's Trinity Bay. They pitched camp ashore and went to work. The vessel was loaded deep with beams of birch and pine, and with dried wild grapes from the profusion of vines—whence the name Leif gave the country, Vinland.

Leif returned to Greenland not only a hero but a rich man. His newly acquired status, together with his innate lack of scruple, made him an imminent threat to his father's position as leader. Erik, in an attempt to refurbish his personal reputation as a man of action and so reassert his dominance, undertook a Vinland voyage of his own with his more controllable second son, Thorstein.

Knowing only the approximate direction of Vinland from Greenland, Thorstein and Erik sailed roughly southwest. The combined effect of the Labrador Current and the prevailing winds from the west set them so far south and east that they missed Newfoundland completely. When they tried to return to Greenland, the Gulf Stream and the westerlies drove them again east, so that the first land they sighted was Iceland. Eventually they regained Eriksfjord and the colony after more than two months at sea, half-starved and half-dead of hunger and thirst.

In 1003 a new face appeared on the scene. Thorfinn Karlsefni, an Icelandic merchant-trader, brought in two shiploads of colonists from Iceland. Erik suggested they make for Vinland by a different route accompanied by a party of Greenlanders, and together settle the new land—in Erik's name.

Karlsefni subsequently led a flotilla of four ships west to Baffin Island, then south along the Labrador coast, christening the barren northern portion *Helluland* (Great Stony Land), and the heavily wooded south *Markland* (Wood Land). The ships reached Belle Isle Strait in late summer, and a winter camp was made at Epaves Bay on the north tip of Newfoundland.

During the next three years the newcomers explored the general area, but they never succeeded in locating the Vinland of Trinity Bay. Instead they began warring with Dorset Eskimos and Beothuk Indians, and the Vikings got the worst of it. In time the survivors straggled back to Greenland.

As far as we know, this was both the first and the last attempt by the Norse to plant a settlement in North America. But for the remaining five centuries of their history in Greenland they continued to send ships to Labrador for lumber, and into the Hudson Strait (*Ginungagap*) and Ungava Bay (*Skuggifjord*) on hunting expeditions.

The most important aspect of all these voyages was that the knowledge gained by Erik and his contemporaries about the western sea routes and the new lands was never lost. It spread throughout the European maritime community. Columbus must have absorbed it, because he made a voyage to Iceland before setting out into the Western Ocean. He probably wanted to find out all he could about the location of the new lands *so he could set a course sail far enough south to miss them* on his projected voyage to China and the Far East.

The year 1965 saw a great deal of light shed on the story of the Norse in North America. It established beyond doubt the fact that the Norse were the earliest European discoverers of North America of whom we have any record. And of the Norse explorers, Erik Rauda stands first of all. **—Farley Mowat**

TRUE

"I'm sorry I forgot to say good morning to you, Dr. Schneider."

ELECTRICITY GOES PORTABLE

[*Continued from page* 47]

occur when something goes wrong with the nerves serving the heart. The signal to the heart muscle telling it to pump fails to get there clearly. To correct this malfunction, the pacemaker is wired to the heart muscle, and slightly more often than once a second it sends out a tiny surge of current. The muscle reacts as it used to react to a nerve impulse: it squeezes, and the blood of life continues to flow.

The mercury cell that supplies the juice for the pacemaker is about the size of a typewriter key. Half a dozen can be expected to keep a heart beating for four years before new cells need to be installed.

For a totally different kind of portable power development, consider the Bulova Watch Co.'s Accutron model. This watch wouldn't have been possible without a pill-sized battery. Instead of the usual balance wheel, the watch has a vibrating element much like a miniature tuning fork, kept humming by tiny electromagnets. A ratchet-and-pawl mechanism translates the vibration into rotary motion, turning the hands so accurately that Bulova guarantees no more than one minute's gain or lag per month. The juice (eight millionths of a watt) comes from a replaceable mercury midget that will last a year.

Even camera equipment is being adapted to the new kinds of batteries. For years electrical photographic gear was operated with zinc-carbon flashlight-size batteries, which, if fresh, would pop 300 to 500 old-style flashbulbs, but couldn't be relied on because of age deterioration. Then new-type bulbs came along which consume little energy, and these were paired with mercury cells resistant to time-power loss and able to fire 1,000 to 1,500 bulbs. And both mercury and manganese-alkaline cells crank out at least 40 reels of film in an 8mm. movie camera, as against a possible 12 for the older-style batteries.

During the massive electric-power failure that clobbered the eastern United States one fall night last year, many families with run-down flashlights rummaged in closets to find batteries bought for the previous Christmas' toys. But the cells were long dead. A few people were luckier. They had hand lights powered by nickel-cadmium rechargeable batteries, another space-age development.

A nickel-cadmium cell may live up to 25 years. Gulton Industries specializes in making this kind of battery, and among its products is an emergency light designed for power failures. You plug it into a wall outlet in your home and forget it. It keeps itself charged. If the current dies, however, the light—normally off—automatically flashes on. There's never a moment's darkness. You can pull the unit out and use it as a hand lamp. Hospitals, airports and various public-gathering places are installing emergency lights of this type.

The development of better small batteries has made many new devices possible. Battery-powered drills, saws and other tools are finding a big market, for instance, among boat owners, who must often work while standing in water or on a wet deck. (A jolt of the current that powers a conventional tool can kill a man if he's grounded right, but not that from a battery tool.) General Telephone & Electronics Corp. makes a battery-powered TV camera, smaller than a shoe box, that captures live news in places where cables for larger equipment can't reach.

All these new uses have made the battery business boom. In terms of watt-hours, the industry is estimated to have sold about five times as much juice in 1965 as it did in 1955. The latest catalog of Eveready (Union Carbide Corporation's trade name) shows more than 350 batteries ranging from pill-sized mercury midgets to zinc-carbon monsters generating over 500 volts—enough to fry an elephant.

"A battery can do anything a dynamo can do," says Dr. Leslie Gulton, the jovial 64-year president of Gulton Industries. "The battery industry was asleep for a hundred years, but now it's wide awake. In the next few years you're going to see batteries so powerful you won't believe they're possible."

Gulton's nickel-cadmium cell can store about twice as many watts per pound of weight as your car's lead-acid battery, and can live through several hundred times as many discharge-recharge cycles. So efficient are nickel-cadmium batteries that Doctor Gulton is trying to sell them to industrial companies as a means of storing cheap kilowatts. Electric utilities charge more for a kilowatt-hour during the day than during the off-peak, late-night period. Doctor Gulton thinks a company can save money by buying a huge nickel-cadmium battery for storing cheap power fed in by night, to be used in the day.

To understand the upheaval in electrical technology, you've got to know a little about how batteries work and why the new ones are better than the old—and why types now in the labs are going to be still greater improvements.

Basically, there are two ways of creating usable electric power: chemical and mechanical. An Italian scientist named Alessandro Volta made the first workable chemical-power device—the first battery—at the end of the 18th century. For the next 75 years batteries were virtually the only source of electric power. But in the latter part of the 19th century, engineers grew interested in the dynamo or generator, the mechanical method of making juice, in which current is caused to flow in a conductor by spinning the latter in a magnetic field. The battery business sank into a peaceful slumber, and a power-hungry world adopted the dynamo as its main source of electricity.

Yet two kinds of batteries managed to keep places for themselves. One was the zinc-carbon dry cell—the common flashlight battery. The zinc-carbon cell was a "primary" battery, meaning that it was essentially nonrechargeable. The other survivor was the lead-acid automobile battery—"secondary" or rechargeable. These became the workhorses of chemical electric power.

Both primary and secondary cells contain three key elements: a negative electrode, a positive electrode and a liquid called the electrolyte, the medium in which the chemical reactions take place. In the zinc-carbon cell, the negative electrode is the outer zinc can. The zinc "corrodes," absorbing oxygen and becoming negatively charged. The oxygen comes from a spongy mix of manganese dioxide and other chemicals inside the can (but insulated from it), soaked in an electrolyte called sal ammoniac. In giving up its oxygen, the manganese dioxide becomes positively charged. A porous carbon rod sticking up through the center of the cell serves both as a connection to the manganese mix and as a vent for the gas given off, which would otherwise explode the cell like a hand grenade. When the zinc can and the carbon rod into the manganese dioxide are connected with a wire, a current flows through as the two unlike charges try to equalize themselves. If the wire is interrupted by a light bulb, acting as a kind of resistance unit, the filaments of the bulb glow from the current, and give off light.

COMING . . .

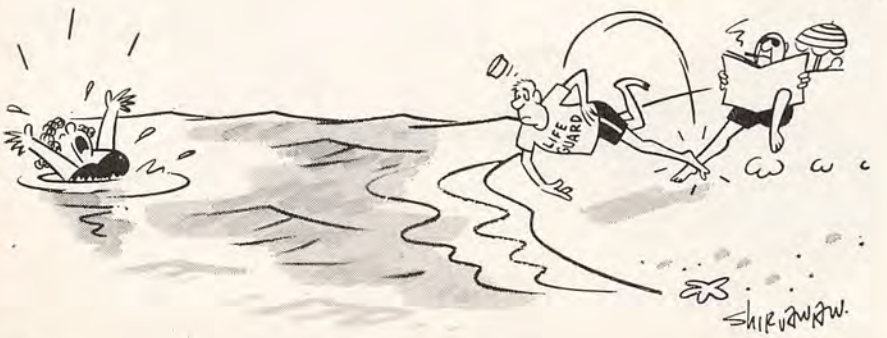
What makes the 1966 Chicago Bears the hardest-hitting team in football?

MURDEROUS MONSTERS OF THE MIDWAY

Gale Sayers, Dick Butkus and Rudy Bukich lead the bruisingest bunch of behemoths George Halas has ever assembled

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

TRUE



As the zinc increasingly corrodes to a blue-white paste called zinc oxide, its ability to absorb oxygen and renew its negative charge diminishes. At the same time, the manganese dioxide is running out of available oxygen. Finally the cell is dead.

A secondary cell works similarly. But in this type the reaction can be reversed by shooting electric current backward through the cell. In the lead-acid auto battery, the electrodes are usually two forms of lead, and the electrolyte is a solution of sulfuric acid in water. When the car motor is dead, but the lights or radio are on and the battery is discharging, the electrodes change their chemical composition much as happens in a zinc-carbon cell. But when the motor is running, its generator blasts an electric current back through the battery and the electrodes return to nearly their original chemical state—thus, in effect, "storing" electricity.

Every kind of cell has its characteristic voltage. The zinc-carbon cell squeezes out about 1½ volts, the nickel-cad 1⅓, the lead-acid cell 2. The mercury cell's voltage is so constant (exactly 1.3456) that it's used as a reference to check voltmeters. By stacking up cells in series, of course, you can get any voltage you want. Researchers at Mallory once wired together enough tiny mercury cells to get a reading of 28,000 volts.

Battery engineers have several ways of measuring how good a battery is. The handiest is the concept of "watt-hours per pound," or wh/lb. A watt is a unit of electrical energy. Translated into mechanical terms it equals a couple of mousepower: slightly more than 1/750th of a horsepower. A watt-hour is this much work delivered solidly over a period of one hour, or any mathematical equivalent such as two watts delivered for half an hour. The wh/lb formula tells how much work is packed into a battery in terms of its weight.

The zinc-carbon cell delivers some 15 watt-hours per pound in normal service. A good lead-acid rechargeable battery can be made to store perhaps 10 wh/lb.

Scientists tinkered with new kinds of batteries all through the early 1900's, trying to raise the wh/lb figures. There were some improvements, but the exciting battery news of the century didn't begin to emerge until the end of World War II.

The first development revealed was a useful nickel-cadmium storage battery found aboard a Nazi U-boat. The battery was big, unwieldy and heavy, and its wh/lb was low, but it held promise.

Scientists had known for years that there was considerable potential chemical reaction between nickel oxide and the element cadmium. Nickel oxide has a lot of oxygen bound up in its chemical structure, and cadmium possesses a vast capacity to absorb oxygen. Moreover, both metals when altered by the other, have the ability to bounce back to their original state if tickled by electric current. Theoretically the combination was a setup for a storage battery far more efficient than the lead-acid box, and some work had been done on it. But because of the high cost of cadmium, a prewar nickel-cad car battery would have cost nearly as much as the car itself.

"You chop up more suet! I'll try to reach the State Department!"

In war cost is disregarded. The Germans built an experimental nickel-cad and put it on a submarine. The sub was sunk off France early in the war. French authorities raised the sub, took out the battery and shipped it to Brest for study. It put out current despite its months-long immersion in sea water. Brest was then bombed, and the battery lay buried in rubble for five years. A French representative of Gulton Industries salvaged it and discovered it was in working order. He presented it to the French Post Office for use as an auxiliary power source. It is still working today.

"That's one of the things that excited us about the nickel-cadmium battery: its lasting power," says Doctor Gulton. "There's nothing in it to wear out when it isn't in use. The electrolyte is potassium hydroxide, which won't eat the insides of the battery as sulfuric acid will."

With research, the nickel-cad was found to have other advantages, too. NASA, seeing it as a power source for space use, spurred the battery companies into developing it to a storage capacity of 18 watt-hours per pound, nearly twice that of a lead-acid battery. Moreover, the nickel-cad loses only an infinitesimal fraction of its chemical power with each discharge-recharge cycle. As an automobile battery, it could exceed the useful life of almost any car and might outlive the owner.

Nickel-cadmium batteries are still expensive. The flashlight size costs about $5 and one with sufficient guts to run a car's electrical system would carry a $250 tag. But Gulton Industries thinks the price will come down as demand increases and production methods improve. Gulton plans soon to put a nickel-cad automobile battery on the market, to compete with lead-acid batteries on the basis of longer life, and more watt-hours of starting power in reserve.

But the nickel-cad is already being nudged by another kind of rechargeable battery, with a theoretical watt-hour capacity that is absolutely fantastic. It is called the lithium battery. "The two electrodes are lithium, which is an extremely common substance, and nickel fluoride," says Gulton's battery research chief, Dr. Harvey Seiger. "There's a very ready reaction between these two substances, which can yield tremendous amounts of energy. The reaction may even cause an explosion if you handle it wrong."

Compared with the 10 watt-hours that can be stuffed into a pound of lead-acid battery and the 18 of a nickel-cad, the capacity of a lithium battery soars into the range of 140 to 190 wh/lb.

"We hope to be in production with lithium batteries in two to five years," says Doctor Gulton. "And I don't think it's an exaggeration to say they could revolutionize the ways in which we use power." With a bank of lithium batteries, for instance, an electric car could run more than 200 miles without recharging (35 to 40 miles is about the limit for today's experimental electrics).

While this kind of research has been improving secondary batteries, the makers of primary batteries have been at work too. The first practical mercury cell was developed during World War II by Mallory, and today this little power package is an aristocrat among dry cells. Its positive electrode is mercuric oxide. Unlike the manganese dioxide in a zinc-carbon cell, which gives up only about a third of its oxygen content, mercuric oxide can give up almost 100 percent. A mercury cell packs some 45 watt-hours per pound, three times the capacity of a zinc-carbon cell. Comparable in output is another new cell, silver oxide-zinc.

And that's just the beginning. "We're under contract with NASA to produce much more powerful cells," says Mallory's Joe Dalfonso. "We're heading for primary batteries in the range of 100 to 200 watt-hours per pound." Some of the research involves ammonia, benzene and exotic organic materials. Mallory scientists have already built experimental primary batteries reaching 800 watt-hours per pound, but these worked only for a day.

Another great family of portable power plants that has been causing enormous excitement may turn out to be the most efficient of all. It combines the best features of both primary and secondary batteries, and avoids some of their worst problems. It's called a fuel cell.

A fuel cell is, in effect, a refuelable battery. Its electrodes don't "wear out," as do those of other battery types. Fuel-cell electrodes act as catalysts, inducing chemical change to take place in the fuel instead of themselves. A fuel cell keeps turning out watts as long as the fuel supply is maintained.

The fuel cells developed in the 1950's ran on pure hydrogen and oxygen, but models built in the last two years have less expensive tastes: they get their oxygen as it is in the air and their hydrogen from such common materials as natural gas, butane, hydrazine or gasoline. Inside the cell hydrogen and oxygen combine at the electrodes to form water, and the energy released by this chemical event becomes electric current.

"The beauty of the fuel cell is that it converts fuel energy *directly* into electrical energy," says British research engineer Francis Bacon, a lean, energetic man known around the world for his work on fuel cells. "Mechanical methods of generating electric power from fuel are extremely wasteful. You burn coal to create steam, which cranks a turbine, which turns a dynamo, which finally produces power. More than half the potential energy in the original fuel gets wasted. The best-engineered generating plants in the world are less than 45 percent efficient. A fuel cell can be 100 percent efficient in theory, and in practice we've already hit 60 percent."

NASA's man-carrying Gemini spacecraft have all depended on fuel cells to supply much of their electric power, and Pratt & Whitney, the aircraft enginemaker, is now building fuel cells for the Apollo moon shots scheduled around 1970. NASA likes fuel cells not only because they generate a lot of power in a little space, but because they can produce pure drinking water as a by-product.

The Army likes fuel cells, too. "A fuel cell is quiet," says Dr. Galen Frysinger, electric-power research chief in the Army's labs at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. "That's important in the battlefield. But the thing that interests us most is the efficiency. Already fuel cells can produce more power for their own weight and the fuel consumed than a gas generator can. And they'll get better and better."

The Monsanto Research Corp. is building for the Army an air-and-hydrazine fuel cell that will squeeze more than 350 watt-hours out of each pound of fuel.

Such efficiency and compactness lead engineers to think of electric-powered vehicles. Doctor Frysinger's unit has an experimental truck running on fuel-cell power. "In terms of converting fuel energy to mechanical energy," says Doctor Frysinger, "the fuel cell beats the gasoline engine by miles. With a standard-sized electric car powered by fuel cells, it's conceivable that we'll soon be able to get 100 to 150 miles per gallon of fuel."

Several other portable-power devices are either being tested in the labs or are already in use where high cost is balanced by advantages. Unmanned space wanderers such as NASA's 1964 Mars probe, for instance, have derived much of their power from silicon solar cells which convert sunlight directly into electric current. (The juice is stored in nickel-cadmium cells until needed.) Some dreamers have talked about roofing a house with silicon cells for electric power. Right now this installation would cost about half a million dollars.

Another development is the thermoelectric cell which converts heat directly into electricity. It will produce current as long as one side is kept appreciably hotter than the other. Banks of these cells are now providing power for unmanned U.S. weather stations in the Antarctic, which radio temperature and other readings to manned central posts. The heat for the cells is provided by radioactive strontium 90, and they will keep working for decades without attention.

Still more odd is the biological battery, or biobat, in which electric current is derived from bacteria in a nutrient solution. General Electric, Thompson-Ramo-Woodridge and other companies have lighted beacons and run radios with biobats, but so far they are little more than laboratory toys. "Their watt-hour per pound figure is pretty low," says Dr. Ernst M. Cohn, NASA's chief of electrochemical research. "Still, you never toss out an idea because it doesn't produce instant miracles. The biological battery could develop into something useful."

It could. Meanwhile other cells already useful are bound to get more so. And new kinds will come along as the demand continues. "The dynamo isn't going to become obsolete," admits an Eveready executive. "With the exception of fuel cells, chemical reactions aren't likely to generate large amounts of power in the near future. But you can be sure electric power is going to get more mobile. We've cut the umbilical cords that used to tether electrical devices to walls."

—Max Gunther

TRUE

"Pick up the extension and I'll tell you what you have."

THE LAST WEEK IS THE LONGEST
[*Continued from page* 35]

entire shelling job took about 20 minutes.

When the surprise barrage ended, 73 planes and helicopters had been hit, 10 of them destroyed. So many trucks and other ground equipment were struck that sections of the airport looked like a junkyard. A fuel storage dump was set ablaze, sending up a pall of smoke that hung over Saigon more than 24 hours. In human loss, seven Americans were killed and 108 wounded.

The Viet Cong had been very careful to put some shells into Camp Alpha. Inside the replacement compound, three soldiers were killed and 62 wounded. Most of the casualties were on their way home—men like Sgt. Ronald G. Soule of Los Gatos, Colorado, killed on the ground where he had been lying when the mortar shells started falling. Soule had finished his tour in Viet Nam and was scheduled to get on the first plane leaving for home. One more day and he would have been safe in the U.S. He came closer to making it than any other GI killed in Viet Nam to date.

When the sun rose on the 13th, many of the soldiers at Camp Alpha felt saddened and bitter. Helpless because they had turned in their weapons prior to departure, most had huddled behind sandbags or helped with the injured during the long night. One end of a tent was shredded by shrapnel, torn from its pole and covered with huge bloodstains. A cluster of GI's stood around the tent talking. They all had little stories to tell about the men who had almost—but not quite—made it home unwounded.

Later in the day, a row of olive-drab buses pulled up at the camp gate to take a load of men to the civilian terminal on the other side of the field from where they would board a flight home. The men stood in quiet lines; at the terminal they would change into crisp khaki uniforms —the kind that most of them had not put on since coming to Viet Nam. They carried duffel bags and overnight bags, and a few had cameras.

Sergeant Soule was not with them. Instead, he was at the morgue in another part of the airport, waiting to go home in a casket.

Although all wars have had such "tragic ironies"—men killed or wounded when the danger should have been past—the injustice seems magnified in Viet Nam. In most wars, men are committed for the duration, whatever that might be. But Viet Nam is a calendar war in which the men involved—and their families back home—can chart almost exactly when they will leave the battle zone forever, even if they are not casualties.

Today's draftee is on active duty for two years; the enlistee for three or four years. Except in unusual circumstances, all branches limit tours of service in Viet Nam to one year. Then though the war goes on, the U.S. serviceman goes out —either to another station if he still has active-duty time remaining, or on inactive status if he has fulfilled his active duty requirement and does not choose to reenlist.

As Camp Alpha shows, a tour in Viet Nam during these recent months of intensified action has a way of changing men. In the old days when the only U.S. servicemen in Viet Nam were advisers, many of them went home in high spirits. Casualties then were light, Saigon was full of good bars and beautiful girls, and duty here was far from being all bad.

The romance of life in an exotic foreign land is largely gone now, replaced by the grim reality of continuing, bloody war and the knowledge that home and safety are as near—and as far—as that date on the calendar.

The morning when a soldier leaves his unit has been eagerly anticipated by him for months. Many men keep FIGMO (this war's general equivalent of SNAFU) charts, which are marked off into 100 spaces. Usually the spaces are tantalizingly arranged over the anatomy of a pinup girl, and each day until departure the soldier fills in one space.

The 100 days correspond roughly to the length of time it takes to be processed out of the country and, in the case of about half the men, out of active service. There are all kinds of papers to be brought up-to-date before a man leaves Viet Nam—personnel records, finance details, immunization data—as well as dozens of items of field gear to be turned in. Meanwhile, the dread of catching a bullet during a search-and-destroy opera-

tion or being in the line of a terrorist's bomb mounts as the days are marked off.

Even when men are taken off operations, they cannot feel completely safe. They still are assigned to patrolling the compound perimeters, and this can be bloody work. VC snipers can lurk anywhere and mortar barrages are a common hazard.

"I hadn't been scared the whole time I was over here until this last week," an infantry sergeant who survived it unharmed told me at Camp Alpha. "Charlie hit our area twice with mortars and I kept thinking wouldn't this be a helluva time to catch it. The last couple of nights I was worrying so much I didn't want to go to bed."

Sp4 Robert La Groe wasn't quite so lucky. La Groe is 20 years old, and as he checked off the days that would bring him home, he had his future planned. He was going back to Cadillac, Michigan, get out of the Army and finish high school. Meantime, he just had to get through another mission or two—which could, in his job, be pretty hairy. An automatic rifleman in the 1st Infantry Division, La Groe always took either the point or rear of formations—the two most dangerous places to be.

On the morning of what La Groe wistfully hoped would be his final operation, his company convoyed in trucks down to a village. Then the men left the trucks and cut off into the jungle. All day long they were plagued by unseen snipers. Then in the late afternoon, the platoon sergeant thought he spotted one. He detailed Sgt. Ralph Spengmann of Arnold, Missouri, plus La Groe and three other men to go ahead and scour the brush. They found some new camouflage, but the sniper was gone.

"Okay, back to the company," Spengmann said, and the five men began retracing their steps with La Groe bringing up the rear. Unknown to them, the sniper was still around. Emerging from his new hiding place, he took the same route and observed the Americans' every move. When they came to an open road, he opened up from about 35 yards away. One bullet ricocheted off a radio and hit Spengmann in the leg. Another struck the ammo pouch La Groe carried on his left side.

The force of the bullet set the rounds off. For a dreadful moment, the young soldier looked like a man carrying a box of lighted firecrackers—only these were lethal. He blacked out from the pain of the powder burns and went down. Another soldier sprayed the area behind La Groe with his M16 rifle, but the sniper got away.

A few days afterward, La Groe sat on a cot in "Bearcat" compound, 20 miles east of Saigon, reflecting on his experience. "You know," he said, waving the flies away from the huge dressing on his side, "I can't remember how many operations I been on here, and this was the first time I ever got wounded. Gives you more of a scare than anything else. You don't know how bad you're hit or anything, and I can remember thinking in all the noise, 'My God, don't let it be serious. I can't get killed now.' Well, I wasn't. I've made it . . . I hope."

The next stop for La Groe was Camp Alpha. He got his Purple Heart. More important, he made it aboard the big jet that carried him back across the Pacific to the peace and plans that a sniper's bullet almost blew up at the last possible moment.

Men completing their tour of duty in Viet Nam often aren't separated from their outfits until a week or so before they're due for discharge or inactive status. In this jet age, they can still get home on time. But the road out of Viet Nam is rarely simple.

The individual variations in procedure are endless, the delays often long. There is plenty of time during these last seven days for imaginations to conjure weird mishaps and for superstitions to brew. The last week is the week to be careful, very careful.

Not long ago I shared a tiny Renault cab with a trio of GI's who had only three days left in Viet Nam. We were going 20 miles from Saigon to the Di An headquarters of the 1st Infantry Division. My copassengers had been in Saigon to take care of some pay records and were on their way to the division for final clearance. There were no regular military buses making the run because of the political riots in the capital at the time, so we had scrounged this wheezing blue and white taxi complete with driver.

"Crazy war, going back to the front by civilian taxi," muttered Sp4 Thomas Williams of Chicago. The Vietnamese cab driver, who already had drawn admonitions for a suicidal tendency to look at his rear seat passengers instead of the road, chose that moment to try to pass a military truck convoy on a hill with heavy oncoming traffic.

Everybody swerved averting an accident. The three veterans got to where they were going. They also got to Camp Alpha and they finally made it to Travis Air Force Base, California. But for all involved, the wild cab ride simply proved again that the last week jinx can lurk anywhere.

As one GI said while shuffling off to the plane that carried him home: "I won't believe I'm finished with Viet Nam until we touch down at Travis."

For the hundreds scheduled to leave every week, it's a familiar, nervous refrain. **—Malcolm W. Browne**

CONFESSIONS OF A WHEELER-DEALER IN ANTIQUES

[*Continued from page* 61]

"Martha's been feeling poorly," he said, "since she broke her hip last winter falling down the stairs."

I was hardly listening. I was staring at the steep staircase. The steps were four feet wide and made of two-inch bird's-eye maple. That lumber was worth a bundle of dough.

"Want to see the guns?" He removed a presentation case from a desk drawer. "Presented to my father by his troops during the Civil War."

The guns looked so new they could have come straight from the factory.

I asked casually, "Why do you want to sell these?"

"Well," he explained, "since the old lady broke her hip, she has a hard time getting up and down the stairs. Wants me to put in new ones that aren't as steep. Haven't got enough cash, but I figure selling these Colts can get the job done."

"Tell you what," I said, as my eye wandered to a wall where four Currier and Ives prints were hung, "I have a carpenter who repairs furniture. Give me these guns and I'll have him put in the new stairs. Throw in those prints, and I'll buy the lumber for them, too."

Four days later, the old gent had his new stairs and I had the Colts, a pile of maple and four valuable prints. My profit paid a hefty chunk on the price of a new home.

Occasionally somebody comes into my shop and asks for an item I don't have. I try my damnedest to get it, and if I can't, I make it.

Last year a female collector came into my shop. Her daughter was getting married and wanted an antique cherry harvest table as a wedding present. Did I have one?

Reluctantly I told the woman I only had one in pine. "But I know where there is a cherry. It will come mighty high."

"Look," she said, scribbling out a check for several hundred dollars, "just get that table here by Friday."

As soon as she left, I hurried out back. "Karl," I said, "we've just got an order for a harvest table in cherry. Use that pine one for a pattern. Make the legs an inch longer and a bit finer."

Let me explain about Karl, my stolid Finn. He isn't a cabinetmaker, he's an artist. In addition to an eye for detail he has the greatest sense of proportion and of color I have ever seen. Because he served his apprenticeship in the old country, he knows how to use the old-style tools that give his creations the marks of antiques.

Karl might seem a luxury for a single antique dealer to keep around. But he pays his way—many times over. I give him a small salary and a percentage on the pieces he turns out. His products make up a sizeable part of the 40 percent of my "antiques" which are reproductions—about par for the trade.

His first step in reproducing the cherry table was to measure the one in pine. Then he brought out a quantity of cherry lumber that had formerly been part of a farmhouse floor. After a quick study, he stated, "Best make three tables, waste no lumber."

By the next day Karl had the tables assembled. They were beauties—perfect right down to the bottoms of the legs.

"Hokay," he said, "now we make old."

He lit about 15 cigarettes and cigars and placed them indiscriminately around the tops. From time to time he moved them so the burn marks were realistically distributed. After the burn treatment, he picked up a rusty set of tire chains and

beat each table. Then he hand-sanded the tables gently and coated them with a solution which gave them the dark, rich, ripe look that makes old cherry so popular with antique collectors.

Karl admired his work for a moment. "Now I put in the vorms," he said.

Picking up a small surgical instrument, he deftly incised a number of "wormholes" in each table. Then he kicked apart a piece of moldy wood in a corner. With a pair of tweezers he removed a number of dead wood borers and skillfully placed one in each wormhole.

That Friday, when the mother of the bride arrived in my shop, I was set. Nodding to the table, I said, "It's older than I had thought and isn't in perfect condition. The hinges are worn, and you'll notice some wormholes in the legs. And I was forced to pay $100 more than your check."

"Who cares," she chortled.

She started to make out a check, then stopped. "What's your commission? If you paid more for the table, you haven't made a dime."

I shook my head. "You've been a valued customer and I'd like to forget my profit as a wedding present to your daughter."

The other two cherry tables? Sold them the same day to two antique dealers.

Once in awhile several happenings will combine to make a killing of Olympian proportions. Several years ago in New York I saw old circus posters going for $250 per copy.

"Sell many at this price?" I asked the proprietor.

"All we can get. There aren't many in decent condition. Most of them were posted outdoors and just weathered away."

About a year later a sentence in an obituary notice in a small Vermont newspaper caught my eye: "For 40 years Mr. Burke worked as a billposter for the nation's leading circuses."

The bells began to ring. I hurried out to the widow's place. An hour later I was heading down the road with three large trunks filled with old paste pots, brushes and about 30 circus posters in perfect condition. Total investment: $30.

I hung on to the posters for a year. Then a well-heeled couple entered my shop one day. The woman fell hard for a Queen Anne lowboy—one of Karl's creations—with a tag of $1,800. While she was being entranced with it, her husband and I talked.

He owned an engraving company in New Jersey, and the bells started ringing again. "I need your advice," I said. I fetched one of the circus posters from the back room and asked, "Can your company make plates to reproduce a poster like this perfectly?"

The man studied the bill carefully. "No problem. Posters printed from our plates couldn't be told from the original except for the paper."

Within 10 minutes we'd worked out a deal. They'd get the lowboy and a couple of other things, and I'd get five sets of plates worth $500-600 a set. Not bad, when you consider the lowboy cost me only $150.

When the plates arrived, I carted them and some suitably old paper I had found

Are We Leaders or Losers?

Let's not leave it to chance! Unless we lead we will lose—surely. America will need better educated leaders . . . and many more of them.

Our country has solved many problems in the past, but bigger, tougher problems are staring at us today. We need the leadership that will come up with answers, make decisions, and guide our national course with wisdom.

This applies to business and finance, science and invention, jobs and living standards, local problems and world affairs.

Higher education gives us most of our leaders, but the cost of developing this leadership is going up.

Our colleges need facilities and classrooms, yes. But above all they must have effective, inspiring teachers. This is the human equation that will develop the *margin of excellence* America needs.

College is America's best friend. Give to the college of your choice—keep our leaders coming.

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION

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to a local printer who was in my debt.

Two days later, I had 500 of the finest old circus posters seen in 50 years. Back at the shop, I wrapped each batch in newspapers of the same period and tied them with 50-year-old bailing twine.

It wasn't long before the first bite came, from a local antique dealer who noses about my shop every month or so and never buys anything.

This day I cut him short. "Look, Charlie," I said, "if you want to buy something, buy it. If you just want to talk, come on out in the back room."

Charlie followed. I opened the old trunks and lifted out a newspaper-wrapped bundle of the bogus posters. My jackknife slit the ancient twine and a hundred circus posters cascaded onto the floor. I repeated the performance on the other four bundles, then gently lifted out the old glue pots and brushes and laid them in a neat line. Finally I removed the 30 real posters and unrolled each one slowly.

"Geez," Charlie exclaimed. "Tell you what. I'll buy half the lot. For cash."

"Get outta here, you phony!" I hissed. "You couldn't buy half this lot even if you mortgaged your shop and sold your wife into slavery."

I guess when Charlie got home he called every important old-print dealer in the United States and Canada. What kind of deals he made with them for disclosing his "find" I don't know and don't care. In any event they started showing up the next day.

My business approach was straightforward. I'd usher them into the back room as they arrived, let them inspect the merchandise, show them the old billposter's obituary and say, "I don't propose to bargain. On your business card write the highest amount you'll pay for this truly valuable merchandise, and in three days you'll know whether your bid was successful."

What happened next is a joy to relate. The only comparison I can draw is that of a bunch of jackals fighting over carrion. There is only one decent hotel in my town, and all the jackals denned up there. As each new one arrived, bids would be revised upward. On the third day I sold the stuff.

In New England people have retired on a lot less profit than I made.

I could go on—about the time, for example, that I sold for $40 each as genuine World War I recruiting posters a bunch of reproductions put out by a magazine as an advertising promotion, or the time I unloaded 200 pieces of modern Venetian glass as expensive antique cobalt. But I think I've proved my point that antique dealers are out to clip you.

If you want my advice, forget antiques. Take up a safe hobby like sky-diving.

—Anonymous

When the editors of TRUE read this writer's boasts of his success at bilking the public, it seemed a rare chance to pull a switch. Consequently we paid him half our usual article fee—and figured we'd made 100-percent profit. We're sure he'll understand.

CALL THE COAST GUARD!

[*Continued from page* 58]

Batsto, New Jersey, a bachelor, an archeologist and historian in the Batsto Museum. He was to serve as cook and he brought along on the cruise Donald Lex, 26, of Morrisville, Pennsylvania, a friend. Lex was unknown to the others.

A mathematics teacher in a Trenton high school, Lex had resigned the previous summer and now, with a camera, a duffel bag and traveler's checks, was hoping to find a post in some school in sunny Florida after the *Liki Tiki* got there. Lex had a civilian pilot's license and said he could run the radio, which he later did, proving to be an expert in distress calls and sending out what Bottcher called "some pretty frightening stuff."

The night before the cruise, there was a party at the Tuna Club in Atlantic City, attended by the crew, other club members and some of the wives. There was dinner, some loud singing and about 1 a.m. the six crew members staggered on board the *Liki Tiki*, which was still up on blocks in the dry dock, and fell asleep.

The next morning two men went out to buy $137 worth of groceries, much of it beer.

Diesel fuel was taken on and 120 gallons of water, and Bottcher was 60 feet up in the rigging, changing lines and hanging brand-new running lights. About 3 p.m. the *Liki Tiki* sailed out past the Atlantic City Coast Guard Station which was flying gale warnings. The two red pennants were standing straight out on the staff, the Coast Guard says.

The men of the *Liki Tiki* say they noticed no gale warnings. Perhaps they just weren't looking. As Navigator Seaman often said: "She's a big boat. Weather doesn't mean anything to a big boat like that." The Loran navigation gear was out of order, but nobody was worried about this either.

But two hours later everybody was plenty worried, and by six p.m. the visibility was down to nothing. The main gaff broke and two sails split, and the frozen, seasick men worked in an icy gale to get it all down. The diesel engine was not strong enough to keep the ship into the wind and Mayor Seaman at the helm was being manhandled by the big wheel. There were two pumps going below, but the water level was up over the floorboards. Wilson and Bottcher were deathly ill, and Lex and Captain Baker were not much better. Mayor Seaman had no idea where they were and they decided to head straight out to sea, because they "didn't want to pile up on rocks." There are no rocks along the Jersey coast.

At 6:40 p.m., about four hours after they had sailed jauntily past the gale warning pennants, Baker stumbled to the radio to call for help. By 11, when the Coast Guard Cutters found them (thanks to radar), they were about 60 miles out to sea. They sent up four flares.

Bottcher was curled up on a lower bunk and every time the ship plunged into a trough he found himself suspended in air halfway between two bunks. This did not help the way he felt. Of the six men aboard, only Seaman and Guenther claimed not to have been seasick, and even Guenther admits he was not doing any "jumping up and down with happiness."

Later Bottcher moved about carrying a pail into which he would lean from time to time. On deck the men started with hour-long watches at the helm, but the hour kept getting shorter, first 30 minutes, then only 15, and soon nobody wanted to go out on deck at all.

"I guess we needed someone to take hold," Bottcher said later. "But the whole attitude of the ship had always been one of friendship, with never any harsh words. Nobody ever told anyone else what to do. That stuff just didn't go aboard the *Liki Tiki*."

Seaman was at the helm, about 60 percent of the time, and Don Lex, the schoolteacher, and Captain Baker occasionally went out to spell him.

Bottcher, when he had recovered somewhat, would carry messages from inside to the man at the helm and vice versa, crawling across the deck for 15 feet from the hatch to the wheel, lest he be washed overboard.

The messages Bottcher brought back were invariably the same: "Donald wants down." Or else, "Elmer wants down."

Each time he came down the ladder from outside he would take up his pail. "Elmer wants down."

Baker, usually, would stir himself and say, "All right, I'll go up. Where are my boots?"

His boots were in the oven burning and the stench of burning leather which filled the cabin invariably overpowered the already queasy Bottcher, who would have to lean into his pail again.

For heat the *Liki Tiki* was equipped with two electric heaters which, with all that water sloshing around, nobody

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COMING . . .

A dedicated reporter unravels the mystery of the famous pilot and her navigator who disappeared in the Pacific

THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART

Japanese and U.S. intrigue are unmasked in a bombshell of a book

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

dared use. So it was not much warmer inside than out.

The temperature that night, according to the Coast Guard, was below freezing, but it was 15 degrees according to Baker. The winds were up to 35 knots according to the Coast Guard, but up to 50 knots according to Guenther. The seas were running 14 to 18 feet according to the Coast Guard, but according to Mayor Seaman, they were crashing over the *Liki Tiki* two-thirds of the way up that 64-foot mast.

Once Bottcher, who had "never piloted but a few minutes on a very nice day" in his life, crawled across the heaving deck to Lex at the helm and offered to take over. Lex gave him a fix on Orion and attempted to go below.

"It's easy," said Lex, edging toward the hatch. "You just get a feel for it."

But Bottcher felt only seasick.

"Aim it toward Orion," Lex suggested.

Clouds covered the stars. "What do I do now, Donald?"

Bottcher crawled below.

"Donald wants down," he reported.

"Wait till I get my boots out of the oven," said Baker.

"Where's my pail," said Bottcher.

The Coast Guard would call up regularly and if Guenther answered would be told everything was fine. But Lex and Baker and one or two of the others were putting out a different song. They wanted to be taken off.

In this way, with Coast Guard cutters hovering helplessly nearby, the storm beat at the *Liki Tiki* and the men aboard her passed a desperate night.

Dawn came up and spirits rose a little. Mayor Seaman attempted to rig a sea anchor, but it was torn away. He then tied the three corners of a sail to a 300-foot length of nylon rope and threw it over. This held and the *Liki Tiki* immediately rode better. Some of the men aboard now took heart and when the Coast Guard next called, Bottcher said, "We have some of our key men up on deck now."

"What's the matter with you," cried Captain Baker, snatching the mike from Bottcher's hand, "you don't want to spend another night on this miserable thing, do you?"

He asked the Coast Guard to get them off and to tow the *Liki Tiki* to port.

"Let the Coast Guard worry about getting her in," Baker said.

One of the three nearby cutters attempted to float a raft over, but the line broke and the raft was lost.

Describing this later, Baker commented: "The Coast Guard didn't know what the hell it was doing."

A line, a raft attached to one end, was shot across the *Liki Tiki's* rigging.

"We had a devil of a time getting the rope out of there and untangling the whole mess," said Baker.

A helicopter, piloted by Lt. George Garbe, hovered overhead, but could not lift the men off the deck because the bobbing mast was too high. They would have to float free on the raft and be picked up from that.

The uninflated raft, a package the size of a file drawer, had been pulled up on deck and all six men stood over it.

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"If you ever get in a situation like that," said Mayor Seaman later, "let me give you a word of advice. When you pull the cord, stand back." Mayor Seaman now yanked the cord and the raft, inflating instantaneously, knocked everybody down.

They were all wearing two life preservers by this time, one preserver on top of the other. There were 60 on board and why take chances? They dropped the raft off the stern and all jumped into it on top of each other.

The horse collar came down from the helicopter and one by one, Bottcher first and Seaman last, they were drawn up 60 feet into the helicopter, errant waves soaking the behinds of a few of then en route. The ride up was "great; I felt real happy looking down on the *Liki Tiki*," said Bottcher. Guenther and Seaman felt they perhaps shouldn't be leaving the *Liki Tiki*. But they were too worn out to attempt to sail it by themselves and, besides, the Coast Guard would tow her in, would it not?

It was the next day before the Coast Guard tug *Cherokee* finally got a line aboard the *Liki Tiki* and began towing her toward the Virginia coast, where the six crew members were drying out.

Said Seaman: "In the Coast Guard duty room they had a big map with all the cutters and tugs and so on marked on the map, and one of the tugs was towing the *Liki Tiki*, and it kept getting closer to the shore of the map, except that after a while they took the *Liki Tiki* off the map and said, 'Sorry, boys, she sank.' Right then and there our trip to Florida folded."

"I felt real bad," remembered Bottcher. "I felt like I had lost something. Like I had lost a home or something." There were tears in Guenther's 52-year-old eyes.

The *Liki Tiki* went down in 110 feet of water, 50 miles off the coast. With her went $137 worth of uneaten groceries, the $501 fresh paint job on her bottom and the brand-new running lights Bottcher had planted at the top of the mast. She also took along 48 life preservers, much skin-diving gear and clothing. Included among the clothing was the duffel bag which Lex counted on for starting a new life in the Florida school system. He is back teaching math in Trenton today.

Some crew members now feel sorry they got off the *Liki Tiki*, but they all figured the Coast Guard would manage to tow her in. That, after all, is what the Coast Guard is there for. "If it wasn't for things like this, the Coast Guard would be out of business," says Mayor Seaman.

The Club now has another boat, even bigger than the *Liki Tiki*. It's a former World War II air-sea rescue boat which cost the government $151,438 to build. It cost the club the price of a used car.

The new boat's name? Oh, yes. *Liki Tiki Tu*.

"We figured *Liki Tiki II* would have been rather obvious," explained Mayor Seaman. "There must be many boats of that name about." **—Robert Daley**

MY LIFE WITH THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

[*Continued from page* 55]

weight. If he's a Muslim, that's *his* business, not mine. When I was working with Carmen Basilio, who once held the middleweight and welterweight titles, he knelt in his corner and made the sign of the cross. That was *his* business, too. To me, this is what boxing is all about. Boxing is American. It's all colors and creeds. I'd work with a little green man from Mars if he could fight. So why shouldn't I work with a Muslim?

At first I thought the Muslims would be a whim with Clay. But I was wrong. It's his religion and he *really* believes in it. I have to respect that. Just as he respects my religion. I'm a Catholic. My wife is a Methodist. Our two children are growing up going to both Catholic and Methodist services. When they're old enough, they will decide for themselves which religion they prefer. I have the same attitude toward Clay and the Muslims. He made his own decision.

He certainly was old enough to make a decision. He was preparing for a title shot with Sonny Liston, then the champion, in February of 1964.

Clay was training in my Fifth Street Gym in Miami Beach. He had used my gym ever since we began working together after he won an Olympic gold medal in 1960 at Rome. This time he had a new pal with him, a big light-skinned Negro whom he introduced as Sam. That was good enough for me. In boxing we're not too formal. Sam was quiet and polite and friendly. There was another new face in the gym in those days, a face I recognized from newspaper photos. The late Malcolm X. At the time he was one of the top Muslim leaders.

One day in the gym, I was standing near Sam when a Negro stranger passed by and called out, "Hello, Captain Sam."

Captain Sam!

Sam Saxon, I soon discovered, was a leader in a Muslim mosque in Miami. I'm told that he had helped to convert Clay to the Muslims. Malcolm X was there to complete the conversion. The day after Clay won the title from Liston, it all came out. He had changed his name to Cassius X. Later he changed it again to Muhammad Ali.

He had a magnificent name: Cassius Marcellus Clay. Out of habit, I usually refer to him as Clay in casual conversations. When he's around, I call him Muhammad or Ali. Sometimes I call him Champ. But he doesn't like that. One day shortly after he took the name Muhammad Ali, he said to me, "Everybody calls me Champ now. But I know why."

"Why?" I said.

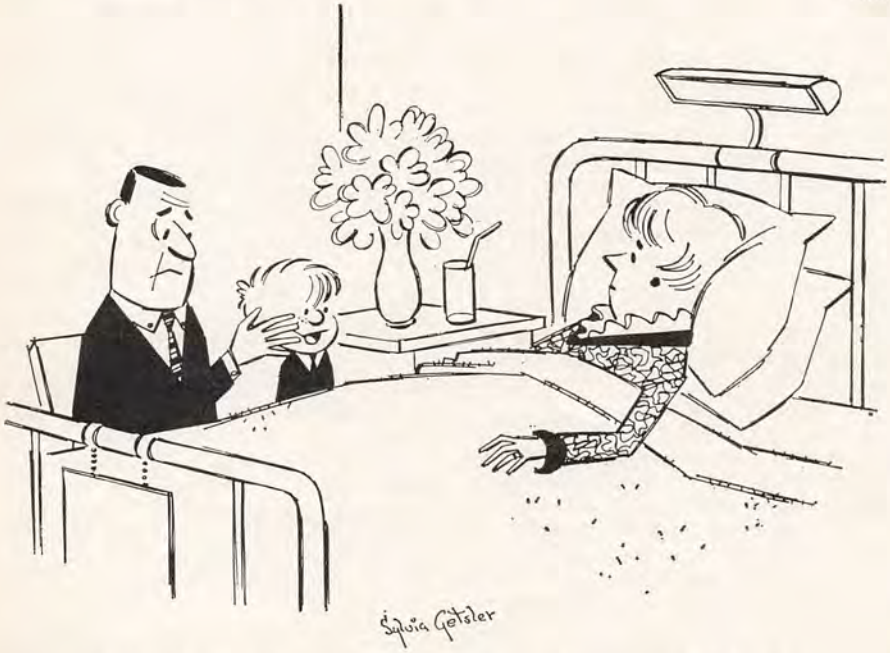
"Because they don't want to call me Muhammad Ali."

He's right. Some people just can't get it out.

But if he wants to be called Muhammad Ali in public, that's what I'll call him. I can't complain about somebody changing his name. I changed mine. I was born Angelo Mirenda in Philadelphia, August 30, 1921. My father was a trackman with the Pennsylvania Railroad. There were seven kids. I was the youngest and fifth son. My oldest brother Joe was a boxer but in those days an Italian kid had to change his name if he wanted to get any fights. He changed it to Joe Dundee. My older brother Chris, now a boxing promoter in Miami Beach, used Dundee as a manager's name. When I got into boxing, I took the name Dundee so I would be identified with Chris. Dundee is now our legal name.

Just as Clay called Liston "The Bear" and Patterson "The Rabbit," he has his own names for Chris and me: "Heckle and Jeckle," after the chattering cartoon crows.

TRUE



"Miss Graham has been swell about making supper for Dad, sometimes even breakfast."

It's all in fun. With Clay, life is fun. I know the Muslims preach that white people are "devils." But Clay has never insulted or embarrassed me. When he disagrees with me or doesn't want to do something, he'll say, "Back up, now, back up." But always in a friendly way. Like the way he jokes about my swarthy Italian complexion. Not long ago he was going to New York for a three-round exhibition at a Muslim bazaar in Harlem.

"C'mon with me," he said to me, "I want you to go."

"They won't let me in the place," I said. "They only let Muslims in there."

"They'll let you in," he said. "You blacker than me. Look at that."

He grabbed my right arm and ogled my swarthy skin and we both laughed. He got me into the bazaar, too. Believe me, he does not hate white people. For example, there are the white millionaires, the Louisville sponsoring group, who got him started, especially Bill Faversham and the group's two white attorneys, Gordon Davidson and Arthur Grafton. He has great respect for all of them. Several months ago he visited Davidson and Grafton at their office. During the conversation he had a question.

"Tell me," he said to Davidson, "what do you *really* think of me?"

"Well," Davidson replied, "I think you're half genius and half nut."

"Only *half* nut," Clay said, laughing. "That will ruin my image."

In other respects he takes his Muslim doctrine very seriously. The day of the fight he usually has a couple of dozen Muslim friends around him. They call themselves the Fruit of Islam. They wear black suits, usually with black bow ties, and when Clay comes out of his dressing room, they literally surround him on his way into the ring. They do the same thing at the weigh-in. In Toronto he came out for the weigh-in with George Chuvalo and they were all around him.

"Tighter, move in tighter, not so loose," Clay was whispering to them. "That's it. Tight. That's it. Cool, man. Cool."

He gets his kicks from this adulation. But when it affects his life as a fighter, I have to step in. After the Chuvalo weigh-in, I was having lunch in the restaurant of our motel on Lake Ontario. From my table I could see the door of Clay's room. Every few minutes a few of his friends would go into his room. He thrives on people around him. This is why he never trains in the woods like the old champions used to. Clay would go crazy by himself in the woods somewhere. He's got to have people to talk to. But in the hours before the fight, I like him to relax. With all those people in his room, he was not relaxing. I called him on the house phone.

"Time to eat," I told him.

"Hey, that's right," he said.

In a few moments his friends started to emerge from the room. They reminded me of the men who get out of the little car in the circus. I counted 19 coming out of the room. Several minutes later, he came out himself. After he had his meal, he relaxed the rest of the afternoon. But his Muslim friends were with him that night, and the next morning he

took an early flight to Chicago for an audience with the Muslim leader, Elijah Muhammad.

Some boxing people think I'm crazy to put up with this stuff. But I believe it helps him as a fighter. His Muslim beliefs give him a purpose. Every fighter has to have a purpose. With some it's their wife and kids or a new home. With others it's the blonde broad at ringside. With Clay it's the Muslims. Like in Las Vegas. One day, a week before the Patterson fight, he told me, "I'm going to Phoenix tomorrow."

"You're *what*?" I said.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll be back for dinner."

"Well," I said, trying to think positive, "I've been wanting you to take a day off, anyway."

Boxers just don't leave their training camps a week before the fight to take a little trip. But Muhammad Ali does. Later I learned that he went to Phoenix to see Elijah Muhammad. All day I worried about him being in an accident. But I didn't worry about him going back on his word. He was back in time for dinner, just as he had said.

But there have been times when he had to learn a lesson. Take the first Henry Cooper fight in London in 1963. He predicted he would knock out Cooper in the fifth round. By the third round he had Cooper cut up and wobbling. But he backed off. He wanted to save the knockout until the fifth.

"What are you doing?" I yelled at him in the corner after the third round. "Don't give this guy a chance to recoup. He can hit hard. He can knock you out with one punch. Go out there and finish him off. Never mind the prediction. Finish him off this round."

But he kept toying with Cooper. Shortly before the fourth round ended, Cooper threw a leaping left hook and Clay went down.

The bell saved him. I jumped into the ring and grabbed him under the arms and sat him on the stool. "See, see, see," I shouted at him. "See what I told you."

"Shhhh," he said, his eyes glassy, "Cooper's getting tired."

He was serious about Cooper. But the knockdown made Clay realize what I was talking about. The next round he finished off Cooper but I'll never know whether it was because of what I said or because it was the predicted fifth round. It took him one more round the second time he met Cooper.

Clay can be hard to control early in a fight. Take the first round with Patterson. He knew I wanted him to jab and dance and keep moving. Especially jab. Disrupt Patterson. Clay danced all right, but he *never* threw a punch the entire first round. He had Patterson missing and when the round ended, he strutted back to the corner yelling, "Get me a contender." But what he didn't realize was that he not only had lost the round, he had disrupted his own tempo. I'm convinced this was the reason he didn't knock out Patterson.

He also pulled something on me in the first round of the second Liston fight, the one in Lewiston, Maine. I told him to walk out and throw a right hand in Liston's face the first thing. "Bring back memories," I said to him, meaning the memories of the Miami Beach fight when he cut up Liston. After throwing the first right hand, he was supposed to jab and dance because that's his fight. When the bell rang, he threw the right hand like I told him to. When he hit Liston in the face with it, I could see Liston blinking. But then Clay refused to jab and dance.

Crouching on the wooden steps behind the corner, I was yelling, "Jab, Ali, jab, jab," and I was thinking, *Wait 'til you get back here, I'll tell you off*. But I never got the chance.

Liston started to throw a left hand and Clay came over Liston's left with a right hand and Liston was down. Several seconds later, the fight was over. Liston was counted out in the confusion over Clay's not going to a neutral corner. Instead of bawling out Clay, I was in the ring slapping him on the back. I looked over at Liston and he had a dazed look on his face like he didn't know what was going on. He had been hit with a helluva punch. But the crowd started to yell, "Fake . . . Fake . . ." and because of the camera angle, the people watching closed-circuit TV hadn't seen the punch and they were wondering what was going on. Nobody wanted to believe it was a good punch.

One reason for this was that pictures showed Clay up on the ball of his right foot when he threw it. There's a theory that a fighter can't throw a hard punch that way, that he's off-balance. But it's a fallacy.

In any sport the best athletes do things on the balls of their feet. They don't have both feet planted. Does Willie Mays have both feet planted when he swings a bat? Does Johnny Unitas have both feet planted when he throws a pass? Of course not. Both of them plant one foot and pivot on the other. That's what Clay did. He had his left foot planted and he was pivoting on the ball of his right foot. It was a helluva punch.

The first Liston fight was something else. I can't explain the shoulder injury which kept Liston on his stool when the bell rang for the seventh round. But I do know what happened in our corner after the fourth round. Clay came back yelling that he was blind. He *was*. Some salve had seeped into his eyes. All along he had heard rumors that somebody in Liston's camp might try something like this. He thought there was a plot against him. When he came back to the corner, he stood up and held his gloves out.

"Cut 'em off," he shouted at me.

"What are you talking about?" I said.

"I'm blinded," he said.

I grabbed the sponge out of the water bucket and started to swab his eyes.

"Cut 'em off," he shouted.

"Are you crazy?" I yelled at him. "This is for the *title*."

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"I want to show the world something's crooked," he roared.

"Sit down," I yelled, "and rest."

"Cut 'em off," he shouted again.

The one-minute intermission was almost over. I was swabbing his eyes but he was blinking. I knew he couldn't see yet, but it was improving. I figured that soon his eyes would clear.

"Run," I told him. "Run, run, run."

"I'm not going out there," he yelled, "I'm blinded."

"Liston's dead tired," I said. "Just run."

The bell rang and I could see the referee, Barney Felix, coming over to see what was going on. I shoved Clay off the stool and slapped him on his white trunks and pushed him to his left, away from Felix. "Run, run, run," I yelled. And he ran. How he ran. Liston never caught him. In a few seconds Clay's eyes cleared and after the sixth round it was Liston who failed to answer the bell.

Ever since the eye incident there has been a theory that Clay has some dog in him. It's an unfair theory. At the time Clay had just turned 22. He was only in his 20th professional fight. The eye thing was too much for a young fighter to have happen to him. Especially in a heavyweight *title* fight. Nothing like it had ever happened to him before. He was baffled. Frustrated. Confused. His first instinct was to expose it as a Liston plot, which he thought it was. That's why he wanted to stop. He wasn't scared.

As for myself, I don't think it was a plot or anything like that. I believe it was an accident. Whatever it was, it blinded Clay. But it made him a better fighter because he was in a crisis and he survived.

He survived an earlier crisis in the Doug Jones fight in 1963 at Madison Square Garden. Clay predicted he would knock out Jones in six rounds, then he cut it to four rounds. But after the eighth round Jones not only was still on his feet, he had a chance to win a decision. To make it worse, Clay was depressed because he hadn't knocked out Jones like he had predicted. I knew I had to snap Clay out of it.

"Six minutes," I said to him just before the bell for the ninth round. "Six minutes, that's all you got to go. Do it big. Do it big."

He destroyed Jones the last two rounds. He got the decision but he wasn't really happy about it. He had missed his knockout prediction. On the way back to the dressing room, I told him, "Tell the writers you named the sixth round and then you named the fourth round. Six and four make 10." He laughed and told them what I had suggested. He got a big laugh with it. But he hasn't missed many predictions, starting with the first one I heard him make. One day in July of 1958, I was in Louisville with Willie Pastrano when the phone rang in my hotel room.

"Mister Angelo Dundee?" a boyish voice asked.

"Speaking," I said.

"Mister Dundee," the voice said. "My name is Cassius Marcellus Clay and I am going to win the Olympic boxing championship next year."

"Is that so?" I said.

"And after that," the voice said, "I am going to become the heavyweight champion of the world."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Sixteen," the voice said, and then he rattled off all the Golden Gloves championships he had won. "Can I come up to see you and talk to you for a few minutes?"

"Sure," I said, with nothing better to do. "Come on up."

When he walked into the room, he had the look of an athlete. He had the desire, too. He was hungry for knowledge of how the professional fighters trained, how they ate, when they slept, when they did roadwork, everything. In 1959 I returned to Louisville with Willie Pastrano and Clay called again. He came up to the room and talked with Willie and me for three hours. When he got up to leave, he asked, "Could I spar with Willie tomorrow?"

"You be there," I replied, "and we'll see."

When we arrived at the Columbia Gym the next day, he was skipping rope. He was so anxious to work with Willie that I let him go a couple of rounds. When they finished, Willie gave me the eye.

"This kid is pretty good," Willie said. "Remember him."

Whenever I was in Louisville after that, Clay would call me at the hotel. "You gonna train me after the Olympics?" he asked me once. "Man, everybody want to train me. I'm going to be the next champion."

I knew that several other boxing people were after him, especially Al Weill, who had managed heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano. But I am a soft-sell man.

"Cassius," I said, "I'm a trainer and you're a fighter. I work out of Miami Beach. If you want me, you can get in touch with me there and we'll talk about it."

"Man," he said, "you somethin'."

After Clay won the light-heavyweight gold medal in the Rome Olympics, he signed with the Louisville group. They contacted me to be his trainer. He came down to Miami Beach and we've been together ever since. The group always consults me about opponents. We have disagreed only twice. In 1961 I thought Alex Miteff might be too tough for Clay at that stage of his career. It was only Clay's ninth pro fight. But Bill Faversham of the group wanted the fight for Louisville and I agreed. Clay stopped Miteff in the sixth round. The other time Faversham thought Archie Moore might be too smart for Clay. But I argued Clay would be too fast for Moore who then was somewhere in his 40's. Clay stopped him in four.

In regard to technique, Clay has been an easy fighter to work with because he has such great ability. And he's a great student.

Over the years he has studied Willie Pastrano and another of my fighters, former welterweight champion Luis Rodriguez. He can do perfect imitations of Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano. He learns easily. About the only punch I had to teach him was a left uppercut. This is a difficult and dangerous punch because when you drop your left hand, your left side is unprotected. It requires excellent reflexes.

I helped him learn to throw a left hook off the jab. But it wasn't easy to make him practice this move. With Clay you can't persist about something or he'll turn you off. I used reverse psychology. If he was sparring and wasn't jabbing enough, I'd tell him between rounds, "That jab was beautiful. I never saw you throw it that good before, especially the hook off the jab." The next round he'd throw that hook off the jab time after time and he would do it perfectly each time.

One thing I never fooled with, though, was the way he keeps his hands down. This is *his* style. I remember in the second round of the Doug Jones fight he put up his hands and he couldn't do anything.

"Forget it," I told him after the round. "Keep your hands anyplace you want."

He has the speed, both in his hands and in his legs, to get away with it. Working with Clay, from a technique standpoint, has been fun because of his ability. But out of the ring, it has been even more fun. I've never had as much fun with a fighter as I have with him. Especially the first few years. One night before his seventh fight, the one with Dake Sabedong in Las Vegas in 1961, he was on a TV show with Gorgeous George the wrestler. Gorgeous George was putting on his act, saying how he was going to beat up his opponent and tear off his arms and throw them to the audience and how he was the best wrestler in the world.

Clay's eyes got bigger and bigger as he listened to Gorgeous George and, I'm sure, this is what inspired him to put on an act of his own.

He started to call himself "The Greatest." He started naming the round he'd knock out an opponent in. He started reciting poetry. His literary style reminded me of Burns from Scotland. Irving Burns. Maybe that's because I used to help Cassius with the rhymes. Once we were in Los Angeles when a college student introduced himself to me and threatened to sue Clay for poems he was using.

"Sue him?" I said. "What for?"

"Because," he said, "he is stealing my poems and I can prove it."

"Are you really a college student?" I asked him.

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"Yes," he said.

"Then I wouldn't sue if I were you," I said.

"Why not?"

"They're lousy poems."

The poems were only part of the fun. In a hotel room one night I went to bed but I couldn't get to sleep. Every so often the venetian blinds would rattle. After it happened a few times I got up to see what was causing it. The window was open, but there wasn't any breeze. I went back to bed. The blind rattled again. Then I discovered a cord tied to the blind. The cord was hanging out the window. It stretched across to the window of the next room where Clay was. He had been yanking on the cord.

Anything for a laugh. And anything for publicity. He'd do almost anything. And he enjoyed doing it. But I didn't always enjoy it. When we were in New York for the Doug Jones fight a man from *Time* magazine told me they wanted to shoot pictures of Clay for a cover story.

"Great," I said, "when the fight's over, we'll talk about it."

"No," the man said, "we've got to do it before the fight. The day before the fight is our deadline."

"I don't see how . . ." I started to say.

"It'll work out, Angelo," Clay said. "Imagine just a little old colored boy from Louisville on the *cover*. We *got* to do that."

We did it, the night before the fight.

I like my fighters in bed early the night before a fight but Clay was up until midnight posing for the photographer. He was sitting under those hot lights the photographer used and I was trying to hurry things up and every time I said something, Clay would say, "Let the man do his job, Angelo, he is going to put *me* on the *cover*."

In those days Clay got his biggest kicks out of taunting Liston. He taunted him day after day when they were in training for the first fight. Then he put on that wild scene at the weigh-in. He was shouting and screaming at Liston and one of the Athletic Commission doctors told the sportswriters Clay "was on the verge of hysteria" and that "he was scared to death." Which only proved how good an actor he can be. He was pretending he wanted to fight Liston right there and he was jumping around like I was holding him back. I was, with my right index finger in his chest. My finger. Half an hour later, his pulse was normal. I know because I had his personal physician, Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, check him to make sure. When I heard his pulse was normal, I went in to see him at the house he keeps in northwest Miami.

"You're something," I told him.

"I know what I'm doing," Clay said. "Liston, *he's* scared, not me. I got *him* scared."

"Let's hope so," I said.

Then this man "on the verge of hysteria" took a nap. He went off like a baby. When he woke up, he watched TV news shows of himself ranting and raving at the weigh-in. He laughed all through it. He looked fine to me but I didn't dare get him to the Convention Center too early. I made that mistake once. For the Alonzo Johnson fight in Louisville in 1961, I got him to the dressing room at 7:15 for a 10 o'clock fight. He shadowboxed and jumped around the whole time. He was worn out before he started. He had to win on a decision. Against Liston I didn't want anything like that to happen. He watched his brother fight in one of the preliminaries and he got into our dressing room about an hour before the fight. He loosened up a little. He was perfectly relaxed.

When Liston's trainer, Willie Redish, came in to watch me tape his hands, Clay told him, "Get your sucker ready, I'm going to get him."

Redish went back and told Liston, "This kid's crazy" and that's just what Clay wanted him to do. In the ring Clay gave Liston the same static. Liston always likes to stare down his opponents during the referee's instructions. He hypnotized half his opponents with that glare. But it didn't work with Clay. My man is a couple inches taller than Liston, something many people didn't realize, and he peered down at Liston and growled, "Sucker, I got you, sucker. I tricked you. I *got* you."

It turned out that way, too. Twice.

I like to make a fighter self-reliant in everything he does because when he's in the ring, he's all alone. I don't follow Clay around every minute. I don't have to. In the morning he's the first one up for roadwork. *He* wakes up his sparring partners. He's in the gym on time. He's in bed on time. He really enjoys training. Army service doesn't figure to rust him as a fighter. He's only 24 now. Youth circumvents all problems. Especially with him because he's egotistical enough about his body to make sure he stays in reasonably good shape. At his age that's all he has to do. He enjoys being a fighter. And I enjoy fighters.

Maybe this is why we've never had a big argument. Not even about money. Most fighters and managers squabble about money. But I never see *his* money. The Louisville group handles it. They pay me a salary. When Clay won the title, I got a $20,000 bonus. Other than that, the only money I'm responsible for is what the group puts in a checking account for me to use for training expenses.

Clay keeps after me, though. "You give the sparring partners their checks?" he'll ask. Or, "You got a check for some food money for the house?" It's a standing joke between us. One day I had to leave him for a few days to go to New York where Willie Pastrano had a title fight. When I told Clay he pretended to pout.

"You like Willie more than me," he said.

"Suppose I dropped dead tomorrow?" I replied. "What would you do?"

"I don't know," Clay said.

"I know what you'd do," I said, "you'd come to my coffin and wag your finger and say, 'Angelo, you forgot to sign the checks.' "

For *once* the heavyweight champion had nothing to say.

—Angelo Dundee and Dave Anderson

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JACK DEMPSY OF THE LAW

[*Continued from page 22*]

conduct!" Again and again Cannon shouted, "Misconduct!"

"By the time this trial ends," Hallinan wearily told the spectators, "we'll all be mighty tired of two people—Mr. Cannon and his sweetheart, Miss Conduct."

Shaking defense witnesses, Hallinan won a large verdict in the case. In the late 1930's he collected $200,000—then a national record—for a workman who fell on an exposed third rail. He also pleaded a four-year-old girl's case through five appeals, financing the appeals personally, and eventually netted a $50,000 verdict. When the Appellate Court finally upheld the girl's claim, she was 14.

In 1956 Hallinan pranced past his 60th birthday and with his usual restlessness applied for admission to the University of California as a freshman. Since he was a scholar holding A.B. and LL.B. degrees gained years earlier, the University asked him not to play jokes.

"It's no joke. Will you enroll me or not?" said Hallinan. The school would not.

One reason for the application was his desire to learn another language (he's fluent in Spanish, knows some French and Russian), but a stronger motive was his itching fists. "Over the years," he grumbles, "I've watched four of my sons, in succession, win the middleweight boxing championship at the University. A fighter's legs and wind may go, but he never loses his punch. Never. I figured that I could do as well as my kids and win the title, too."

The country's oldest collegiate ringman didn't emerge, but when Hallinan squares off against anyone from the academic community in court, he's in top shape. His reason: "There's nothing I hate worse than those pompous professors who appear as 'expert' witnesses for big business. A lot of them are full of crap. They're only out to rob the worker and collect a fee, and discrediting them is a pleasure."

Such a chance came his way—while also enabling him to defend another underdog—in the case of Lincoln Weaver, known as the "Human Torch." An oil company truck was delivering gasoline to a garage when an unexplained fire and explosion occured, and Weaver, a $160-a-month laborer who happened to be standing nearby, was burned to a crisp. The company denied liability to Weaver's wife and children, claiming that negligence couldn't have caused the death.

"The explosion *happened*, didn't it? Then why?" replied Hallinan. After studying books on fuels, inflammables and explosive phenomena, he had arrived at one logical explanation: static electricity had been generated by gas pouring through the truck's hose into an underground tank, and this could happen only one way. The two-inch hose nozzle hadn't been firmly inserted into the tank's larger filling stem, leaving a gap between them. Across this gap a spark had leaped at a moment when the mixture of air and gasoline vapors was right to produce a terrible blast fire.

The company's witnesses opposing Hallinan's theory included a physics professor and a dean of chemistry. On Hallinan's side were no experts; he came supported only by weeks of research.

"Now," he said to the physicist, "I'm sure you know that gasoline consists of a mechanical mixture of the saturated hydrocarbons of the paraffin series. But please tell us exactly which hydrocarbons are contained in gasoline."

The professor thought hard. "Why offhand, I'm not sure."

Hallinan stared, surprised. "Oh? Well the answer happens to be methane, ethane, propane, butane, pentane and some seven others." He listed them all, plus his authoritative sources.

"What, then," he went on, "is the molecular weight and boiling point of these saturated hydrocarbons?"

The professor pondered and named some figures.

"Wrong! Wrong from here to M.I.T. and back again," snapped Hallinan, disgustedly. "Molecular weights range from 16 through 170, and you're just as far off on the boiling points, which are. . . ." He rattled them off expertly.

Crowding in close, he asked the proportion of gasoline vapors and air necessary for an explosive mixture. Again the physicist was wrong.

Hallinan's jaw dropped to his vest. "Say, just who are you?" he boomed.

Now came his big question. In earlier testimony the professor had stated that in investigating many gasoline fires, he'd never found one which could be blamed on static electricity. Careless smokers had caused most of them, he said. And, as various witnesses had testified, hadn't Lincoln Weaver been smoking a cigarette near the pumping gasoline? This was the company's "out," and it looked like a winning one.

Inquired Hallinan: "Suppose a person stood 10 or 12 feet from a gas tank, smoking a cigarette, and then the gas tank was uncovered. Would it be possible for sufficient vapor to emerge from the tank to be ignited by the cigarette in the smoker's mouth?"

"Positively. That's elementary knowledge," replied the witness. "I've known of any number of fires caused in exactly that way."

Hallinan spun around and all but winked at the jury. From a drawer in the counsel table he produced a bowl of gasoline, a pack of cigarettes and matches. Lighting up, he leaned over the bowl and held a glowing cigarette one inch from the gasoline. He puffed vigorously. Women jurors screamed. Some spectators scrambled for the rear door. Shielding his face the defense attorney cried, "Stop that! You'll kill somebody!"

The jury began climbing from the box when Hallinan lit another cigarette off the first and slowly prepared to lower it into the bowl. The judge, ducking down, ordered him to desist.

"Relax, Your Honor," Hallinan said, and dropped the burning butt into the gasoline. Nothing happened.

"Why was there no fire or blast?" he asked the physicist.

"Because," said the physicist, weakly, "it isn't gasoline."

"The hell it isn't! And it's your gasoline!"

Striking a match, Hallinan held it just above the bowl. A flame shot several feet into the air, burning fiercely until all the gas was consumed.

He eyed the witness with contempt.

TRUE

"You want to know something, Smithers—you *never* get used to it!"

"And now, Mr. Expert," he said, "I'll tell you why the cigarette had no effect. The lowest temperature needed to ignite gasoline is about 1,436 degrees Fahrenheit, and a lighted cigarette is a mere 800 degrees. There's no way on earth you can cause a fire or explosion with one!"

The case still hung in the balance. It was won when Hallinan set up a small static generator. Dipping a wire in gasoline, he gave the machine a dozen turns. Without fail, with every turn, a tiny static spark leaped out and ignited the wire. He quoted authorities on how oilfield explosions often are caused by static electricity generated by pumping machinery.

Then, just for fun, he examined the second defense expert—the chemistry dean. The dean had been outside the court and was unaware of how Hallinan had discredited the physicist. Only one question was asked, the same as before: "If a person stood 10 or 12 feet from a gas tank, smoking, would it be possible for sufficient vapor to emerge from the tank to be ignited by the cigarette?"

"Why, of course," declared the chemist. "I could cite numerous fires caused in just that way."

Jurors and spectators roared. The chemist sat bewildered. Hallinan thumbed him away. "That's our case," he said. "Isn't it obvious what happened to poor Lincoln Weaver?"

The award to Weaver's widow was $140,000, at the time a California record for damages in a death case.

In relishing his various crusades for "Joe Citizen versus the Power Establishment," Hallinan contends they offer the most exciting action a man can find. "The legal profession considers me a society-raping maniac," he says, "the silly bastards not being able to see that I'm really a primitive type with a Messianic complex.

"Not that I've done very much for suffering humanity. I've saved a few dozens from the death chair and beaten the private powers out of money now and then. That's about it. But what the hell, I want no monuments when I die."

A monument to the feuding Irishman, however, presently exists. Thirty-three years ago two laborers were accused of the kidnap-murder of a wealthy man's son in San Jose, California. The evidence against them was great, but Hallinan took their case. A lynch-minded mob began to gather at the jail. Hallinan phoned the office of Governor Jim Rolph to demand that his clients be given protection. Instead of offering help, Rolph made a public announcement, saying: "If they lynch them, I'll pardon the men who do it." Within an hour the two suspects were hanging from ropes in the city park.

Hallinan created a sensation by filing criminal charges against Jim Rolph and was on the way to bringing him to trial as a murder accessory when Rolph died. Citizens stirred themselves and took a new look at their elected servants. Laws were passed concerning the responsible behavior of those in charge of the public welfare. Since then, there has not been a lynching in California. —**Al Stump**

A PISTOL THAT GOES ZAP, SWOOSH, POW!

[*Continued from page* 53]

ever seen was the 2.36-inch bazooka used in World War II and to a lesser extent in Korea. But, as many former GI's remember, the bazooka was not a high-performance bird. It swished through the air at only 265 feet per second—mighty slow if you were aiming at a moving tank a couple of hundred yards away.

Still, MBA was convinced that tiny rockets could be made to fly and Mainhardt and Biehl got some encouraging pats on the back from highly qualified technical people—but not rocket experts—in the San Francisco Bay area. One of these was Dr. Edward Teller, the famed nuclear scientist, often credited with fathering the hydrogen bomb. The Prince Trust also believed miniature rockets were important and would work. It put money on the line to back up its faith.

MBA got in touch with manufacturers of machine tools and metalworking specialists. Mainhardt found a metal shop in the Bay area that seemed able to make workable engine chambers from .0025-inch thick stainless steel. He also located an injection molder nearby who was willing to try making the body of the rocket with fins attached in one plastic piece.

By early fall of 1960 the operation had come under some military security (in case the Pentagon should decide to buy any rockets) and the $\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$-inch projectiles were given the code name "Toyjet." Indeed, the different companies Mainhardt had asked to bid on miniature rocket components thought that MB Associates was a toy company. There are still some plastic molders around who wonder whatever happened to the toy company that wrote to them; those little rockets for kids were such a bright idea.

It was nearly Thanksgiving, 1960, and the two partners were still trying to come up with just the right combination of engine, casing and propellant.

Then things began falling into place. A new propellant was providing good ignition. Fuses and igniters that MBA had developed from scratch were working. A minimum-size nozzle was found and no severe erosion or thermal shock had shown up. The little rockets were producing up to *one and a half pounds* of thrust on the test stand. This may not sound like much until you remember that the rockets themselves were about half the size of a kitchen match.

It was late in November and Mainhardt and Biehl made another approach to the Pentagon trying to interest someone in the potential of microrocket weapons, but it was hard to get anyone to listen.

Then there was an accident in the laboratory that dramatically demonstrated the power of the tiny missiles—but none of the brass was there to see it. During a series of test firings, the hold-down mechanism let go and a staff man was hit in the leg by an eighth-inch mi-

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crorocket. It seemed like a fairly superficial wound at first (the rocket had passed through the man's trousers and into the calf of his leg). A doctor tried to remove the projectile by probing under local anesthetic but he couldn't find it. In a nearby hospital the stainless-steel rocket engine was found by X ray and, as Bob Mainhardt recalls, "rather major surgery" was needed to remove it and the molded nylon pieces of the rocket itself.

Early in 1961, MBA's missionary activity in Washington seemed, at last, to be bearing fruit. The company got many letters from military and defense officials expressing interest in miniature rocketry. Some of them even visited the factory. The first actual sale was to the Naval Ordnance Test Station at China Lake, California. NOTS bought several thousand dollars' worth of the tiny rockets to try out. At the time, Mainhardt says, they were being made by hand and cost about $3 each to produce. The Navy has never said what it used the microrockets for.

At this point MBA tried to anticipate future objections and questions by going through the sort of experiments that Mainhardt and Biehl knew the Army and Marine Corps would require. They subjected microrockets to heat, freezing cold and dampness. They fired them at targets of plasterboard, wood, metal, dirt, clothing and cement. And then they made up some "fire-it-yourself" kits of microrockets with shooting instructions and shipped them off to various offices in Washington. The kits consisted of half a dozen 1/8 x 1½-inch rockets and a couple of soda straws. The instructions told how to put a rocket into the straw and hold a match or cigarette lighter to the fine wire coming out the back. In a few seconds the heated wire would set off the priming and the tiny bird would hiss down the tube.

Looking back on it now, Bob Mainhardt admits this was a chancy thing to do. Someone might have been killed or hurt. But as it turned out, many of the rockets were fired and no one complained; in fact, they produced further interest in the Pentagon from several quarters.

The idea for the pistol was born when one hush-hush department thought that clusters of microrockets would make ideal throwaway weapons to drop to guerrilla forces or underground units operating behind enemy lines. MBA developed a prototype of such a weapon that worked quite well. It was a cardboard toilet-paper tube with 24 microrockets crammed inside. You held the thing in one hand and set it off by pulling a friction igniter with the other. It went "whoosh" and the rockets hissed off together in a pattern like buckshot. So it was that the Gyrojet pistol really started when someone suggested putting a handle on the cardboard tube.

By the spring of 1961, the situation had become critical. Although MB Associates had 10 proposals for weapons based on tiny rockets in the hands of various officials or agencies—and a couple of hundred thousand dollars had been spent or committed—all the partners had to show was a $3,000 sale to the Navy at cost and $8,000 from the Applied Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University for a theoretical study on the possible secret use of microrockets by the Marine Corps. Money was fast running out and Mainhardt and Biehl had to decide whether to fold up the rocket project or try and continue. They let their technical staff of 20 trained men go and sat in the laboratory trying to figure out what to do.

Mainhardt recalls the decision with grim humor. "We said we'd put two people back on the payroll at $3 a rocket and we'd build up a supply and go back to Washington and shoot the place up for the last time—and that's what we did."

They put on actual firing demonstrations in the offices of the men they were trying to reach. "We clobbered everybody in sight—CIA, Secretary of the Army, Secretary of the Air Force, all the admirals we knew," says Mainhardt.

Each time they got an appointment to see someone, Mainhardt would get the man into a conversation while Biehl quietly took a rocket out of his briefcase, loaded it into a straw and, pretending to light a cigarette, fired the thing off. The tiny rocket would zip across the room and hit the wall or door with obvious force.

Air Force Secretary Eugene M. Zuckert tried to stop the firing, saying: "You can't do that, my wife just had the office painted." Mainhardt stalled a few seconds by asking pointlessly: "What color did she paint it?" And by that time the little rocket went "crack" right into the newly painted office door and split it.

The wildest session was the demonstration for Paul Fay, Under Secretary of the Navy. It turned into a shooting match. "We stood back," says Mainhardt, "several of us with paper straws, and Paul Fay fired at the map of the world. He would shout the name of a city and fire a rocket, and believe it or not, at times he came pretty close."

They found that Pentagon walls were rather thin. As Mainhardt puts it: "We kind of shook up some of the people in the next office."

The result of all this fun and games was a further increase in official interest, especially by the Air Force, and finally two government contracts. On June 29, 1961, MBA got an Air Force contract labeled: "Subminiature Rocket Investigation." It involved research on antipersonnel rockets and classified uses in space. A month later, Mainhardt and Biehl signed a contract with the Army, which wanted to test microrockets for a variety of uses. Both contracts paid MBA for its costs but did not involve any production

orders. The same thing has been true for a number of subsequent Air Force and Army contracts. Miniature rockets have been looked at for various uses. But, Mainhardt says rather sadly, everyone seems to have a different idea and no one had yet bought any but test quantities.

There are signs, however, that this attitude is changing. The reason is probably connected with MB Associates bid to become a civilian arms company. In 1961 and 1962, after the principle of miniature rocketry had been demonstrated, a lot of Mainhardt and Biehl's friends suggested that they try designing some kind of weapon that might be sold to sportsmen and gun fanciers.

Early in 1963 they decided to go ahead with a pistol idea that had interested some of the military and that seemed to be the kind of thing that might sell on the open market. Rather than use the shotgun approach of many tiny microrockets, the pistol was based on a rocket about the size of a .45 caliber cartridge. The result was the Gyrojet pistol which

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until a few months ago was under security wraps.

Gyrojet is really a hand-held launcher for 13mm. (about .51 caliber) self-propelled rockets. Made of drawn steel a twentieth of an inch thick, each rocket bullet is copperplated to prevent rust. Though slightly langer and fatter than a .45 cartridge, the projectile weighs only two-thirds as much. And when you look at the base of a round, the familiar pistol primer is seated in a shiny steel surface surrounded by four equally-spaced holes that act as rocket exhaust ports. Each of these is punched through at a 15° angle so that the hot gas not only pushes the rocket ahead but spins it at the same time. The spin, in this case, makes up for not having stabilizing fins.

While the pistol is fairly conventional in outside appearance, it fires in a way that reverses the usual method. The hammer is in *front of* the magazine. When you squeeze the trigger, the hammer doesn't hit the primer—it hits the nose of the round instead. The firing pin is fixed in the rear of the breech and the hammer drives the rocket back against it like a mortar shell hitting the bottom of the tube. When the primer fires up the rocket motor, the whole round takes off and pushes the hammer down out of the way and back into a cocked position. Thus, the Gyrojet pistol gets a semi-automatic action without using either gas or recoil to operate the mechanism.

Making the Gyrojet work was less of a pioneering venture than an exercise in engineering refinements. MBA had already made microrockets from 1/8-inch (actually, a few as small as 1/16-inch) up to the size of 40mm. cannon shells. The problem with the 13mm. was mostly accuracy and reliability. The clusters of microrockets had not been demanding on either count: fired in clusters they were not expected to be rifle accurate, and if one out of two dozen was a dud, who would notice? But the pistol was a different animal. It would inevitably be compared with standard automatics and it had to be in the same league.

It wasn't until 1965 that the Gyrojet had progressed to the point where Mainhardt and Biehl could think about marketing it. With some trepidation they put a limited number of experimental models and handmade versions of the pistol up for sale to collectors at $250 to $300 apiece. The 13mm. rocket ammunition was sold for $2 each, about what they cost to make by hand. To everyone's surprise at MBA, the Gyrojet has been something of a sensation. It now sells in stores for $159. Plans are now well along to offer production models next year at prices comparable to other pistols—about $80 for the pistol and 25¢ a round on the ammunition.

After Gyrojet was finally ready for market, Art Biehl decided to leave MBA and go back to his first love—nuclear physics—at the Radiation Lab in Livermore. He still has a hefty piece of the company and is interested to see what happens to Gyrojet, but he prefers research to sales promotion.

Right now, Bob Mainhardt and a newly rebuilt staff are working on production shortcuts and bringing in machinery to automate the manufacture of ammunition. After trying to get the little rockets made by ammo companies both here and abroad, he's concluded that miniature rocketry—even though it does work—is still a case of do-it-yourself.

One of the results of the long battle of MBA is a sort of credo that Mainhardt has had printed up to give to doubting Thomases. It describes, according to the German philosopher Schopenhauer, the three stages that a man with new ideas goes through. First, the experts say it won't work. Second, they agree that it does work, but question its usefulness. Third, they say that its worth was obvious from the start, and they berate the inventor for claiming he thought of it first. "Right now," says Bob Mainhardt, "I think we're in stage three."

—John S. Tompkins

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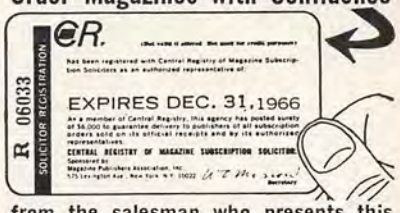

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Robert Hermes from National Audubon Society

This sound-bouncing oilbird, like a bat, can "hear" objects in its path of flight.

Recently, while chasing an errant bat through his house, Jack Tourville of Duluth had an excellent opportunity to watch the little mammal put his sonar sensing abilities to work. Now, with his curiosity aroused, Jack asks TRUE if there are any other creatures besides bats that employ sound reflection measurement as an aid in flight.

The answer is, yes. There are two types of birds that use a batlike sonic navigation system, but it is highly unlikely that any will ever get lost in Jack's house. In one group are the swiftlets of Southeast Asia, birds resembling the swallow and known to gourmets the world over as the provider of nests from which bird's nest soup is made. The second and more interesting species is the oilbird, which is peculiar to limited sectors of South America, north of the Amazon River.

The oilbird, so named because it is a plump fellow often boiled down by natives for fat, is the sole member of the family *Steatornithidae*. It nests in caves, much as bats do, and like bats, it employs the echolocation technique in flying.

Both oilbirds and bats, in using echolocation, emit a regulated sound that bounces off objects and returns to the sender. By gauging the time of return, the distance from cave walls or cliffs can be determined with startling accuracy. While bats emit high pitched squeals, usually out of the range of the human ear, oilbirds produce a steady series of clicking sounds that can be heard.

Although the oilbird was first encountered in 1799 in a northern Venezuelan cave, its sonic abilities were scientifically proven only fairly recently.

Prof. Donald Griffin, while at Cornell University between 1946 and 1953, obtained some oilbirds from South America, sealed them in a completely darkened enclosure and studied their flight habits. Not a single bird bumped into a wall. But when their ears were plugged, the birds lost all ability to navigate and continually bounced off the walls.

Further studies with an oscillograph indicated that an oilbird nearing an obstacle has the inherent ability to receive and evaluate as many as 240 clicks per second. Informed that it is closing in on the barrier the oilbird's broad wingspan allows it to make an immediate course correction and avoid a crash.

Roosting high up in the nooks and crannies of dark caves in Peru, Colombia, Venezuela and the Island of Trinidad, the birds feel their way about with the aid of another useful natural device . . . a set of long whiskers that protrude outward beyond their beaks.

The birds are chocolate colored and about the size of an average hawk. Fruit eaters, they leave their caves at dusk on foraging trips and return before dawn. The refuse they leave forms deep layers of decaying seed matter on the floors of the caves, and in the heaps piled by generations of oilbirds, four-inch-long cockroaches swarm in profusion.

Better, Jack, that you should live around bats.

Q: Did the U.S. ever mint octagonal silver dollars? ***E. J. Cress, Whittier, Calif.***

A: No, they've always been round.

Q: While swimming at the beach, my son stepped on a piece of a jellyfish and claimed he was stung. Can a person actually be stung by only a small portion of a jellyfish? ***Jud Blair, Baltimore, Md.***

A: Yes. The stinging jellyfish, or sea nettle, is as annoying in bits as it is whole. Anything that brushes against any portion containing a stinging cell will get the business. These cells have unique triggering devices which involuntarily shoot out microscopic hairlike barbs loaded with protein poison. Although the sting is not severe and the pain is soon gone, red welts will appear and last for several hours, even days.

Q: Why is it that Americans are not allowed to visit Red China or Cuba? ***Frank Maxel, Rochester, N. Y.***

A: The ban, which also includes travel to Albania, North Korea and North Viet Nam, was put into effect to protect American travelers from nations where there is no U.S. diplomatic representation. Also, the American government does not want to encourage tourist travel with hostile countries or allow nonofficial persons to negotiate with or encourage unfriendly regimes. The ban was recently relaxed to allow physicians, scientists and scholars to travel to these countries providing the visit is related to their professional work and that the countries concerned will grant them visas.

Q: Have monkeys ever been trained to play baseball? ***Ernest Winslow, Topeka, Kansas.***

A: No. However, there is nothing which indicates that they could not be trained to play. Dolphins have been taught to take part in ball games with human pitchers on the mound.

Q: Someone told me that formaldehyde is used in the processing of maraschino cherries. Is this true? ***Roger H. LaBadie, Scotch Plains, N. J.***

A: No. The use of formaldehyde in any food is a violation of the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. Incidentally, the law also requires that any chemical preservatives used in food products must be declared on its label.

FPG

Q: Are Japanese sumo wrestlers classified by weight, as are our boxers? ***Peter Laski, Omaha, Nebr.***

A: No. Men of all sizes and weights are pitted against each other. The heaviest sumo wrestler today is a portly individual named Wakamiyama who weighs in at 383 pounds.

Q: Is the drug LSD habit-forming? ***Phil Bennett, Pierre, S. Dak.***

A: No, but the body builds up a tolerance to it with continued use, requiring larger and larger doses to have effect. Also, there is a major danger that persons who are even slightly unstable mentally may be permanently deranged after a single "trip," a user's term for an LSD experience.

Q: Is there an international organization that must give its permission before a country can hold a world's fair? ***Peter Quinn, Birmingham, Ala.***

A: Technically, yes, but the rules are not binding. Organized in 1928, the International Bureau of Exhibitions, headquartered in Paris, is an organization made up of 32 countries which sets standards and operating procedures for World Exhibitions which desire its sanction. The first such major exhibition held in the Western Hemisphere will be EXPO 67 set for Montreal next year. The New York World's Fair did not receive the blessing of the IBE.

Q: What does the term "wind-chill factor" mean? ***Robert D. Reel, Hammond, Ind.***

A: Wind-chill factor is a weather term which describes not temperature but the amount of discomfort caused by wind in cold weather. It's an involved measurement designating the amount of body heat one loses due to wind.

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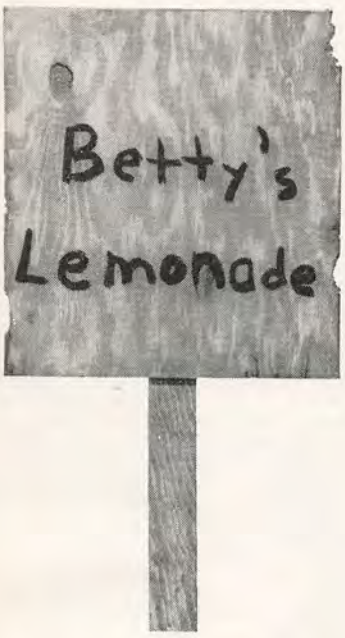

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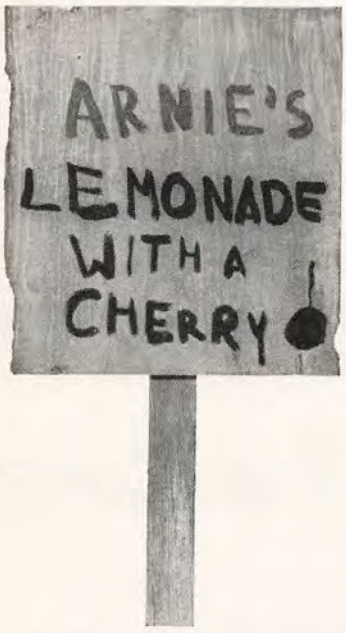

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Q: Is Aramaic, the language that Christ and his disciples spoke, still spoken? ***Cliff Etter, Portland, Ore.***

A: No. It was displaced in the 13th Century by Arabic. However, traces of Aramaic still linger in colloquial Arabic in some parts of the Middle East. Also a marked interest in the language's revival has been shown since the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls, in which portions are written in Aramaic.

Q: How many members of the Big Ten Conference have competed in bowl games since 1896? ***Lawrence Cushing, Cherry Point, N. C.***

A: The Big Ten participates only in the Rose Bowl, and all have played there at one time or another except Indiana and Purdue.

Q: What is the best substance for absorbing and holding heat for a long period of time? ***William E. Widman, Duluth AFB, Minn.***

A: Water is first, and cast iron is a close runner-up.

Q: Has the federal government ever passed a law designating a holiday for the entire nation? ***Robert Elliott, St. Paul, Minn.***

A: No. National holidays, designated by a Presidential proclamation or a Congressional law, legally apply only to the District of Columbia and federal employees. Each state then has jurisdiction over the holidays it will observe. The federal legal holidays are: New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Veterans Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Q: Does the name Idaho, the state, have a literal meaning? ***George H. Zebco, Fairbanks, Ala.***

A: To the Shoshone Indians it does. It comes from the words "ida," meaning salmon, and "ho," meaning tribe.

Q: How many women did Jack the Ripper murder? ***Matthew Lloyd, Newark, N. J.***

A: Amateur and expert criminologists have put the figure anywhere between five and 14. The latest study, *When London Walked in Terror*, by Tom Cullen, offers convincing evidence that five was the total. All were female prostitutes murdered and brutally mutilated in London between August 31 and November 9, 1888; and all but one were middle-aged drabs living in poverty and suffering from alcoholism and disease.

Q: I can't remember having a single dream since childhood. Is it possible that I don't dream? ***Martin Roebbel, Philadelphia, Pa.***

A: It's doubtful. Some persons can recall their dreams easily, others rarely do, if at all. Scientists who have observed sleeping volunteers notice that there is a sharp increase in respiration, heart rate and rapid eye movements when a subject is dreaming. If the volunteers are awakened immediately after a dream, they tend to recall their dreams vividly. The more time that elapses between the end of a dream and waking, the less the subject can recall.

FPG

Q: Friends of mine just paneled their den in what they call California Redwood. Aren't these trees protected by the government so they can't be cut for commercial purposes? ***Jerry Blair, Wilmington, Del.***

A: Only 15 percent of the California Redwoods are protected. These are mainly the ones which are hundreds of feet tall, are up to 2,000 years old and are maintained in state and national parks. The million and a half acres of remaining California Redwoods provide the lumber industry with enough red-toned wood to build approximately 150,000 homes every year. Young redwood trees grow at a rapid rate and replacements are planted whenever trees are cut down.

Q: How fast is "quick as a wink"? ***Leonard Wahlstrom, Evanston, Wyo.***

A: About 50 milliseconds, or 1/20 of a second.

Q: Under military law, can an officer shoot a man for failure to obey an order? I maintain that all service men have a right to a regular court-martial, and no single officer has the right to execute a man on the spot. ***Mrs. D. C. Mustoe, Bellingham, Wash.***

A: The current U.S. Manual for Courts-Martial does recognize that killing to prevent the escape of a prisoner, or killing in suppression of a mutiny or riot are cases of justifiable homicide under military law.

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Q: What is the present life expectancy for men in the U.S? ***Peter Fogg, Kansas City, Kans.***

A: At present it is 66.9 years. Women come out a bit better with a life expectancy of 73.7 years. The national average for both sexes is 70.2 years.

Q: Who was Mother Shipton and what was her famous prophecy? ***Myra Fay, Baucroft, Mich.***

A: She was a 16th-century English seeress who supposedly predicted such wonders as the airplane and the automobile. In the middle of the 19th-century, Charles Hindley of Brighton, published an account of her life that included a poem which foresaw the end of the world by 1881. Hindley later admitted that the poem was a hoax but when 1881 rolled around people had forgotten this and remembered only the poem. In December of that year, thousands of countryfolk spent the nights in the fields, confessing their sins aloud and waiting for judgment. Nothing happened.

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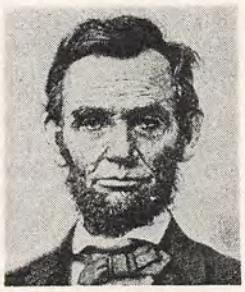

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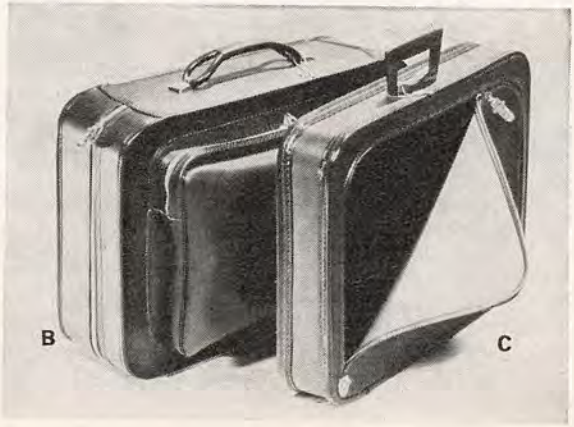

ARCTIC HIDEAWAY FOR BIG, RARE FISH

[*Continued from page* 49]

air during my fight north had made the river even more impressive.

From Winnipeg the day before, we had flown in a chartered plane to Great Bear Lake on the southern edge of the Arctic Circle. We stayed there overnight and took off in Plummer's private plane at 8 a.m. for the Tree. This last leg took us 257 miles northeasterly across Canada's Northwest Territories: forbidding, uninhabited country, beyond tree line. I didn't even know when we crossed the Arctic Circle, but for almost two hours I had seen nothing but vast barren rocks which now and then held in their laps pockets of blue water. A fascinating but ugly and unchanging contour.

But the Tree River was different. In contrast to the barren lands, it shook me: like good and evil. The river reminded me of a stream I had fished recently in the Rockies: twisting white water, thundering waterfalls, islands, hills covered with green scrub willows and carpeted with wild flowers.

Plummer gave me a bird's-eye view of the river and pointed out the tiny tent camp where I was to spend two nights. Then he swung the Cessna out over the cold blue of the Arctic Ocean and we came down flat on our pontoons in the river mouth. We taxied up to an Eskimo tent camp. I was on the Tree. For me action could not come too fast.

But the Eskimos had a different idea. Two twin-motor Grumman Gooses, carrying 14 other Plummer guests, had arrived just ahead of us. And the Eskimos, who are finding their economy boosted by using their boats to take people upriver to fish, were in the midst of a business boom.

While we waited for a boat, I had a heyday photographing the Eskimo camp. Finally I embarked with an Eskimo who spoke no English. His outboard was so slow that I am sure the char made far better time upstream than we did. "More gas," I urged. "More gas!" But all I got in return was a wide, friendly smile on the dusky, round face.

However, we had only three miles to go up the fast, swirling water, the only part of the river which is navigable. The slow pace gave me time to orient myself. Along the banks sled dogs were tethered on short chains to individual stakes, heavy steel collars around their necks. A caribou had just been killed and outside the tents the meat hung drying in strips like soiled washing on a line.

In places in the river, I noted the nets of Eskimos. From time immemorial, they and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have netted the char for food for sled dogs, only a few of the delicious fish going for their own food supply. Now, with the sudden elevation of char to sport-fishing prominence, only scattered nets remain.

We docked at camp just at the edge of a noisy white-water rapids. From the cook's table, I pocketed a sandwich for lunch and was off with Plummer and guide Garry Powers, all of us doing

double time as if late for an appointment. A short way south of camp, Plummer put down his rod. "We'll wait here for David," he said.

Soon a handsome 21-year-old Eskimo came barreling across the fierce water, the prow of his boat bobbing like a Yo-Yo. He took our gear and ferried us across to the west bank of the river. David's job was transporting Plummer's fishermen from bank to bank and to various islands around which char like to lie. All fishing is from the banks.

"Start walking, Hank," Plummer directed, as soon as we had landed. "We're going to the first waterfall before we start casting."

But it was just before we reached the falls, by a quiet pool, that Plummer suddenly stopped in his tracks and pointed, like a dog on quail. At first my eyes didn't focus. Then I saw them: blurs of red in the clear, shallow, turquoise river. Lying motionless in the quiet of the rocks alongside the pounding white water were big red male char, their noses pointed upstream. It was astonishing.

"That's what you came for," Plummer said. "Now get a hook on and go to it."

My excitement made my hand shake a bit. I snapped a small but heavy spoon to my 15-pound monofilament line and flicked it into the middle of the stream. The spoon sailed into the fast water, boiled with it and tailed sideways into the shallow, rock-filled edge of the pool.

"Reel fast or you'll hang up on a rock," Plummer warned.

I reeled the fluttering spoon right past a hulking char but it didn't so much as move a fin. On my next cast I tried to entice another fish. It also ignored the lure.

"When they are so disinterested, I think they're tired," Plummer offered. "After all, they've had a long tough swim to these spawning grounds."

As fast as I retrieved, I cast again, trying to tempt the indifferent fish, which were acting like some equally exasperating muskies I had tried to lure in the States. I was getting impatient. I wanted one of those char so much I felt like wading in and sticking the spoon in its mouth.

But it was Plummer who connected. Moving to the head of the pool, he cast alongside the current, retrieving upstream beside the rapids, but in quieter water. He was using a small spoon that was heavier than mine. When his fish hit, it jumped immediately, a great red arc. I stood hypnotized, watching the show. Gaudy as a fire engine, its underjaw hooked like a salmon, its body shaped like a mammoth trout, the big male crashed down. Then it flashed downstream 10 feet, to leap again. But Plummer, an old hand at this game, held the fish out of the fast water. Eventually, he worked it to shore, where Garry hauled it from the river with his bare hands.

"Sixteen pounds," I read enviously on my scales. It was the most beautiful fish—and one of the fightingest—I had ever seen in my life.

Since Plummer had caused quite a commotion in the waters, we decided to let this spot rest and move on upstream. We made our way over boulders and spongy tundra, cussing the black flies swarming around our heads, fighting scraggly willow brush for a path. It was about three miles to the second falls.

I cast my lure into the maelstrom a short distance below the six-foot drop of the falls and watched it churn into calm water. Then I saw a swirl, felt a determined tug. I hit back. The fish, its broad, dark back out of the water, its dorsal fin stiff as a sail, headed downstream. In an instant, my long rod bent like a supple willow. I felt the line spurting out against the drag on my level-wind reel.

"Don't let it get into fast water, or you'll never land it," Plummer advised. "Damn—it's too late—there it goes!"

The char had blazed down the pool to a gate in the boulders. There the rapids swung in, the water bulged, then slid into a white-capped shoal. At the bulge, the fish hung, sidewise to me, snapping its head. I couldn't pull it back. Fearful that the char would tear out or break the line, I did a foolish thing. I released the clutch.

The char shot downstream like a tarpon, burning the skin off my thumb as I tried to slow the line, the reel now in free-spool.

"Idiot!" I berated myself and began jumping from rock to rock after the fish. All that saved me from embarrassment was the fish itself. It ducked under a boulder halfway through the rapids. Now I could turn the crank, activating the drag. Below the rapids I saw another small pool. Into this, keeping my line short, I finally managed to work the char. There it jumped magnificently, the bright pink and white speckles on a bluish side sparkling in the sun.

"A female," Plummer observed. "We'll release her if you land her."

If I hadn't had my hands full, I would have socked him. My first char and he says release it!

Carefully, Plummer slipped scales into the char's jaw and lifted. "Nine pounds," he announced. Then he shook the fish off into the water, for to handle a char is to kill it.

The afternoon waned, but not the excitement. Always at our rod tips was that tempting water full of big fish. I caught two more females, a 12-pounder and one about five, both of which we turned back. A belligerent male of about 15 pounds hit and immediately spat my lure back at me, but Plummer landed a 14-pounder.

Despite the long Arctic day, the sun was drooping low in the northwest, its soft light painting to gold the glaciated banks of the river. We decided to postpone until next day the high falls, about three quarters of a mile on, and up which char cannot swim. Tired, we trudged toward camp.

Back at camp, the cook shack was buzzing with exclamations. One look into the icebox where fish were stacked like cordwood showed that no one was exaggerating. The fish ranged from six to 21 pounds. Dick Kotis, president of an Ohio tackle company and an expert fisherman, had caught eight char from the downstream end of a big island within sight of camp, one of the Tree's most productive fishing spots. Dick had kept

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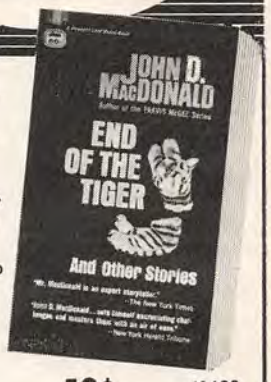

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"He has the will to live now—his wife just served him with divorce papers!"

two brilliant males, both over 20 pounds.

"Going to have them mounted head to head," he enthused. "These char sure have won my respect. They fight like Dempsey: slam, bang, hell-for-leather."

Bill Murphy, a lithe, handsome Canadian who is camp manager didn't doubt any of the stories. It is he who holds the world's record for Arctic char with the 27-pound, four ounce fish. His story topped them all: he had been forced to jump in a boat and follow his record breaker downstream to land it.

I learned that all fish caught on the Tree would be checked by Dan Dowler, officer for the Northwest Territories fisheries department. This was the first year an officer has been stationed on the river. Because of the scores of fishermen flying in, the government aims to control the pressure on the char. Plummer has the only overnight camp on the river and he limits each guest to one night, unless weather stops the planes. (Because of the photography I wanted to do, he had allowed me an extra day.)

Other camps at Great Bear Lake fly guests in and out the same day. So do some camps on Great Slave Lake. Private pilots are available at Hay River and Yellowknife, both reached from the south by gravel highway. Too, there is commercial air service to Yellowknife, largest town (3,500 residents) in the 1¼ million square miles of the sparsely populated Northwest Territories. (Total population is only 23,000, of which 8,900 are Eskimos, 4,500 Indians.)

Officer Dowler came into camp that night via his outboard-powered rubber raft. He was so tall he had to duck through the door of the cook shack. Dowler stuck out a big friendly hand and said, "Welcome to the Tree." I liked him immediately. He queried us about how many fish we had caught, time we had spent angling and number of fish we released.

Dowler's records are incomplete, of course. But, at that, he had some interesting figures. For example, in just a little over a month, 1,500 char had been caught, of which approximately 550 had been taken out, the rest eaten or released. Those kept averaged 10.8 pounds, the largest 25½ pounds.

We chewed the fat about the strange char, known scientifically as *Salvelinus alpinus,* but to Eskimos as *ilkalu.* Char have been discovered only in polar regions: Alaska east to Baffin Island, Greenland, Labrador and north to the limit of land; south to the streams entering from the north the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on Hudson Bay as far as the Churchill River. Russia has them, too, as does Norway, Sweden, Finland and other far northern waters.

The husky Dolly Varden trout of the Rockies is a subspecies of the char family. The same is true of the brook trout of lower Canada including the "coasters" of northern Lake Superior; and the red trout of Quebec, as well as the landlocked variety found in Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, and in Maine waters. Some species and varieties are nonmigratory.

Scientists seem to agree that the ocean-going char do not wander far from the mouth of the freshwater stream in which they spawn. They live in the stream all winter, going out beneath the ice just before it breaks up in July.

When I told Dowler about my frustrating experiences with male char, he offered an explanation. "Scientists are speculating that char do not feed for awhile after entering fresh water," he said. "That may be the reason they refused your spoon even though you nearly put it in their mouths."

As Dowler left for his tent down at the mouth of the Tree, Bill Murphy motioned to me from the doorway of the cook shack. "The sun hasn't quite set," he said. "Let's climb the hill and I'll show you a view."

I looked at my watch. It was almost 10 o'clock! Still, the day hadn't ended.

The hill lay upstream from camp and though it was a comparatively short climb, it was steep. We flung ourselves to the ground when we reached the top, relishing the chill wind that blew away the pesky black flies and mosquitoes. There we lay in peace, drinking in the picture below. I never want to forget it.

The shining river wound through shadowy hills. Fishermen were still casting from shores and tiny islands. The white tents of camp looked like toys. A flock of ptarmigan whistled, then in silhouette, fluttered from mainland to island. In the distance we could see the blue line that marked the Arctic Ocean.

It was difficult to believe, viewing this orange-canopied pastoral scene, that here was a challenging, rugged land where spring, summer and fall are crammed into two short months. Only 250 miles away lay the magnetic North Pole. Closer yet, the Hudson's Bay Company's summer supply boat was locked in by ice at Holman Island. In another month's time the Eskimos would be getting ready to build their igloos.

Next morning, Garry and I postponed the high falls to try the island where Kotis had scored and where Murphy had nailed his record. We were joined by 10 other fishermen including Kotis, all of whom would be flying out at noon. After that, we would have the island to ourselves until Plummer's new group came upriver.

The island was well situated. No wonder it was a hot spot. Off the main-channel side, a shallow rocky shoal extended to a point about 50 yards below the island, where the side channel roared in. Where the two channels clashed, there were two large boulders, about 20 yards apart, between which the big reds swam from fast water into the shallows. When one leaped—as they occasionally did for no apparent reason—everyone on the island let out a yell as if a halfback had just broken into the open.

But the char, voracious the afternoon before, now were spooky and fastidious. And the shoal into which they swam soon became a tackle graveyard. I'll bet that at least $500 worth of hardware and lines were lost that day. Tackle was at a premium, too. There was no way to replace it. Kotis even had a big char break his surf rod.

The largest fish taken all morning was a bounding 16-pounder landed by an Ohioan. I didn't have a strike. I blamed some of my failure on my surf reel, which went haywire after only three casts. This was the one spot on the entire Tree River where I needed it. With my conventional tackle, I could cast past one of the boulders where the char were jumping, but the line wouldn't drift to the second without hanging up.

Other than at this spot, however, long casts are unnecessary. Several fishermen, including Murphy, preferred open-face

spinning reels, on which heavy monifilament lines could be used. I saw no one with a closed-face spin-cast reel, probably because everyone realized that the light six to 10-pound lines required by most of these reels would lose far more fish than they would land.

Many of the successful char fishermen were using small spoons. They were three inches or less in length but about an eighth of an inch thick, so they would sink fast. Others preferred a weighted spinner and squirrel tail. On this island, too, I could see why Murphy needed a boat to land his record fish. A char that Garry hooked took off immediately into the raceway. The fish wouldn't stop running and we had no boat to follow. It took almost all of Garry's line before he reluctantly tightened the drag and the fish broke off.

This was our only action after the others left. About 2 o'clock, the new group arrived. One fisherman, casting from the bank opposite us, was soon fighting an 18½-pound male. Even from a distance, the char looked as red as a maple in the fall. Another newcomer was put ashore on the island. He walked up beside me, made three casts and picked up a 15-pounder. And all day I hadn't had a strike. I felt like getting drunk.

By now some things about char fishing were becoming obvious to me. One was that frequently char are foul-hooked. When one swirled at a spoon and missed, the hooks often caught it in the dorsal fin, which stands erect when the fish attacks. And I saw some hooked in the tail.

That night, Plummer, Bill and I decided to climax my fishing on the Tree by rising at 4 a.m. and hiking to the high falls. Next morning, with only coffee for breakfast, we started off in the chill of sunrise, glad for our insulated jackets. We boated across and started hiking.

"Keep an eye on the water," cautioned Plummer. "Watch for red."

As we neared the pool at the first falls, Murphy stopped. "We don't want to spook them," he said quietly. He moved ahead to reconnoiter, then waved us to follow. The char were there.

The falls were bathed in the shadow of the high hill opposite. Plummer sent me to the tail of the pool and he went around to the head. I made one cast before Plummer made his first. That was the last cast either of us made for half an hour.

Plummer's spoon had scarcely hit the water when a big char grabbed it, exploded out, flounced down, exploded again with a thunderous clap and then ran crisply for 20 yards in my direction. Plummer's reel whined and he had trouble holding his footing on the slippery rock. Then the fish bombed out once more, splashing water on me.

This was our largest fish yet. In the shadows the char looked all the more fierce as it wallowed and splashed. Murphy waded into the shallows, grabbed the fish, and snaked it out. The red brute tipped the scales at 19½ pounds. Two years earlier, before the discovery of char in the Tree, it would have approximated the world's record.

"You don't give a guy much chance to fish," I complained to Plummer.

"Your turn next," he promised happily. "We're going all the way to the high falls before we cast again."

Murphy returned to camp, Plummer and I tramped on alone. On the way, he told me of the discovery of char in the Tree River. In August, 1962, one of his groups of fishermen had flown north to the ocean village of Coppermine to see if the char run had begun in the Coppermine River. It had not. But one of the two Mounties stationed there mentioned that his buddy was over on the Tree netting char for winter feed for their dogs. The fishermen flew over for a look and found the giant char. In September of that year, a 24-pounder broke the world's record.

Plummer and I were now climbing the hill past the second falls. It had grown hot and we were sweating.

"Funny we don't see caribou," he remarked. "Plenty of droppings."

From the top of the hill, we looked down on a large, serene lake.

Grasslands spread flatly from the shores, the roar of water was blocked off by the hill. I made a couple of long casts, but nothing happened, so we hiked on around the lake. Before a faint trail had guided us, now there was none. At the far end of the lake, we followed a bend to the left and abruptly faced the high falls.

Twin chutes, tinted blue and about 20 feet wide, cascaded over a rock ledge, falling about 16 feet into a white, seething caldron that swirled and boiled over and through boulders for 100 yards downstream. Half sunlit, half in shadow, edged by rocky hills, the falls were beautiful.

As the foaming water raced into the lake, it fanned out to form a pool on the elbow of the bend. I cautiously stepped from rock to rock until I found a flat one at the edge of the pool, and then I cast into the foam.

The white water flung my spoon aside, right at an unseen char. In a second, I was fighting with an adagio-dancing red male. Not the largest, but mighty, just the same. I stuck the long handle of my rod in my stomach, put the other hand above the reel and held on. I had to keep the char out of that plunging chute to the lake. My drag was set just right. The fish made a run but stopped short, and I gained line while it rested. Then it ran again, and again.

But each run was shorter. Finally I had the char against a rock. The fish still had guts enough left to duck Plummer's extended hand. Eventually, Plummer seized the line near the spoon. With his other hand he grabbed the fish by the tail and pitched it out on the dry rocks.

The char weighed only eight pounds, but it had been a worthy adversary—red as flame, perfectly proportioned and marked. I left the Tree River that noon. As the plane, windows wet with Arctic Ocean spray, made its takeoff, I thought of an old legend of sailors. Once a man has crossed the Arctic Circle, he is permitted to put both feet on the table. This luxurious reward should go to anyone who has caught two char in the Tree River. —**Hank Bradshaw**

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THE SEX STUDY THAT BEGAN WHERE KINSEY LEFT OFF

[*Continued from page* 38]

connected with the University of Kansas.)

William Masters entered University of Rochester Medical School and rapidly fell under the influence of a professor of anatomy, Dr. George Corner.

"Corner was one of the greatest gentlemen I've ever met in medicine," says Masters. "And of course he was a great scientist, too. He was one of the original reproductive biologists. He was in hormone research very early. He identified progesterone, a hormone vital to conception, an important step forward in hormone research."

Corner, in turn, was impressed by this brilliant young student who had turned away from a potentially first-rate career in literature for medicine. In 1940 Corner left Rochester for Baltimore, where he had been asked to head the Carnegie Institute, an organization engaged in basic medical research. In the spring of 1941, he invited his former student down to have a look around.

Says Masters, "I was sitting in the Institute cafeteria one day with Corner and a couple of other senior men, and I asked them, 'What qualifications does a man need to do research in sex?'

"They got interested in the question, and for a couple of lunch hours they talked it over with me. They decided that a man who was going into this field would first need chronological seniority—he must be old enough to be beyond suspicion. Second, he would need a definitive research reputation in an extraneous field, some kind of work unrelated to sex. Third, he would need university—preferably a medical school—support."

At that point, quite simply, Masters committed his life to sexual research. Why?

"I can't tell you," he says. "I don't know. Part of it, certainly, was the fact that, as those senior men pointed out, nobody really knew anything about sex."

In any case, Masters set about fulfilling the conditions which Corner and the others had established. There was nothing he could do about acquiring some age, of course, but establishing a research reputation was another thing. On graduating from Rochester, he went to St. Louis, a city with a large medical complex well set up for research. He interned in St. Louis, studying the medical specialty most directly connected with sex: obstetrics and gynecology. Thereafter he went on the staff of Washington University as teacher and researcher, practicing in his specialty on the side.

In his research work, Masters concentrated on steroid hormones and the problems of aging. "We found out what happened to aging people and how to replace lost hormones," he says. Between 1948 and 1959 he published more than 40 scientific papers on aging, fertility and related matters. Today, based on Masters' work, steroid treatment is routinely given to geriatrics patients throughout the world.

By 1953 he had finished most of his basic work on steroids. He was now 38. He had a firm reputation as a first-class research scientist, and he had university backing. It was time, finally, to turn his full attention to sex.

He knew that he was pushing his way into a jungle where other good men had been hatcheted by narrow-minded people who objected to such explorations. Indeed, just about the time Masters was beginning to start his work, a young West Coast physiologist was retreating under a drubbing administered by official forces. This man had been curious to know what happened to the heart during intercourse. The matter seemed of prime importance. Heart ailment is a major killer and privately, doctors told of men who died of attacks during sexual activity. Cardiac patients invariably asked: "What about sex?" but doctors had no answers.

The young physiologist, perhaps naively, assumed that the way to find some answers would be to study the heart during sexual activity. Circumspectly, he obtained three volunteer couples and monitored their heart actions on an electrocardiograph while they had intercourse. He discovered that their heart rates jumped from the normal 70 beats per minute to 170 and over. This was important information, indicating that the effects of sex on the heart at the least deserved considerable further study. However, just as the results of the study were coming in, there was a pressure from a mysterious source. The sponsors of the project withdrew support, and the researcher is now working in another, "safer" field. He says, "To do this kind of work you have to be either courageous or stupid." (Masters, incidentally, is now evaluating the effect of sex on the heart and will publish his findings in the future.)

Even Kinsey, despite his enormous reputation, was not immune from attack. There was an attempt by some of his colleagues to get him fired from Indiana University in the earliest days of his research, and when he died in 1956, the United States government was trying to impound a mass of erotic research material he had had shipped in from abroad.

Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, one of Kinsey's closest associates, who is today in private psychological practice in New York, says, "This idea that Kinsey was hounded to death by his enemies is not true. He died from overwork, and besides there wasn't much of that kind of pressure—a few crank letters and phone calls."

What Masters was intending to research, however, was more taboo than anything Kinsey had undertaken, and it had to be anticipated that the attacks would be even greater. Where Kinsey was asking people about their sexual behavior, Masters sought far more information than subjects could answer themselves. He was determined to find out exactly how the body works during sex on the simple thesis that all knowledge is useful—and in this area vitally important. He wanted to know such things as the muscular reactions of the genital organs during intercourse, the timing and frequency of climaxes, the behavior of the nervous system. He was not sure, at first, what he would learn or, indeed, how to go about it.

Nor was this the end of his problems. He knew that he couldn't get a research grant until he had done enough preliminary work to blueprint a program. This meant that he would have to use his own money. He also knew that within the narrow strictures of state sex codes much of his experimentation could be termed illegal, and there was the chance that he might be jailed. Looking back on the risks, Masters shrugs now and

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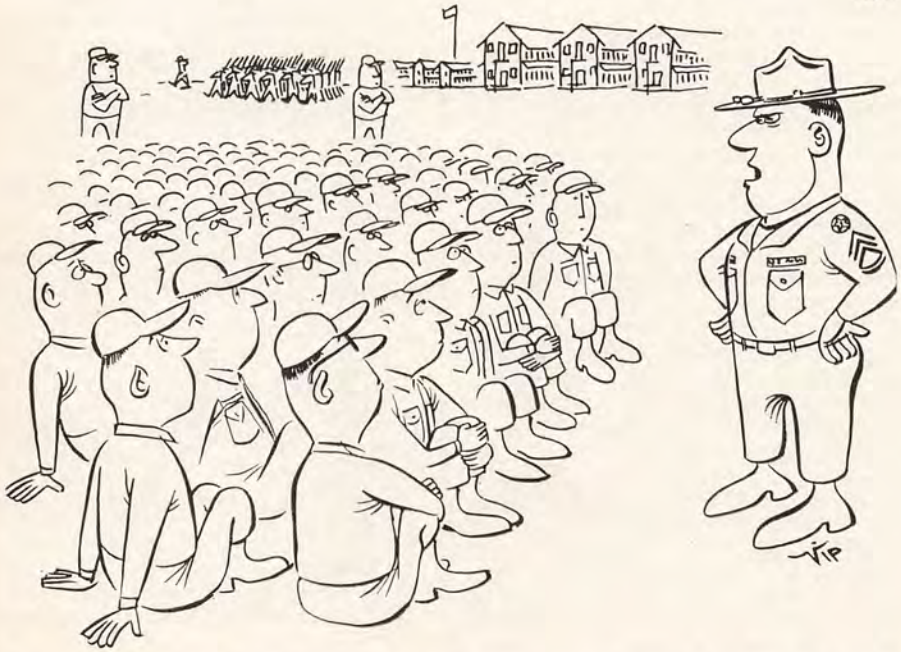

". . . and you will quickly discover that this present modernized army is much more democratic than the army of your fathers' time. Have you got that through your thick skulls?"

says, "I felt that the end justified the means." He was never arrested.

Once Masters decided to embark on his study in 1954, he felt the necessary first step was to develop techniques of measurement.

"Fortunately," he says, "I realized that I already had at hand one group of people who not only knew a lot about the physiology of sex, but who had an interest in realistic information: prostitutes."

Although it is still possible to find an occasional prostitute around Gaslight Square, St. Louis' jazz-and-go-go area, the city has been fairly well cleaned up in recent years. When Masters started his research, however, there was no shortage of girls in the slum sections out past Union Station, on Jefferson and Market Streets.

Masters refuses to divulge where he found his girls, or who they were, other than that they were "not just from St. Louis." Nonetheless, the Jefferson and Market Street area was the logical place.

For the next 18 months Masters spent countless hours with prostitutes, visiting with them several evenings a week. The meetings began awkwardly. Apparently —although Masters won't say—he was willing to give the girls some money for their time. But they were suspicious. Unlike other visitors, he professed interest in them rather than their wares and it took a long time for him to convince them that he really was an investigating scientist.

Once this was accomplished, however, he says the prostitutes became "tremendously cooperative. Of course I had to operate on their level—I had to learn to talk their language and sympathize with their problems. Over the 18 months I got an enormous amount of material from them, both sociological and physiological—what happened physically during intercourse."

While Masters says that he probably will never publish this material because it has become dated, his work with the prostitutes led him to certain important conclusions. For one thing, he decided he could not use the prostitutes as examples of normal behavior. Their sex organs were sometimes damaged and their responses might not always be standard.

Secondly, he came to realize that sex research of this kind could only be done by a male-female team. "There is," says Masters, "the problem of chaperonage. People are far less likely to question your motives when you are working with a woman partner. For another thing, there is the fact that no male really knows anything about female sexuality and no female really knows about male sexuality. By that I mean that a man may theoretically know what female sexuality is like, but he has never experienced it. I can understand what women are talking about far better if I have a medically trained woman to interpret for me."

It took Masters a year of interviewing before he found the proper female assistant in 1957. She was Mrs. Virginia Johnson, 30 years old and recently divorced. Mrs. Johnson, a handsome, soft-spoken psychologist, is Masters' closest associate; she is listed as coauthor of *Human Sexual Response,* and her name is on many of the projects' reports.

At the outset, Masters handed Mrs. Johnson one of his hottest potatoes, the most controversial aspect of his entire project: the recruitment of volunteers for the experiments. Getting prostitutes to cooperate was one thing; persuading ordinary people was another. How could even a doctor go about asking somebody to let researchers watch them masturbate?

Recalls Mrs. Johnson: "We almost fell over from shock with the relative ease with which we got volunteers."

Says Masters: "We just asked people if they would help. We began with people we knew around the university. We asked outpatients, the nursing staff, professors, medical students, medical technicians—all the kinds of people you would normally find around a huge medical complex. After the first year, people began to come in unasked and volunteered. In all, we interviewed about 1,200 people. Of these we eventually used about 700—382 women and 312 men, to be exact, ranging in age between 18 and 89. Of the rest, about 40 percent turned us down. The remainder we rejected for one reason or another. For one thing, all of our volunteers had to be able to have normal orgasm both from coitus and automanipulative techniques. For another, some people had physical abnormalities which ruled them out. And then, of course, we got pretty good at screening out people who were just looking for thrills."

They had to be. Although volunteers were assured that their identities would be kept secret, inevitably, the project attracted a certain number of exhibitionists whom Masters took pains to eliminate. Each volunteer was required to give a detailed medical, social and sexual history to both male and female interrogators, was introduced to all personnel who would be observing and was shown the equipment that would be used for recording and measuring reactions. After selection, subjects were, as Masters describes in his book, encouraged first to have sexual activity in privacy in the research quarters before doing so with investigative team members present.

Some of the volunteers were used only a few months for special tests. Others have been observed once a month for years. The studies take place in a small room, containing a bed, some laboratory gear and little else. The subjects may be asked to engage in sex in the presence of technicians, cameramen, medical artists, in addition to Masters and Mrs. Johnson. The volunteers used were not, as Masters readily admits, a cross section of the population. Drawn as it was, the group was better educated and more intelligent than average and, because of the medical atmosphere from which it largely came, freer in attitudes towards sex than most people. This still does not entirely explain why participants would subject themselves to Masters' studies.

Says Masters, "We paid them well, for one thing. Money was an important consideration to the medical students. But there is always a certain amount of intel-

[*Continued on page* 106]

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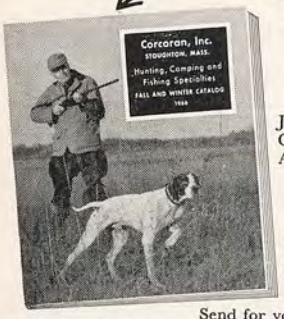

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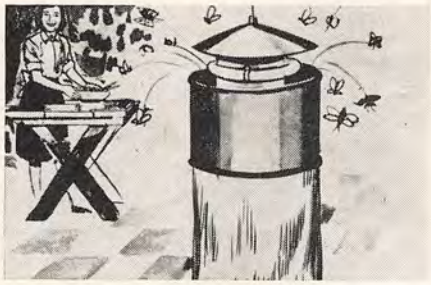

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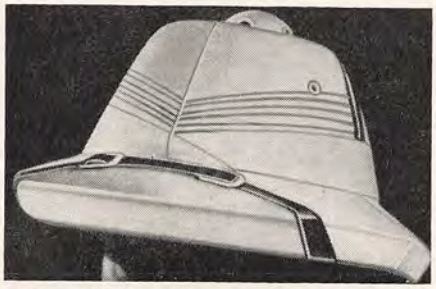

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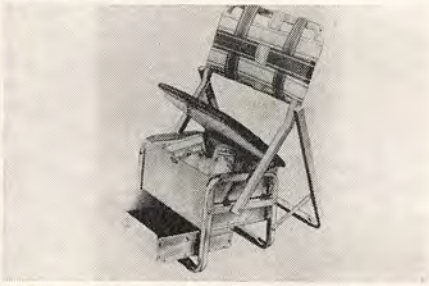

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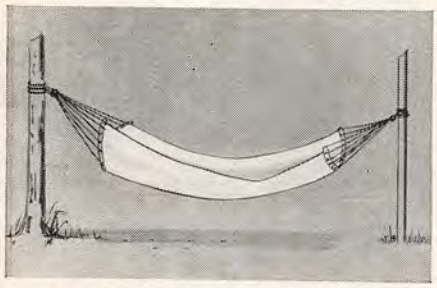

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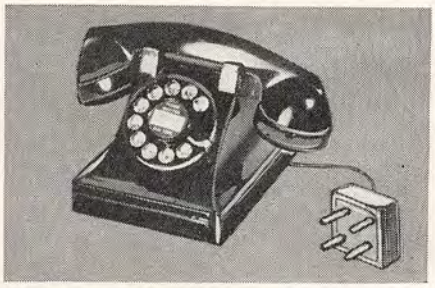

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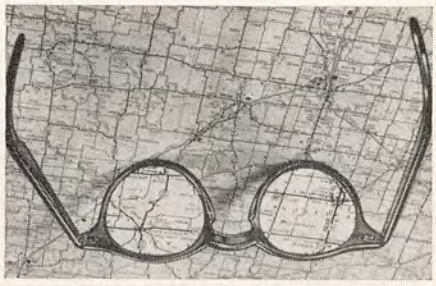

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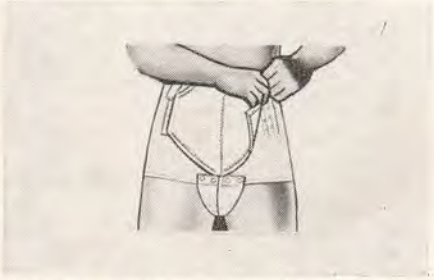

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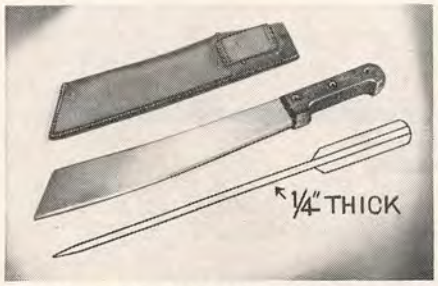

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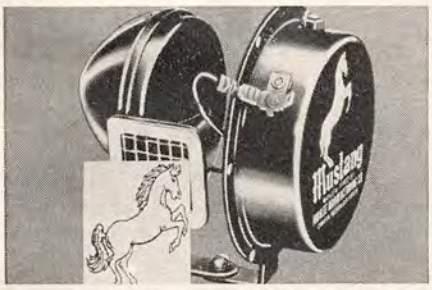

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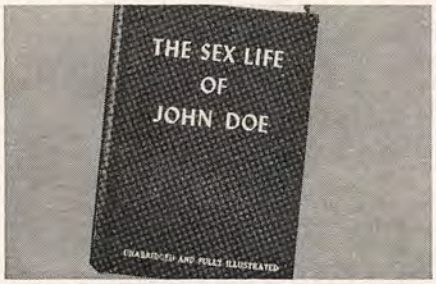

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[*Continued from page* 103]
lectual curiosity, too. I've never encountered anyone who was not curious about himself."

Inevitably, as word of Masters' work got around the university campus, a certain amount of "would-you-wouldn't-you?" conversation developed. Says one recent graduate of the university, "I don't know of anyone among my friends who actually volunteered. Nonetheless, people were pretty liberal about it. Masters has a sperm bank here, and a lot of people went into that." (Sperm banks supply seed for artificial insemination when husbands are infertile.)

The problem of volunteers solved, Masters turned to two others: money and bluenoses. They were intertwined and neither was easy to deal with. In 1957 he applied for, and received, a grant from the U.S. Public Health Service. This source was abruptly shut off in 1961. No explanation was offered, but the suspicion remains that somebody in the incoming Kennedy administration feared there might be vote-losing potential in the research. Masters next tried, without success, to get help from the big-name foundations. Eventually, he was able to get money from a few small foundations and private philanthropists.

Even today, money remains a problem. With more funds, Masters could move ahead faster with some vital studies. Take, for example, his discovery of the sperm-killing substance in the vaginas of some women. Masters knows it is there, but at present that is all he does know. Its importance is enormous. If he could remove or neutralize it, he might, of course, help thousands of childless couples to have babies. Or the substance might actually prove to be the simple, universal contraceptive scientists are so desperately looking for to solve the problems of overpopulation. Despite the grave importance of the matter, Masters has not been able to obtain enough money to hire one full-time biochemist to isolate the deadly substance.

Money, indeed, was a major reason for publishing the book. All royalties go to the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation which he has established, and the book's acceptance is a windfall. The royalties are going to prove far more lavish than Masters ever expected. The book is certain to bring the Foundation over $100,000 and the figure eventually could reach $250,000.

Resourceful as Masters has shown himself to be in scuffling for money, his ability to control premature publicity about his work bordered on the incredible. "I'm really terribly naive about public relations," he says. "I know nothing about it at all." Yet his success at keeping news of his studies out of 8,000 U.S. magazines and 1,700 newspapers for 10 years is surprising. Between 1954, when he began with the prostitutes, until the fall of 1964, not a single word about his research appeared outside of a few obscure medical journals.

How did he maintain public secrecy? "Over that time we had about 25 or 30 newspapermen approach us for a story," he says. Usually inquiries came after I'd talked to physicians somewhere about the work. My approach to the newspapermen was absolutely honest. I'd just lay the cards on the table, explain what we were doing, and ask them please not to give the show away yet until we had some results. Press cooperation has been marvelous."

One factor that helped to keep the work covered up was the refusal of the important medical journals to publish his papers. In the end, most of the approximately two dozen articles appeared in the relatively obscure *Western Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* (now *Pacific Medicine and Surgery*). Big-city science editors, who can't read everything, missed these progress reports.

The man who broke the cover, finally, was not a reporter at all, but a member of the medical profession. He is Dr. Leslie H. Farber, a Washington, D.C. psychoanalyst and head of the Association of Existential Psychology and Psychiatry. In an article in the November, 1964, issue of a small, literary-type journal, Farber described Masters' work in the course of attacking it for taking the romance out of sex. This put the fat in the fire and Masters decided to publish his book as soon as possible. "We'd have liked another year," he says, "but we're grateful for the time we had."

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In a way, however, the public problems of money and critics are no less troublesome than the complex personal headaches sex research brings. Masters and Mrs. Johnson, of course, are not the only observers involved in the study. There have been the photographers, artists and other technicians, as well as three outside researchers.

What does a wife or husband of someone engaged in such work think? Won't observers be stimulated erotically and perhaps dangerously? What about one's family? (Masters' two teen-age children have been subjected to some ridicule and indignities.)

Masters brushes these personal aspects aside as part of the job at hand. "We never bring anybody into the program—observer or participant—without a lot of orientation first," he says, indicating that the families of the observers also are forewarned about the nature of the work. Moreover, Masters insists that any normal person who has been properly screened and oriented will be unfazed by the sight of couples engaging in intercourse only a few feet away.

Other researchers agree. Says one man who worked on a previous, though considerably less intimate sex study: "You watch so often, you just never get a personal flicker. People at nudist colonies don't get sexually excited, you know."

Masters today is ensconced on the second floor of a small office building on St. Louis' Forest Park Boulevard, near Washington University. Although the sex project is now officially separated from the university, he still practices some gynecology and continues to teach a course in human sexual response at the University Medical School—a course he was the first to teach anywhere.

Three-fourths of his 80-to-90-hour work week, however, goes into the Foundation. He is continuing his observations, of course, but much of his time now is devoted to adapting his findings to help frigid or impotent men and women. The usual procedure is for a married couple with sexual problems to spend some time in St. Louis where they are examined, counseled and given what amounts to a course in lovemaking.

Last May, Masters and Mrs. Johnson reported to a convention of psychoanalysts that more than 80 percent of 268 couples who had come to them for assistance went on to achieve a satisfactory sexual adjustment. Doctors termed the rate of success far higher than ever before reported.

Masters is planning to publish these results in 1968 in a book to be called, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. He also hopes by next year to establish a postgraduate training program for therapists who then will be able to use his methods in counseling their "sexually crippled" patients throughout the country.

This is not to say that Masters doesn't continue to receive sharp criticism both from within and without the medical profession. Much of it echoes the Farber refrain that Masters' research ignores such matters as love, tenderness and privacy which obviously play a part in the sex lives of human beings. Dr. Morris Fishbein, the well-known former editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, complains, for example: "The findings obtained are immediately biased by the artificiality of the environment."

Other authorities, however, have cheered his studies. A professor at the University of California called the book "the best work that has ever appeared in this field." A distinguished New York doctor hailed the removal of sex discussions from an "overcharged psychological atmosphere to a medical one that can undercut some of our deeply imbedded puritanical attitudes and vicious moral inhibitions."

Doctor Masters, the strong-willed center of the controversy, is more convinced than ever of the value of his work. So are most of the other workers in this particular vineyard. They say: any man who can bring medical understanding to sex and overcome the miseries of sexual failure has earned a right to ignore criticism. Anyway, 70 percent of the letters Masters received after publication of the book, were neither pro nor con. They simply were pleas from people seeking advice. **—James Lincoln Collier**

INCIDENT AT EXETER

[*Continued from page 33*]
by the Air Force. I felt that it was incredible that this many police officers could report a phenomenon like this without it being based on fact. I tore out the clipping and waited for a follow-up. Nothing happened; the story disappeared from the pages of all the New York papers.

Facing a deadline for a column, I checked with the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington and learned from its Assistant Director Richard Hall that not only were these cases unexplained, but that two sheriffs in Texas had sped away from an enormous object some 250 feet in diameter that came down to road level and hovered a few feet off the ground. At the same time, I learned about the Exeter case, also involving competent police officers, one of whom was an Air Force veteran.

I knew next to nothing about the UFO subject and in fact was extremely wary of it. I knew that a certain element of UFO believers was wildly irresponsible and I was determined to avoid this element in any research I might do on the subject. On the other hand, the prevalence of recent police reports suggested that there must be substance to the story and, if there were, the press was certainly not giving it proper coverage.

As a naive and unbiased observer, I approached the story with extreme caution and resolved that I would follow one rule: To overdocument and understate.

THE UFO'S ARRIVE

At 2:24 a.m. on September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello, three weeks away from joining the Navy, plunged into the Exeter, New Hampshire, police station in a state of near shock. He was white and shaking. Patrolman Reginald "Scratch" Toland, on duty at the desk, helped him light a cigarette before he calmed down enough to talk.

His story came out in bursts. He had been hitchhiking on Route 150 from Amesbury, Massachusetts, to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. The traffic was sparse, and he was forced to walk most of the way. By 2 that morning he reached Kensington, a few miles short of his home. Near an open field between two houses, the Thing, as he called it, came out of the sky directly toward him. It was as big as or bigger than a house. It appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter, with brilliant, pulsating red lights around an apparent rim. It wobbled, yawed and floated toward him. It made no noise whatever. When it seemed as if it was going to hit him, he dove down on the shallow shoulder of the road. Then the object appeared to back off slowly and hovered directly over the roof of one of the houses. Finally it backed off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for the house. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered.

At that moment, a car came by, moving in the direction of Exeter. He ran to the middle of the road and waved his arms frantically. A middle-aged couple drove him into Exeter and dropped him off at the police station.

The kid had calmed down a little now, although he kept lighting one cigarette after another.

"Look," said Muscarello, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. *But you got to send somebody back out there with me!*"

The kid persisted. Officer Toland, puzzled at first, was impressed by his sincerity. He kicked on the police radio and called in Cruiser #21.

Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station. Bertrand, an Air Force veteran during the Korean War with air-to-air refueling experience on KC-97 tankers, reported an odd coincidence. An hour or so before, cruising near the overpass on Route 101, about two miles out of Exeter, he had come across a car parked on the bypass with a lone woman at the wheel. Trying to keep her composure, she had said that a huge, silent, airborne object had trailed her from the town of Epping, 12 miles away, only a few feet from her car. It had brilliant, flashing red lights. When she had reached the overpass, it suddenly took off at tremendous speed and disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in."

Toland turned to the kid with a little more interest. "This sound like the thing you saw?"

"Sounds exactly like it," said Muscarello.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when Patrolman Bertrand and Muscarello arrived back at the field along Route 150. The night was clear, moonless and warm. Visibility was unlimited. There was no wind and the stars were brilliant. Bertrand parked his cruiser near Tel. & Tel. Pole #668. He picked up the radio mike to call to Toland that he saw nothing at all, but that the youngster was still so tense about the situation he was going to walk out on the field with him to investigate further. "I'll be out of the cruiser for a few minutes," he said, "so if you don't get an answer on the radio, don't worry about it."

Bertrand and Muscarello walked down the sloping field in the dark, Bertrand probing the trees in the distance with his flashlight. About 100 yards away from the roadside was a corral

where the horses of the Carl Dining farm were kept. When they reached the fence, and still saw nothing, Bertrand tried to reassure the kid, explaining that it must have been a helicopter.

Then, as Bertrand turned his back to the corral to shine his light toward the tree line to the north, the horses at the Dining farm began to kick and whinny and bat at the sides of the barn and fence. Dogs in the nearby houses began howling. Muscarello let out a yell.

"I see it! I see it!" he screamed.

Bertrand reeled and looked toward the trees beyond the corral.

It was rising slowly from behind two tall pines: a brilliant, roundish object, without a sound. It came toward them like a leaf fluttering from a tree, wobbling and yawing as it moved. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of Carl Dining's pre-Revolutionary saltbox house turned bloodred. The Russell house, a hundred yards away, turned the same color. Bertrand reached for his .38, then thought better of it and shoved it back in its holster. Muscarello froze in his tracks. Bertrand, afraid of infrared rays or radiation, grabbed the youngster and yanked him toward the cruiser.

Back at the Exeter police station, Scratch Toland was nearly blasted out of his chair by Bertrand's radio call. *"My God. I see the damn thing myself!"*

Under the half protection of the cruiser roof, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, about a football field's distance away. It was rocking back and forth on its axis, still absolutely silent. The pulsating red lights seemed to dim from left to right, then from right to left, in a 5-4-3-2-1, then 1-2-3-4-5 pattern, covering about two seconds for each cycle. It was hard to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights. "Like trying to describe a car with its headlights coming at you," is the way Bertrand puts it.

It hovered there, 100 feet above the field, for several minutes. Still no noise, except for the horses and dogs. Then, slowly, it began to move away, eastward, toward Hampton. Its movement was erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It darted," says Bertrand. "It could turn on a dime. Then it would slow down."

At that moment Patrolman David Hunt, in Cruiser #20, pulled up by the pole. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland at the desk and had scrambled out to the scene. Bertrand jumped out to join Hunt at the edge of the field.

"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "It was going from left to right, between the tops of two big trees. I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear those horses kicking out in the barn there. Those dogs were really howling. Then it started moving, slowlike, across the tops of the trees, just above the trees. It was rocking when it did this. A creepy type of look. Airplanes don't do this. After it moved out of sight, toward Hampton, toward the ocean, we waited awhile. A B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Within moments after the object slid over the trees and out of sight of Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello, Scratch Toland took a call at the desk from an Exeter night operator.

"She was all excited," says Toland. "Some man had just called her, and she traced the call to one of them outside booths in Hampton, and he was so hysterical he could hardly talk straight. He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish he was cut off. I got on the phone and called the Hampton police and they notified the Pease Air Force Base."

The blotter of the Hampton Police Department covers the story tartly:

> Sept. 3, 1965: 3 a.m. Exeter Police Dept. reports unidentified flying object in that area. Units 2, 4 and Pease Air Force alerted. At 3:17 a.m., received a call from Exeter operator and Officer Toland. Advised that a male subject called and asked for police department, further stating that call was in re: a large, unidentified flying object, but call was cut off. Call received from a Hampton pay phone, location unknown.

At 4:30 a.m. that morning, Mrs. Dolores Gazda, 205 F Street, Exeter, and mother of Norman Muscarello from a previous marriage, was in her own words "pretty shook up." Without a phone, she had had no word from her son since early the previous evening. Nervous and wakeful, she watched the police cruiser pull up outside her second-floor flat, where she keeps a spotlessly clean apartment in the face of a restricted budget. She ran to the outside wooden stairs and watched officers Bertrand and Hunt escort her son up.

"You know what a shock this could be to a mother," she says. "And of course I could hardly believe this fantastic story. It wasn't until I talked to the two police officers that I knew what they went through. When he came in with the police, he was white. White as a ghost. I knew he couldn't be putting me on. Thank God the police saw it with him. People might never believe him."

Lt. Warren Cottrell was on the desk at 8 o'clock that morning. He read Bertrand's report, a rough piece of yellow manuscript paper hunt-and-pecked as a supplement to the regular blotter.

Cottrell called the Pease Air Force Base to reconfirm the incident and, by 1 in the afternoon, Maj. David H. Griffin and Lt. Alan Brandt arrived. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length, and returned to the base with little comment. They were interested and serious.

By nightfall that evening, a long series of phone calls began coming into the police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses in previous sightings before the police report.

Nightfall also marked the beginning of a three-week nightly vigil by Muscarello, his mother and several friends. In the short time left before he was to go to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he was determined to see it again. He did.

I checked in at the desk of the Exeter Inn on the morning of October 20, 1965, and waited over 10 minutes for a bellhop to take me to my room. Two tape recorders, a Polaroid camera and a suitcase took up most of the space, but the room was cheerful and I would be spending little enough time in it.

I was armed with extensive background material supplied me by Maj. Donald Keyhoe's organization, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP). Both Richard Hall, assistant director, and Ray Fowler, their Massachusetts fieldman, had been most generous with their time and information about a subject I knew literally nothing about.

I met officers Bertrand and Hunt for lunch that day in the sprawling, tearoomish dining room of the Inn. Only a few hushed patrons were lunching at the time and Hunt's bulk as he came through the door of the dining room dominated the room. He looked twice the size of Bertrand in every dimension. He had a quiet, wry New Hampshire accent and a salty sense of humor.

Bertrand was wearing zylonite glasses, was soft-spoken and serious-looking. Although he appeared slight and scholarly, I recalled that his lieutenant had told me over the phone that he was invariably assigned to the tough cases. Over a porterhouse steak I learned more about what had happened and—I was surprised to learn—was still happening in Exeter following Muscarello's UFO sighting, more than six weeks earlier.

"For quite a stretch there," Hunt said, "three or four phone calls a night would come into the station. Most of them were pretty sensible people and a lot of them came pretty close to the description of the things we saw."

"I think you'll find," Bertrand said, "that a lot of people are really afraid to report seeing these things. I know I was damn glad when Dave pulled up in his cruiser that night, if nothing else than to check me out. Some people might be making mistakes, but I'm convinced a lot of them aren't. When I was in the Air Force, I used to work right on the ramp with the planes. I could tell what kind of plane might be around just by the sound of it. Right after this thing went away on September 3rd, an Air Force jet came over. Dave and I both saw it. It was very clear what it was. No comparison at all between it and the object, in either lighting or configuration or sound, or anything else. And, of course, the B-47 was high and the object was low. Right down over the trees. It was im-

possible to make a mistake in comparing the two. On the way out to the place with Muscarello, I thought the kid for sure had seen a helicopter. But it wasn't. Not by a long shot."

"He's a pretty cool kid, Muscarello," Hunt said. "It would take a lot to shake him up. And he was shaken up, there's no doubt about that."

Hunt went on to say that Muscarello was now at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, but suggested I could get some details from his mother.

After lunch, Bertrand and Hunt got in my car, a smallish Volvo sedan which sagged a little under Hunt's weight. We drove out Route 108, then turned left on Route 150 southerly toward Kensington and Amesbury. Hunt pointed toward another road slanting up a hill ahead of us.

"Up this road another kid, Ron Smith, saw the thing too."

"When did that happen?" I asked.

"About three weeks after we saw it. Said it passed over his car twice."

"Anybody with him?"

"Yes, his mother and aunt. They were all scared to death when they pulled into the police station."

"What kind of kid is he?" I asked.

"Pretty decent, from what I know," Hunt said. "Works in the grocery store after school, right across from the police station. You might be able to find him this afternoon."

I made a mental note to interview Smith, just as we approached Tel. and Tel. Pole #668. We pulled up near it and got out of the car. Stretched across the field was a heavy wire with a metal sign on it, reading KEEP OUT.

"The owner had to put this wire and sign up right after it happened," Hunt said. "Dozens of cars out here every night for weeks afterward. People dropping beer cans and cigarette butts all over the place. Some of 'em used to wait here all night to see if it was coming back."

We looked out over a wide, sweeping field of some 10 acres, rimmed by tall evergreens. To the left was the tidy neo-Colonial residence of Clyde Russell. To the right, about a hundred yards away, was the rambling, ancient saltbox farm, its timbers tidily restored by Carl Dining, a gentleman farmer who kept several horses and other livestock. Behind the Dining house was a split-rail fence forming a corral, where the horses were romping. The ground sloped down toward the evergreens, and in the far distance we could see the Atlantic shore at Hampton, a half a dozen miles to the east.

I asked Bertrand to reenact the scene in as much detail as possible. He pantomimed the motions in detail, reliving the incident.

"Well, we both got out of the cruiser, walked down the field, down the slope, down to over by that fence there."

He pointed to the split rails of the corral, about 75 yards down the slope. "I was shining my light all around to see if I could spot anything. Especially over toward those woods."

He pointed toward the woods several hundred feet away, in the direction of Hampton.

"When he yelled, 'I see it! I see it!' I turned fast and looked up. He pointed near the trees over there—the big ones. The leaves are off them now, but they weren't then. It was coming up behind them. It hovered, looked like it banked and came forward toward us. He seemed to freeze, and that's when I grabbed him and ran back to the cruiser. We got in the cruiser and I called in saying I was seeing it. Dave came. Dave came, and it was moving down toward the end of the field, across the tops of the trees."

"Just to the right of the big trees," Hunt said. "That's when I saw that fluttering movement. And the pulsating lights."

Bertrand pointed back toward the two big trees. "These trees must have been blocking the light when we first got here," he said. "It was somewhere, but I didn't see it. Then it came up from behind the trees, it's thick there, thick enough to hide it. It came up and it looked like a big red ball when it was still behind the trees."

"About how far above the trees did the thing seem to be?" I asked.

"Well," said Bertrand, "I figure those trees to be about 70 feet high. And it was about 30 feet above them. That's how I figured the altitude of the thing was about 100 feet."

"A little lower," Hunt said, "and it would have looked like it was skimming the trees. And it was rocking over them. An airplane couldn't do this if it tried."

"And here's another interesting thing," Bertrand said. "Right after the thing disappeared toward Hampton, we waited, and that's when we saw the B-47 going over—a conventional jet we see all the time around here. Everybody knows them—and the B-52's and the Coast Guard helicopters. Kids in their knee pants know them here. Grandmothers know them. Anyway, when we got back to the station and Scratch Toland told us about the hysterical man calling from the Hampton phone booth, Dave and I back-timed what happened and figured that the man made this call just about the time the craft had moved from us to Hampton."

"And then I saw it later," Hunt said. "About an hour later, down on the 101 bypass. But it was too far away then, and I didn't make any big fuss about it."

"You couldn't identify it for sure?"

"Not positively," Hunt said. "But I could pretty well say it was the same thing. And it was still over Hampton."

We got back in the car and Bertrand directed me toward Drinkwater Road, and then over Shaw Hill, where Ron Smith and his mother and aunt had reported their sighting several weeks later.

"They were scared, there's no doubt about that. Shaking. Really white. The second time he saw it, Smith said it backed up over his car. Like it went into reverse gear. Said it was round with bright lights over the top of it. On the bottom, some different colored lights. Said it looked like it was spinning, like a top."

Next to the tiny room housing the police desk is a small courtroom to handle those cases requiring immediate attention. It is spotlessly clean, with shiny brown woodwork out of respect for the serious business of the dispensation of justice.

It was in this solemn room that afternoon that I interviewed young Ron Smith. He was a pleasant-looking 17-year-old whom I had found in the grocer's across the street, unpacking a carton of chicken soup. His boss at the store, skeptical of the UFO situation, had let him off for a few minutes, on the assurance that I wouldn't let him take a ride in a flying saucer. "He's too good a worker to lose," he said.

Young Smith was used to this gentle ribbing, he said, ever since he and his mother and aunt were driving that night first on Drinkwater Road, then on Shaw Hill, not more than a half a mile from where Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello encountered their inexplicable craft. "They can kid me all they want," he said. "I know what I saw. Nobody can tell me I didn't see it. Nobody. That's all there is to it."

Smith, a senior at Exeter High, was planning to go into the Air Force after he graduated. His marks in school were fair to good, averaging around a gentleman's C. His boss at the store, in spite of the ribbings he liked to tender Smith, thought he was a top worker. Mrs. Oliver, at the police desk, knew the boy and described his character as exceptionally good.

Sitting at the attorney's desk in the tiny courtroom, I asked him to describe his experience in as much detail as possible.

"Well," he said, "I was riding around with my mother and aunt. It was a warm night, I guess around 11:30 p.m., and this was just about two or three weeks after the officers here saw this object. All of a sudden, my aunt said, 'Look up at the sky!' I thought she was kidding, but I looked up and then stopped the car. I saw a red light on top and the bottom was white and glowed. It appeared to be spinning. It passed over the car once and when it passed over and got in front, it stopped all of a sudden in midair. Then it went back over the car again."

"Stopped in midair?"

"Stopped in midair, went back over a second time, stopped again. Then it headed over the car a third time and took off. It scared me, it really did. And I started to come back into Exeter to report it to the police. I got partway back—all the way to Front Street—when I came to my senses. I wanted to go back to make *sure* it was there. To take another look to make sure I wasn't seeing things. We did go back. And sure enough, it was in the same spot again. It passed over the car once, and that was the last time I saw it."

"Did it take off fast or slow?" I asked him.

"Well, it didn't rush. It just sort of eased its way along. Then it took off fast."

"How about sound? What kind of sound did it make?"

"It didn't make any real sound. Just sort of a humming noise, like a cat when it purrs. And incidentally, I got up again that morning, about 4 a.m. to see if I could see it again. But I didn't see it."

Shortly after the interview with Ron Smith, I learned that Bob Kimball, a newsreel cameraman and stringer in New England for all three of the major television networks, lived in Exeter and had been very interested in the Muscarello-Bertrand-Hunt incident. I had worked with Kimball before, on several documentary films I had produced, and knew him to be a hardy and pleasantly cynical man, traits which often characterize the newsreel cameraman in any area.

When I saw Kimball, he frankly admitted that he was puzzled and baffled. He had a long-standing habit of spending a great deal of time at the Exeter police station, especially late at night when he found it hard to sleep. Used to the irregular hours his profession demanded, Kimball ws essentially a night person. His habit was to drop by the police desk about midnight, chat with Officer Toland at the desk and follow up on any interesting cases which came in over the radio. Along about 3 in the morning, he would join Rusty Davis, owner of the local taxi company and another one of the night people, and the two would drive over to a bakery in Hampton, in the rear of a small restaurant called Sugar'n Spice, for coffee and hot doughnuts, just out of the oven. This was a ritual for both of them.

"Unfortunately, I wasn't around the night of the Muscarello case. I was sleeping, which is something I don't usually do and don't approve of. I would have given my left arm and an Arriflex camera to have caught a picture of that thing. Gene Bertrand finally did wake me up—about 4:30 a.m., I guess it was—but by the time we got out there, nothing was in sight and I was still half asleep. And Gene was still shaken, which is very unusual for Gene. He's a tough cookie. So is Hunt. They're not the kind to go around making up any story."

I asked him what he made of it all.

"I just don't know," he said. "I can't figure it out and I find it hard to even guess at it. Something was there and something is continuing to happen. That much I'm sure of. Too many people all around the area are reporting this seriously and a lot of them aren't dummies by a long shot. I kept thinking if I could only get a picture, a good picture, a close-up, then we'd have something to work on. I carry a loaded camera in the car with me all the time, but still no luck."

Kimball offered to drive me around the area after midnight and invited me to join him and Rusty, the taxi man, at their nightly ritual at the bakery. He also offered to point out several of the many spots from which reports of UFO sightings had been made both before and after the September 3rd event.

"UFO hunting has become a popular sport. All along Route 88, on the way to Hampton, and 101-C in the same direction. You see cars waiting out there every other night."

The streets of Exeter at midnight are ghostly and quiet. The shops on Water Street, which sprawl along the bank of the Squamscott River, are dim and silent. Across from Batchelder's Bookstore, featuring cards, gifts, stationery, the faint blue fluorescent light POLICE flickers and glows uncertainly from the side of the Town Hall building. Inside, Desk Officer Scratch Toland holds a nightly rein on cruisers #21 and #22, most frequently manned by patrolmen Bertrand and Hunt on the midnight-to-8 a.m. tour of duty.

Scratch Toland, with a round and impish face, is a veteran officer on the force, with a sharp and dour Yankee tongue and a pleasing wit. With his help, I was able to cull the names of over a dozen witnesses to UFO incidents, many more than I had anticipated, from the police blotter. It was my plan to interview as many of these people as I could.

"This is interesting," I told Toland. "I didn't know you had so many leads."

"Lot of people were keeping 'em quiet," Toland said. "Afraid people might think they were nuts. Thing that brought so much attention to the September 3rd sighting was that there were two officers on hand to testify directly."

"Do you think there are many more sightings unreported, not on the blotter?"

"I *know* so," said Toland. "Keep running into people who tell me they saw such-and-such quite a few weeks ago, a few nights ago, or whenever it was. It's getting now so that people aren't even bothering to report them."

It was nearly 2 in the morning when Kimball and Rusty Davis showed up at the station. There was a lot of kidding around and then the nightly pilgrimage for the coffee and doughnuts got under way. We would have a chance to look at some of the favorite places the UFO hunters haunted on the way over to Hampton.

We piled into Kimball's car, a big Chrysler especially equipped for his newsreel and documentary camera work, with a shortwave radio, a mobile telephone, cameras, lights and film stock. It carried a license plate CBS-TV, although he worked for all three networks. "We'll check a couple of these places on the way down," Kimball said as we moved out of the empty streets of Exeter and onto the Hampton road. "But don't expect to see anything. Rusty and I have been looking every night since it happened and we haven't had any luck. There's one spot on Route 101-C where some reports have come in—and another field on Route 88 where a lot of them have. We'll go by there first."

Rusty, in the back seat, mumbled, "As long as we don't forget the doughnuts." A shaggy, congenial man with an enormous appetite, he had heard a lot about UFO's as he taxied the citizens of Exeter and environs around the area.

Route 88, from Exeter to Hampton Falls, is dark, winding and lonely, a fit place for a tired UFO to rest, if indeed UFO's did exist. In spite of the evidence, some of it rather startling, it was hard to overcome the resistance of a skeptical outlook, born of the scientific age. And yet one of the prerequisites of science is to keep an open mind.

For the first time the idea began to grow on me that, in spite of official protestations, the Establishment (in the form of official government, Air Force and scientific agencies) was actually in as weak a position as the protesters or witnesses, if they could be called that. Regardless of official proclamations, the Air Force offered no definite proof of nonexistence (a paradox, of course, but everything in this case was a paradox, an ambivalence, a dichotomy). But neither did the witnesses offer proof. They offered only conviction, sincerity, dedication and resolute resistance to any who would call them false witnesses. What was most distressing to these people was that the Establishment—mainly in the form of the Air Force—was responsible for calling them liars and incompetents with almost unforgivable bluntness. There seemed to be shaping up here a mammoth confrontation between the Air Force and the growing number of reliable observers.

The threat of the UFO was still psychological, however. No instance of any physical harm befalling a human being had been reliably reported in the 20-year history of the phenomenon's most yeasty occurrences. Even those observers who had had close and frightening encounters experienced no physical harm. Interstellar beings who could conquer the forces of nature to the extent of defying gravity (if thousands of observers were telling the truth), harness electromagnetic forces, and defy G forces which the entire NASA space program showed no indication of conquering, should easily be able to do harm at will.

The UFO's had apparently made no attempt to communicate with earth people, unless, of course, they had communicated directly with the scientific elite, who, having reported it to the government, were promptly restrained from releasing it to the general public.

And then of course the question would come up: Could scientists be squelched like this? Wouldn't some intrepid scientist say to hell with politics and everything else, he was going to bring the Truth to the public because he *believed* that truth was more important than both politics and the Establishment combined?

On the other side of the fence, if you presupposed a benign and intelligent group of political leaders, or Air Force generals, who were faced with definite evidence and proof of the fact that UFO's of extraterrestrial origin did exist, wouldn't

they, out of concern for the entire organized structure of society, feel that they must be most cautious in the manner in which this intelligence should be released to the general populace? The Orson Wells "invasion" in the late 30's, a single dramatized radio program, resulted in mass hysteria. Would the same thing— or worse—happen if official government sources announced blandly that we definitely had visitors from another planet? What would a reasonable and prudent man in a position of complete authority—such as the President of the United States—do when confronted with such a decision?

There have been, I learned after I started this research, frequent and continual rumors (and they are *only* rumors) that in a morgue at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, lie the bodies of a half-dozen or so small humanoid corpses, measuring not more than 4½ feet in height, evidence of one of the few times an extraterrestrial spaceship has allowed itself either to fail or otherwise fall into the clutches of the semicivilized earth people. What would any of us do if we bore the responsibility of releasing this news to the citizenry? If we were the "reasonable and prudent man" our law courts always use as the measuring stick of judgment, we would probably be very circumspect. We might even delay judgment.

As I drove down the twisting, darkened curves of Route 88 in Bob Kimball's newsreel-equipped Chrysler, thoughts like these were going through my mind.

Another ritual assumed by Rusty and Kimball was to deliver a parcel of doughnuts and hot coffee to the police station at Hampton Beach, the resort section of the town, swarming with visitors during the summer, now deserted and boarded up in October. We drove along the ocean, past the shells of the summer hot-dog stands and curio shops, and pulled up in front of the police station, the only light visible in the entire seashore community. It was close to 3 in the morning by now and the only sound was the echo of the breakers on the beach.

Sgt. Joe Farnsworth was on night duty, a gray-haired gentleman who tendered some friendly insults to the regulars for being so late with the coffee.

He recalled the night of the frantic phone call from the man in the unknown phone booth, pulled out the blotter and showed me the record of it.

"There's another story, though," he said, "much more interesting than this one. It's not on the blotter because we turned the whole thing over to the Coast Guard station and they took it from there."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," the sergeant said, "this was about two months ago. That would make it some time in early September or late August. I don't have the names of the two fellows involved, but the Coast Guard does, if they're allowed to give them to you. Anyway, I was cruising up on the boulevard. It was late, about 4 in the morning, I think. This car was parked along the side and I eased up to it to see what was up. There were these two boys in it, I guess they were in their late teens. As soon as they saw me, they came running to the cruiser. And they were scared to death, I mean scared to death. Both of them. And this one boy said, 'You'll never believe what I'm going to tell you!' Right away, the way they were acting, I checked to make sure they were both sober. And they were. No liquor on the breath, nothing like that. They were just plain hysterical. So they told me they were going down the boulevard, and this thing come in from the ocean right over the top of their car, and it stayed still over the car. And they stopped short, they thought it was a plane that was trying to land and they didn't want to get involved underneath it. Then this thing stopped, too, whatever it was. Right in the air. Pretty soon, they got scared and took off—and when they did, this thing did, too. But when they went up the boulevard straight, this thing suddenly came right at them. That's when they pulled over, the thing shot off out of sight, and they were too hysterical to do anything until I pulled up, I guess. So I took them up to the Coast Guard station."

"How far is that?" I asked.

"Couple of miles up the shore from here. Right on the beach. So anyway, the Coast Guard had these guys write out statements about what they saw, and everything. And they had somebody come over from the air base, I don't know who it was, and check on it. And I don't know what they found, but these kids definitely saw something."

"Yon don't have the names of the kids anywhere?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. But the Coast Guard does. And the next day, the story was flying around so much I was believing it myself. Especially the way these kids were so hysterical. They couldn't have faked that in a million years."

"Any other cases come your way?" I asked.

"Oh, a couple of weeks ago," the sergeant said. "After the beach closed. About a week or two after Labor Day. We got a report, you might have heard about it, that the thing was over the marsh, back of the police station here. I went out there, but I didn't see anything. Then there's a woman who works at the high school in Exeter. I took her to school one morning, her car had broken down. She saw it. She was going up the expressway toward the Exeter line when she saw it and she said the thing stopped off to one side of her car. She got petrified and stopped the car and couldn't make up her mind what to do. All of a sudden, she said there was a big white flash from the thing, and it was gone." The sergeant paused a minute, and leaned back in his chair. "Now I still don't know what to make about all this," he said. "Do you suppose it's something the government is working on?"

"That's one possibility. All I can say is that it's anybody's guess."

"It seems to me, and I might be wrong," said the sergeant, "that every night we got a report on this, it's been foggy, hazy."

"Most of the time," Kimball said, "in Exeter, it's been clear. So I don't think that holds up."

"That night the kids went up to the Coast Guard station, it was quite foggy. But you know—on a second thought, I don't think it could belong to the government, because the government can't keep its mouth shut that long. They'd be so proud of themselves if they had a vehicle that could do all this, they'd have it on TV the next day."

"Well," said Rusty, "they can't be dangerous. Because they've been around enough that they could have done plenty of damage by now, if they wanted to."

It was almost dawn when I got back to the Exeter Inn. Tired as I was, I found it difficult to get to sleep; everything that had happened during the long day of October 20 ran through my mind.

The possibilities seemed to boil down to one of three things: first, a revolutionary government secret weapon, unannounced and unpublicized. Second, it might be a foreign craft. Russia's perhaps, that was so fast, maneuverable and invincible that it could thumb its nose at our own Air Force, and survey the country at will and without fear of being captured or shot down. Third, it could be an interplanetary craft, coming from a civilization far advanced beyond our own.

These were, it seemed to me, the only speculations possible unless it could be assumed that the sightings were psychic aberrations. From the quality of the official and technical witnesses making low-level observations, such as the one Bertrand and Hunt had reported, mistaken identity could almost surely be ruled out. The Air Force explanations of some of these sightings were actually harder to believe than the sightings themselves. Psychic aberrations? Maybe—but highly unlikely. There was photographic and radar evidence, too. Bertrand had refused point-blank to believe the reports of the lone woman on the 101 bypass, of Muscarello, too, until in the company of both Muscarello and Hunt the thing suddenly loomed above him.

Of the three major speculative possibilities, there seemed to be arguments against any one of them being likely. If it were an experimental aircraft of our own design and making, it would be required to carry conventional running lights simply for air safety, if nothing else, regardless of its secret nature. And the Federal Aviation Agency would prohibit it, secret or not, from zooming straight at automobiles on the highway and forcing people into nervous shock. It would most certainly not be permitted to hover and maneuver in populated areas at night, skimming over housetops and cars. And if it were *that* secret the Air Force would not want it in populated areas anyway. If it were not secret, as Sergeant Farnsworth had said, it would be all over TV along with the astronauts, whose feats would be overshadowed by the power and maneuvers of the UFO's.

If the craft were of foreign origin, why had it not set off vociferous complaints about violation of air space in our country, or any other of the countries which had reported UFO's so frequently? The single U-2, which had flown over Russia at 60,000 feet, had created a major international incident, blasted the hopes of a summit conference and brought before the United Nations a case which still echoes through its halls. Logic would seem to rule out this possibility, also.

If the UFO's were extraterrestrial, why had they not at-

tempted to communicate with us? Certainly a civilization advanced enough to create interplanetary or even interstellar craft should be able to make it plain to us that we had visitors from space for the first time in recorded history. Unless, of course, they had already communicated with authorities who had decided to withhold this intelligence on the theory that the public might panic.

The latter possibility is at once the most logical and still most illogical (again the paradox). It is more logical than the other two only because the other two possibilities (advanced U.S. or foreign man-made craft) are so totally illogical.

The next morning, October 21, I had an appointment with Mrs. Virginia Hale—a UPI stringer and a reporter for the Haverhill, Massachusetts, *Gazette*. She lived in a generous ranch house on a trim residential street in Hampton, not far from the ocean. Mrs. Hale was an experienced observer. She knew every conventional flight pattern of the nearby Portsmouth Air Base, as well as the commercial air lanes reserved for airliners on their way to Boston.

She took me immediately to her kitchen window, set above her spotless stainless-steel sink, and pointed out the portion of the sky in which she first saw the unknown craft. She had kept it in clear view over a five- to 10-minute period. She pointed to a soapish smear on a pane of her window.

"I put my finger in the dishwater the minute I saw this thing in the sky," she told me, "because I wanted to clearly mark the position where it was when it first came into view. The only thing I had handy to do this was the soapy water, and you can still see it there—faintly of course. But it's there."

It was. Enough of a mark to line up a fix on a certain portion of the sky, above the rooftops of her neighbors' homes and out over the Atlantic a short distance. It was from this general portion of the sky, I recalled, that Sergeant Farnsworth had described the craft coming in over the two hysterical young men on the Hampton boulevard that early morning when they had been whisked to the Coast Guard station to make their report.

"I don't know the date I saw this," Mrs. Hale told me, after she had poured a cup of black coffee in the kitchen. "I'd say two to three weeks ago. I was standing right here by the sink, about 25 after 6 in the evening. It was dusk, it wasn't quite dark, and there was still plenty of light. The reason it caught my eye was because it was bright and because it was going slow, very slow. Not at all like the path of the planes as they come over. So I automatically figured something is wrong. Then—it stopped dead over that house—"

She pointed to the roof of her neighbor's house, just out the kitchen window. "It was about three times the height of that chimney," she continued, "and it hovered there. Now you know four minutes is a long time and that's why I hesitate to say that. But I'm pretty sure it was that long. Then I marked the window with the smear from the dishwater, so I could remember where I lined up the spot."

We moved outside, as she reenacted what had happened. "At the moment the object stopped I came out here on the terrace. Now, I would estimate that it was out beyond the Coast Guard station which is right on the shore, just over these houses here. After it started up again, it moved much faster. The B-47's go further east and further north before they cut back. And when this thing cut back toward the southwest, coming directly back and losing altitude fast, coming in really fast, and coming, almost, I swear I thought it was coming right at me. Of course, to be frank, I was hoping it would land. And it cut over this house behind us here, and I knew I would lose sight of it. But also, it was going so fast I thought it was going to crash."

"Could you get a clear look at it at this time?"

"Well, at this point I could see from underneath, too. It was dome-shaped, and underneath, it was flat. Its altitude was now about twice the height of that chimney. By the time it was over here, I could see the bottom and the front of it plainly. And here I got a full view of the bottom and the back and tail, maybe you'd call it a fin. Then I went into the house and looked out the front window."

"You could definitely rule out a plane?"

"Definitely," she said. "If you're around here any time at all, you'll notice the B-47's come by here on their landing pattern, and they go just about directly over this house. Then they head out to sea, to the east, turn slightly west, and come in by Rye and North Hampton. So I am familiar with all that. And, oh, there was one thing I forgot to tell you. Right after I saw this, there was a commercial plane moving on a steady flight pattern and I used that to contrast it with this thing, and to check the altitude and erratic movements of the object. Now what exactly did it look like? I'd say maybe it looked like a golf ball, sliced off more than half, and with another slice taken off where this fin was. As close as I can describe, it was very bright, not like any kind of light I can think of. I know I've seen something like the texture of this light, not a regular electric light. Matter of fact, the Puritron was the first thing I thought of."

"What's a Puritron?"

"It's an ultraviolet light, an air purifier. I have one here and I'll show you. The light was bluish-green, but more green and white than it was blue. It had very definite outlines, and that was what I wasn't quite sure of at first. It did have a little glow around it, but that could easily have been a reflection of what was coming from within."

"Can you tell me what portion the glow was coming from?"

"Well, more or less from around the rim, that's what I noticed when it was going north along the coastline. And it sort of spread up the top part of the dome."

"Was it a bright light? Anything like neon?"

"You're getting close," she said. "When I described it to my daughter—she's 14—she said you mean something that makes heat? But I would say more like one of these modern streetlights that glow so brightly. Except that it seemed more contained. It seemed to have more substance."

"Could you tell if the surface was metallic or not?" Mrs. Hale's description was so articulate, I wanted to get every possible detail.

"I could not say that it was," she said.

"Any portholes?"

"No, nothing like that."

"Jet trail?"

"No."

"Sound?"

"Absolutely none. None at all."

"When it stopped, you say it stopped still?"

"Absolutely."

"Did it wobble at all? Rock?"

"No."

"Absolutely stationary?"

"Yes. That's the thing that struck me. It hovered only in the sense that it remained suspended. I had heard of some of the other reports and they had said that it rocked or wobbled."

"Did it behave aerodynamically like a plane at all?"

"Well, when it came back toward me, it was going too fast for anything that I know. That's for sure. And in the pattern that it was coming, none of the planes around here would use that pattern. Not even the local ones. When it was out in the east, I thought it might have been a reflection from the chute that the B-47's use just before they touch down on the runway."

This, I noted, showed an inclination to check out her own sighting against other possibilities. It helped support the accuracy of the testimony.

"About the shape again. Could you give me any more detail?"

"Well, if you turn a real deep, very deep saucer upside down, you do come close to it, if you break out a corner on it. If I could think of the right type of light I've seen and the right type of plastic to put it inside of, that's the impression I had."

"A glow from within that left a halo effect?"

"That's about it."

"And the size of it? Could you give any estimate of that?"

"It was big."

"If you saw a B-47, which you know so well, going over in a landing pattern, how would it compare?"

"If it were strictly on its landing pattern, I would say that a B-47 would be half as big."

I had gotten a number of leads from Scratch Toland and other policemen in Hampton and Exeter. The next one I followed up was Mrs. Rudy Pearce. Her home is in a miniature Levittown-type development on Warner Lane. It is a split-level

house surrounded by well-kept shrubbery with the usual quota of bicycles on the lawn. I rang the bell and waited a moment until Lillian Pearce, a large, handsome woman with a shock of blonde hair, opened the door and let me in. I was almost stunned by what I found inside. Sitting in a semicircle was a group of a half a dozen or so of the neighbors, waiting for me, and anxious to tell me of their many experiences with UFO's. Also in the room were several teen-agers, mostly of high-school age, who were ready to volunteer their personal stories. I had been expecting a single description from Mrs. Pearce and, instead, I was faced with a neighborhood meeting. It was helpful, of course, because I could compare several stories with the others I had heard. For the first time in the research, I began to get the feeling that UFO incidents were far more widespread, more frequent and more recent than I had suspected.

The room was so crowded that it ws difficult to keep the meeting coherent. Mrs. Pearce dropped the opening bombshell by announcing that she had encountered a low-level UFO only the evening before as she was driving her children and those of a neighbor home from a dance. I quickly scanned the other faces—both the housewives' and the teen-agers'—to see if any disbelief was registered. None was. There were only nods of assent. I was a little numbed by this, but went on with the questioning.

"This was a real odd craft last night, I kid you not," Mrs. Pearce said.

"It was definitely not a plane?" I asked.

"Definitely. It was treetop level and had an enormous span."

"Where was it in relation to your house here?"

"It was up by the next farm," Mrs. Pearce said. "Just as you turn the corner here on Route 101-C."

We were on Warner Lane, just off this road, one of the main highways from Exeter to Hampton.

"About what time?" I asked.

"About 10," Mrs. Pearce said. "These kids here were with me."

I looked around the room at the teen-agers. If there is any proclivity that can be said to be certain, it is that of teen-agers to debate or neutralize any parent who tries to exaggerate in front of them. I was watching carefully for this reaction. "All of you saw this?" I asked the teen-agers.

They replied, almost in concert, that they had.

"It was real wide," said Mrs. Pearce. "It went right over our car. I'm not kidding you. Mrs. Deyo—Doris here—was with us."

I looked in Mrs. Deyo's direction. She nodded in assent.

"How can you be sure it wasn't a plane?" I asked.

"Do planes make no noise?"

"This was silent?"

"This was absolutely silent. This was not a plane. All of us here know planes, day or night."

Mrs. Deyo spoke. "It looked like it had a lot of little, I call them portholes, except they were square. The light coming through them was solid white."

"There were other lights on it, but they were dim," said Mrs. Pearce. "Several colors, red, green, orange. All over. And the surface seemed to be metal. I don't mean that metal can change shape, I mean the lights all around it, they can change the pattern and make it seem to change shape. I say the lights can camouflage it in the air, they definitely can. I believe that 100 percent."

"This thing just dropped down toward the car," Mrs. Deyo said. "It dropped down, and it seemed to take on red lights, and it followed us. My son was in another car near us, and he saw it over our car."

"How close over the car?"

"I mean close," Mrs. Pearce said. "Not more than eight to 10 feet above it. The lights seemed to circulate, rotate around it. Airplane lights don't do this. They flash on and off."

The atmosphere in the room was tense and electric. It was still hard to control the group, to keep everybody from speaking at once.

"Let's go back," I said to Mrs. Pearce, "to your first experience. And the objects you saw closest to you."

"The first experience I had was on July 29th, this past summer. This was before anybody had seen anything around here. That I know of, anyway. And I thought I was losing my head. I was with my daughter here, my 14-year-old, and we first thought it was an accident down the road. With these bright, flashing red lights. It seemed to be right on the road. When we got near it, I could see this wasn't an accident. It was a huge craft, right on a field beside the road. Then it suddenly took off. My daughter won't go out at night alone anymore, since then. I'm not a brilliant brain, but I'm not stupid, either. I can tell you what I saw. I don't care if anybody believes me or not. These things I saw. And nobody's ever going to try to convince me any way different."

Like the others in the room, Mrs. Pearce was passionate in her testimony. It was a little difficult to keep her on the track, but she was a basically intelligent woman, and I encouraged her to go on.

"It's just like I told the colonel at the air base: You show me the craft, I said. He said he couldn't show me the craft, the Air Force had no such thing. I said, Then what is it? He said, It's a UFO. All right, I was told that over the phone, when I called the base after this July incident. I wasn't even going to call them. I told one of my friends that they'll think I'm nuts. According to the officers, none of them have seen these things. When the major and the colonel came down, we looked at what appeared to be a star, except that it was blinking red, green and white. It didn't appear to be a star to the major, but he didn't know what it was. The colonel did see two very puzzling red things in the sky, and he had some very, very poor excuses for it. Very poor, as far as I'm concerned.

"At one point, they thought we might be seeing the strobe lights of the runway. The colonel sent the major and a lieutenant back to the air base to have the strobe lights turned on. This was after Doris and I had gone up to the air base to talk with them. We were all down on Route 88. While we were waiting to see what would happen, we were talking, and a strange object went across the sky, not low, the way the ones which have scared us, but high. I asked him. What do you call that thing there? He said, Well, that's an airplane. I said, Oh is it, well how come it doesn't make any noise? Well, it's too far away, he said. I said, No it isn't, Colonel, and there were about 15 or 20 cars there by the field piled up. He asked me why they were there and I told him. Then I said, What kind of plane is it, are you going to tell me it's a jet? He said, No, it isn't. Well, what is it? I said. Then he sort of, you know, couldn't quite name it. Then he came up with a name, I can't even remember it. I said, I'm sorry, I don't agree with you, Colonel. I didn't. So then another object started over the road, right down on Route 88, right across the road. By the Applecrest Orchard. So the other one starts over, and I said, Okay, what's that? Oh—that's a plane. I said, Oh, you think it is. Okay. So one guy there in the crowd had binoculars, I didn't have any at this time, I went out and bought some later. I asked if he'd let me use them, and he did. The colonel looked through them and his face dropped. It did, I could tell. Now what is *that?* I said. Well, he says, you know there are passenger planes that come into Boston along here. I said, Oh, you mean they stop in the orchard to have apples? I said, That's pretty stupid. I said, I'm sorry, I don't agree with you. No, I mean it, I don't care what I say. Nobody's going to tell me I can't see something. So, anyway, one woman was standing in the background, she said, I'll tell you something, I've seen those things and they're *not* airplanes. She said, There's no noise to them. She said, I never saw a plane look like that. I believe that woman down there, she said, meaning me."

I had to admit that I was spellbound by Mrs. Pearce's vivid recollection of the scene. She continued.

"Now he's a colonel in the Air Force, he should have much more intelligence than that. So, anyway, finally he decided he had to leave. I said, Oh, Colonel, what about the strobe lights? You were trying to tell us that we were having hallucinations or seeing reflections from the air-base runway. By this time, the major had returned and admitted that the lights had been turned on and off on a regular pattern, and we had seen nothing unusual at all while they were doing this."

Mrs. Pearce took a deep breath. "All I can say is that if they're from another planet, the Air Force being the way it is, I hope they're friendly people."

I had come up to Exeter expecting to explore a single incident. Now it seemed to have developed into a constant, steady flow, not just from the group on Warner Lane, but in scattered places throughout the area.

My talk with the Pearce neighbors and the teen-agers continued for over an hour. Reports on Route 88 and on 101-C near some high-power transmission lines were the most frequent, but some of them had seen the unknown objects along Drinkwater Road and near the sighting by the Exeter police officers. I kept questioning their capacity to distinguish what-

ever objects they saw from ordinary planes, military or commercial. They insisted that regular planes continually passed over, day and night, and that the objects they were reporting had nothing to do with them.

"How would you feel," Mrs. Pearce said, "if you had a daughter who wouldn't go out the door at night because of these things?"

I figured that mass hysteria here could not be discounted, that it had to be seriously considered as part of this cluster of sightings. Meanwhile, I was going to reserve judgment. When Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo asked me if I wanted to look over the locations they had described, later on in the evening, I said that I would. I had to admit I felt a little odd; this would be the first time I had ever gone UFO hunting, and I made a mental note to ask Bob Kimball to come along. If by the remotest chance we did see anything, I would want to have a solid man like Kimball around, who, in addition to being a newsreel cameraman, was a fully licensed pilot, familiar with all types of running lights on airplanes. He agreed to join us.

That night we covered two or three locations on Route 88 that both Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo described as places where they had seen the objects. When we reached the field where the colonel and the major had been confronted by Mrs. Pearce's wrath, we got out of the car to see if any strobe lights were visible from the runway of the air base, over 10 miles away, and to study the landing- and running-light patterns of planes which might be over the area. Both Kimball and I wanted to do this to examine with Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo the possibility of mistaken identity of planes.

Over a 15-minute period, we saw the running lights of four planes which, Kimball pointed out, would be making a landing pattern for the air base. Both Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Deyo immediately recognized them as running lights on planes and didn't, as I had half expected, attempt to convert them into UFO's. This was a strong point in their favor, and helpful in making a better assessment of the amazing testimony given me that afternoon.

The night was dark, moonless, with a very high overcast. No stars were visible, of course, so that the winking running lights of the planes stood out clearly against the gray void above.

Just as we were getting ready to get back in the car, Kimball noticed the running lights of a smaller plane, moving at a considerably faster speed than the lumbering B-47's and B-52's.

"That boy is really moving," Kimball said. "If he's anywhere near the landing pattern of the field, he's breaking speed limits at that altitude."

The plane was coming toward us, moving southeast at a rapid clip. Its running lights were plainly visible in conventional aircraft pattern. It took perhaps 20 seconds for it to get almost abeam of us and the roar of its jet engine could now be heard. Its altitude seemed to be about 6,000 to 8,000 feet, according to Kimball. We were both watching it rather intently because its pattern was entirely different from the other planes we had observed.

Just before it drew abeam of our position, Kimball nudged me. "What the hell is that?" he said.

I looked and saw a reddish-orange disk, about one-fifth the size of a full moon. It was about three or four plane lengths in front of the jet, which appeared to be a fighter. The plane was moving as if in hot pursuit. The disk was perfectly round, dull orange more than red. It was luminous, glowing, incandescent. The plane was not closing the distance between it and the object. We followed both the plane and the object for 18 or 20 seconds until they disappeared below the southeasterly horizon.

If Mrs. Pearce or Mrs. Deyo were saying anything, I didn't hear them because Kimball and I kept up a running commentary with each other on what we were seeing as the plane moved from abeam of us until it went over the horizon.

"Check me," Kimball was saying. "What exactly do you see?"

"An orange disk," I told him. "Immediately in front of the running lights of an apparent jet fighter."

"A little to the port of it, too, wouldn't you say?" Kimball asked.

"Maybe. Not much to port."

"Do you see any running lights on the disk?" he said.

"No. Nothing but the orange glow."

"Right," said Kimball.

In almost precisely the time in which we carried on this conversation, both the plane and the object had disappeared. The whole thing happened so fast that I'm not sure how I reacted. I said to Kimball, "Well, that sure as hell is the most interesting thing I've seen."

Mrs. Pearce, however, seemed to shrug it off. "That was nothing," she said. "Wait until you see one close up."

The next day, still checking out leads, I visited the town of Fremont, a dozen miles from Exeter. I found my target, Bessie's Lunch, in a lonely wooded clearing not far out of the village. It was a rustic diner, homespun and friendly in atmosphere, with barely enough room behind the long row of stools to stand. A tall, angular Yankee behind the counter turned out to be Mr. Healey, husband of Bessie, in whose honor the diner was named.

Mr. Healey was friendly, but reserved. I ordered a cup of black coffee, and finally confessed that I was on the track of UFO reports, and perhaps he could help me.

"Understand you got several reports down here about them. Is that right?" I asked. "Several" turned out to be a low estimate.

"Ran into one couple here," Mr. Healey told me, "who saw it pretty close. Right along the power lines down here. They all seem to describe it pretty much the same, that's what gets me. No matter what place they see them in. If the people were making it up, I don't think they'd come in with the same descriptions. This couple come in from South Hampton or Hampton, I don't know which one it was. I've known the father ever since I was a kid, and I know he wouldn't lie about it. And his was the same description as all the others has given—dozens of 'em. And we have so many that come from different parts dropping by here. We had a woman in here who come all the way from Epping. She claims she saw it, and she described it the same way: a round flying object with bright lights, and then it's got this orange and red light. And she says it flies along that way—no noise, not one of them. They all say close to the same thing, that's what gets me." Another customer, Jim Burleigh, had also heard a good many reports.

We were interrupted when Bessie, a plain and honest-looking woman, came in with her daughter, a smiling girl in her twenties. I lost no time in questioning her daughter, who mentioned her own sighting first. It had happened as she was standing in her backyard in Fremont.

"The first one I saw," Bessie said, "went right down in back of the trees. It was white and then it turned red. Dark red. But first it looked greenish-like. And then there was a plane that seemed to be trying to circle it. And I was with my other daughter, we both saw that. She has seen it more times than that, too. We saw it two nights in a row, the same time of night. Early evening. I went out on Tuesday night—just last Tuesday, out at the clothesline, and I said, Gee, am I seeing things? It was really close. That night it was round, just as big, and you could see these silver things coming down from it. So I went in and called my neighbor, and I said, Come out on the field, quick. But her husband yells, We can see it better from the attic, and he called down he could see it real good. Then it went down behind the trees, and came up again. It's just like the one we saw the other night. It went right down the power line. That's what it always seems to do—hover over the power lines."

Bessie could not be called an expert witness, but there was no question that she recalled the incident vividly and genuinely. And here again the power lines were indicated, miles away from Exeter.

Jim Burleigh finished his coffee and agreed to take me to the Jalbert family, a few hundred yards down the road. It was a small house by the side of the road, not more than 40 or 50 feet from the poles of the high-tension power lines which crossed the road at that point. The lines, part of the Northeast Grid, interlock communities with electrical power, and permit different utility companies to exchange power when a peak demand requires "borrowing" electricity from another community. Some transmission lines are mounted on huge, gaunt steel towers; others use oversize lighting poles, as was the case here. When they are constructed, a wide ribbon of clearing is made extending dozens of feet on each side of the lines, in order to keep the

wires free of any entanglements with foliage or tree branches. This creates, in effect, wide highways or swaths of clearing which sweep across the country.

Before we went into the Jalbert house, I examined the power lines carefully. The swath must have been over a hundred feet wide, and you could look down it in either direction for several miles. Overhead, some 10 or 12 heavy wires were suspended, sweeping along the open swath until they disappeared in the distance.

Mrs. Jerline Jalbert, a pleasant and unassuming widow, had made a modest home for her boys, Joseph, Jr., 16; Jerle, 14; Kent, 12; and a smiling four-year-old. They were bright kids, standing high in their classes at school, innately friendly and curious. The entire family often stood watching by the power lines at dusk. Mrs. Jalbert told me what she had seen the previous week.

"It was a funny-looking shape," she said. "Very hard to describe. This was Tuesday night. About quarter of 7 when I saw it. We had just been outdoors and we happened to look and we saw this bright-red thing in the sky there. It was really close, because you could see something hanging down from it that night. I don't know what it was. When I had gone in the house to call a neighbor, it had moved across the field by then. Then it slowly disappeared out of sight."

"Can you recall the shape a little more clearly?"

"Well, it was big and it was round. Like a glowing light. You'd think it was just like the moon rising out of the sky, but of course it wasn't that. It was the size of the moon, or bigger, though, when I first saw it."

"What was your reaction?"

"It doesn't scare me any. I'd just like to know what it is."

"How about the way it moves?"

"Well, it does both. First it goes fast and then it goes slow. Slows right down. Then it seems to go up and down. It's the darndest thing."

"Now this thing that was hanging down. What was it like?"

"It was silverish. Several things. And you could see them, because it was glowing in that part of it."

"How long were you able to watch it?"

"A good half hour," Mrs. Jalbert said. "And you see, this is only one time. We see it regularly along here. Always seems to be somewhere near the power lines. It often comes around 7 o'clock, and by quarter of 8 it's gone. Monday night we saw it—" She turned to Jim Burleigh. "Was it Sunday I called you up about it? Anyway, it goes way up in the sky finally, and it gets smaller and smaller as it goes up, and gets more orange. And a lot of times, this airplane comes out and chases it."

I turned my attention to Joseph Jalbert, the 16-year-old.

"When we saw it the first time," he said, "it was even with the power line. Right beside it."

"That low?" I asked. I was fascinated because for the second time in as many days I had run into a cluster of people who reported seeing the objects regularly. These people had no connection with Mrs. Pearce's group and were not even aware of the others' existence.

"All of a sudden," Mrs. Jalbert added, "it'll disappear. Then, just as sudden, it'll come back. Then little red lights will sometimes come on top of it, and one on the bottom. Off and on."

"Now you say it seems to stay pretty close to these power lines?"

"Yup," said Mrs. Jalbert. "It seems to stay over these lines most of the time it's been down through here. It's always over those wires."

That evening Kimball joined me and we went to see Fremont's Chief of Police Bolduc and his numerous family who lived in a rambling old farmhouse. Kimball and I were admitted by the chief into the sprawling country kitchen, where an assortment of children and adults were in varied stages of finishing up dinner. Mrs. Phyllis Bolduc, plump and cheerful in spite of the confusion, was as cordial as her husband.

At the head of the large kitchen table was Meredith Bolduc, the 22-year-old daughter-in-law of the chief. Jesse Bolduc, married to Meredith, leaned back against the wall in a wooden chair underneath a rack packed with hunting guns, while children and grandchildren of assorted ages made occasional excursions in and out of the room off the kitchen which housed the television set. The scene created the impression of a Yankee version of a Bruegel painting of friendly family confusion.

I told the group that the chief had suggested earlier in the day that they might be able to give me some information on Unidentified Flying Objects.

Meredith, an attractive young housewife with short black hair, spoke first. "Go no further," she said. "I tell you that the experience I had is enough to make your hair curl."

"Tell me about it," I said, slinging the battery recorder off my shoulder and turning it on.

"Oh, dear," she said. "Am I going down in history?"

"Doesn't make you nervous, does it?"

"Not really. Maybe a little."

"Just relax and forget about it."

"It's these men of mine here who really make me nervous," she said, referring to her father-in-law and husband. "But anyway, I know exactly what I saw and I'm going to tell you about it, no matter how much they kid me. Actually, they know better."

"You're darn right they do," said Mrs. Bolduc. "They know this is no joke."

"Anyway," Meredith Bolduc continued, "this thing was coming up the power lines toward the road, this was going from Fremont toward Kingston, at the power lines right down near the town line. It was coming and it didn't stop. I just kept on going on to Kingston, to my folks. And when you see one of these things, you don't forget them. This was last week, just a few days ago. But I saw it much closer two weeks ago Wednesday, that would make it—that would make it October sixth. This is the closest it ever came to me."

"Where were you at the time?" I asked.

"On the Raymond road. Driving."

"Did you stop?"

"No. I didn't know whether to goose the car or turn around and go home."

"It was close?"

"Yes. Came right down toward the car."

"What was your reaction?"

"Scared! Scared to *death*. In fact, a couple of minutes after that, I saw a light shining over my shoulder and I turned around and jumped a foot—but it was only the moon!

"This was the only night I was really afraid of it," she continued. "The other nights it was fascinating, it was way off in the distance. What good is it going to do to reach for a gun or to goose your car and make it go faster?"

"About how high up was it when you saw it that close?"

"I'd say a couple of treetops high. You just had to look up a little, right in front of the windshield, and there it was."

"Could you make out any detail?"

"Well, it was bright, and white, with sort of fluorescent red around the rim. Like a big light bulb, the way the white part of it shone. It might have been more whitish-yellow, the main part of the thing was."

"What about the shape?"

"It wasn't flat, but it wasn't round either. Not oval like an egg, but it was oval—not quite as oval as an egg. You could tell it wasn't round, but it wasn't square and it wasn't flat. It was a funny shape."

"Where was the red?" I asked. I was continuing to ask the same question more than once, as a double check on accuracy.

"On the outside of it. Around the rim. And I'll tell you this much—I don't particularly care about seeing it that close anymore."

The men chuckled. Meredith reacted quickly.

"By God, you guys laugh!" she said. "But wait until you see it up close! And I'll also say this: I absolutely refuse to drive alone at night anymore."

Kimball and I were silent on the first part of the drive back to Exeter. Finally I spoke.

"*Now* what do you think?" I asked.

Kimball just shook his head.

"I certainly never expected to run into so many reports, two days in a row," said Kimball.

"All these things that keep repeating themselves," I said.

"Like where do the cars always seem to congregate?"

"By the power lines," said Kimball. "Both Fremont and Exeter."

"How many people have had the damn things come right at their cars?"

"Let's see," said Kimball. He was driving slowly because the fog was still rather thick. "There's the woman that Bertrand reported on the 101 bypass. There's Mrs. Pearce, down on the Exeter-Hampton line. There's the two young fellows the Hampton police took to the Coast Guard station. Muscarello, he wasn't in a car, but he had to dive down on the road to get away from it. Actually, it came right at Bertrand, too, wouldn't you say? When he was out on the field with the kid?"

"Well," I said, "he started to pull his gun on it."

"That's close enough," said Kimball.

Before leaving Exeter, I made a point of visiting Norman Muscarello's mother. She is Muscarello's mother from a previous marriage and her name now is Mrs. Dolores Gazda. She lived in a modest but spotless apartment on Front Street in Exeter, about a mile out from the center of town. An outdoor wooden stairway with a small landing on the top led to the door, and she sat me at the kitchen table for a cup of coffee. She was young-looking and trim, barely old enough, I thought, to have an 18-year-old son.

"Do you want me to tell you something interesting?" she said as she poured the coffee. "When this whole thing started, I told my son I really couldn't believe him. He had been out all night, and he came walking into the house at about 4 in the morning. I was really concerned and very upset. You see, he'd sold his car because he was going into the Navy in a few weeks, so he hitchhiked all the way to Amesbury to see this friend, and that's how the whole thing started. Well, of course, I could hardly believe this fantastic story, but when the two police officers told me what they went through, I knew that all *three* of them couldn't be pulling my leg.

"Now my son says it was as big as a house, and that's about the description of it when some friends of mine saw it over the hospital. And then one night I went down with these friends on Route 88. I hadn't had any luck on several nights when I went with Norman. But this night, we weren't there more than 10 minutes when all of a sudden this thing, you couldn't see what it was shaped like, came out from behind some trees, like if it was just parked and rose. Now I describe it as being beautiful. It went right along the top of the trees, oh, several hundred yards away. It was hard to tell the distance. It was huge, it looked awful big even from that far away. What it looked like to me, there were lights on the bottom going around it like pinwheels. Red ones. And it was very bright and it was beautiful. Since then, I've seen it right over the house here. And the other night, the whole neighborhood was shook up. I could see it right here from the landing. And I went and told all the neighbors and they all saw it with me. It was very low, and spinning like always, with these red lights. So a few minutes later, an airplane came over and made a circle around it. And darned if that thing didn't just turn around and take off like a bullet."

It was nearly 2 in the afternoon on October 23 when I checked out of the Inn and began driving toward my home in Connecticut. I had to admit my head was spinning. For nearly four days I had been talking to everyday people who were discussing in infinite detail what might become the most important news story in history. But why hadn't it broken? What was holding it back?

I had talked with and interviewed, either singly or in groups, nearly 60 people. I had nearly 20 hours of tape recordings.

Driving along the broad, straight superhighway toward Boston, I tried to summarize in my own mind just what specific conclusions could be drawn from these long and involved days in and around Exeter. What had I been able to gather that was irrefutable evidence?

First, it was uncontestably true that Unidentified Flying Objects had been reported and verified in many cases by more than one reputable person at regular intervals over a wide area of southern New Hampshire.

Second, it was uncontestably true that the reports were coming in very frequently.

Third, it was uncontestably true that many reports indicated the objects sighted over, near and along high-power electrical transmission lines, although sightings were not confined to such locations.

Fourth, it was uncontestably true—to Kimball and me, at least—that we had seen an object that could not be identified as any known aircraft in existence.

Fifth, it was uncontestably true that some people were in actual shock or hysteria as a result of extremely low-level encounters with these objects.

The tape recorder was beside me in the front seat of the car as I circumvented Boston on Route 128 and continued along the Massachusetts Turnpike. I picked up the microphone and began dictating a memo to my agent and editors in an attempt to give them a brief picture of the progress of the research to date. I indicated that I could not understand why some kind of major newsbreak should not be forthcoming on this subject in the light of the material I had gathered.

"I say this after several days of intensive research in Exeter, in which I interviewed nearly 60 people and tape-recorded hours of testimony," the memo began. Then it continued:

The people who have given this testimony have been checked out as far as character and reliability are concerned. For the most part I would say that their judgment and capabilities range from average to better than average.

The testimony adds up to this:

There is overwhelming evidence that UFO's or "flying saucers" do exist.

They seem to exist in uncountable numbers.

They move at incredible speeds and in aerodynamically impossible patterns.

They are reported, checked and verified almost continuously.

They hover for considerable time, often at less than treetop level.

At low altitude, they sometimes assume a domelike shape with an inner red or white glow. A pattern of red pulsating lights is frequently observed. In others a red whirling pattern is reported around the edge.

They are usually absolutely silent, although in some cases a high-frequency hum is heard.

They move almost directly overhead of cars and people, at times causing fright and panic.

At least four women, living in widely separate areas, are afraid to go out alone at night and they refuse to do so.

At least four people report extremely large objects, 60 to 80 feet in diameter, rising up silently from behind trees.

The low altitude movement has been reported to consist of a yawing, kitelike motion, wobbling in the air and moving slowly back and forth, sometimes with a fluttering pattern, like a leaf.

At times, it is reported to throw a brilliant red light glow which paints the side of white houses a brilliant red. It can light up a wide area on the ground around it.

At high altitudes, in some cases, it seems to assume a shape of a small disk, in the relationship of a pinhead (star) to a tennis ball (UFO).

Reliable, but off-the-record information from the Pease Air Force Base in Portsmouth indicates frequent radar blips and fighters are *constantly* scrambled to pursue these objects. This information is not official, but it comes from a reliable source.

The objects are often reported in the vicinity of high-power transmission lines: Some of these locations have been crowded with cars many nights, with group sightings sometimes reported.

No one has ever been harmed physically by any of these objects, although psychological trauma has been evident.

The area covered by the research extends from Hampton, New Hampshire, on the coast some 20 miles west to Derry, New Hampshire, near Manchester.

In most interviews, I was able to determine the reasonable capacity of the respondent to differentiate between a helicopter, balloon, jet, prop plane, planets or stars. Some sightings have been described in daylight.

On October 27, I drove from Pittsburgh north some 30 miles to Beaver, Pennsylvania, in a rented car to investigate a dramatic UFO photograph NICAP had sent me. The *Beaver*

County Times, an extremely able newspaper covering a large population in the Pittsburgh area, had covered the picture and story in depth, I had learned, and I planned to talk to their reporter first before interviewing the youthful photographer directly.

One especially interesting thing had shown up in the picture: under the upside-down luminous dinner-plate shape was a whirling halus, a misty cloud extending beneath it like a ghostly tail of a kite, which had not been visible to the naked eye but which had shown up on the photographic negative clearly. Since film will pick up some invisible infrared and utraviolet light, this might provide a clue to the power source of the objects.

I found Tom Schley, a reporter for the *Beaver County Times* who had covered the story, at his desk in the large, modern building of the paper.

He had plunged into the subject cold, and was as mystified as I. He was convinced that the 17-year-old James Lucci, who had taken the picture, was sound and able, an amateur photographer who often took pictures of the stars and moon as part of his hobby. His father was a professional photographer for the Air National Guard, and both the family and the boy were highly regarded in the community. At the time of the observation and the taking of the picture, James Lucci was with his brother. A third witness, Michael Grove, saw the UFO from his home across the road. James was making time exposures of the moon in the driveway of his home in Brighton Township, Beaver County, at about 11:30 p.m. A round, thick object, glowing brighter than the moon, came into the field of the camera from over a high, steep hill behind his house. Realizing the camera must have caught it. James closed the shutter quickly, wound the film down for another shot. Before he could get a third shot, the object climbed rapidly out of sight.

The entire Lucci family was afraid, as many other people were, of ridicule and publicity, but friends persuaded James to bring the picture to the *Beaver County Times,* where three photographers superimposed negatives and made other tests which showed the UFO had slowly moved closer, left to right, as described by the witnesses. After a full evaluation, they labeled the photograph genuine. The boy's character was vouched for by the chief of police, Brighton Township, the high school principal, and Beaver County police.

With reporter Schley's help, I was able to catch two of the photographers on the newspaper who had made the examination of the Lucci negatives, Harry Frye and Birdie Shunk. We joined them in the cafeteria.

"How do you go about checking out the negatives?" I asked.

"The only way," said Frye, "is to make completely sure that there's no double exposure involved, or anything like that. If the negative is faked by a double exposure you have overlapping images. Now I studied the negatives for considerable time and I don't think they could possibly have been double-exposed. Everybody else in the department agreed on this."

"It wasn't a lens-reflection freak in the development, either," Shunk added. "We examined the negatives thoroughly for that possibility.

"After we all had studied them, we couldn't help but come to the conclusion that the image was a definite picture. There was no other way it could have been done."

"How did you go about matching up the two negatives?" I asked.

"Well," said Frye, "we put the two negatives, two separate exposures, we put them together and lined up the trees, the horizon line, the moon, and other things that were in both negatives. And you could see where the object had moved across the film. From my judgment, the object had moved from a position closer to the camera to a position a little farther away and across."

"And that would have been difficult to fake?"

"It would be, yes," said Shunk. "I would be difficult to fake it in another way—to put something up there and photograph it, and still get the things that are seen in the background. Just about impossible. I'd say. You also noticed that tail of mist coming down from the object."

"That wasn't seen by the naked eye," I said. "What sort of thing does a film pick up that the eye doesn't? Infrared? Ultraviolet?"

"Ultraviolet will appear on a film and not to the eye," said Frye. "It would tend to produce a white image."

"Then is there a possibility that these rays coming down from the object could be ultraviolet?"

"Well," said Frye, "this is something I couldn't answer. It could be, and it could be also something else. There is a lot of light outside of the visible spectrum that you can photograph."

"How about infrared?" I asked.

"That will also photograph on a plate to a certain extent, especially with certain film."

"We discussed ways that the picture could have been faked," said Shunk, "and we couldn't come up with a logical way you could do it."

"In other words," said Frye, "if somebody asked us to go out and duplicate this picture, we would find it impossible."

I thanked Schley and the photographers for their information and then left to see James Lucci and his brother John to reenact the way the photograph was taken, and to see what other information I could pick up in their neighborhood.

James Lucci was quiet, soft-spoken and shy. His brother John was 20, three years older. He was a student at Geneva College nearby. Both were articulate and friendly. The Lucci house nestled at the bottom of a steep hill, so typical of western Pennsylvania. I got both boys to take me to the exact spot where their camera had been set. It was in the gravel driveway, directly beside the house, and we stood there, looking up at an angle toward the hill. The trees stood out sharply in silhouette against the sky, the same tree line which had showed up in the pictures.

I asked James Lucci to point out the exact spot where the object was when the picture was taken.

He pointed to the high ridge, at about a 45-degree angle from where we were standing.

I looked up, following the direction of his finger, and caught my breath.

For immediately below the part of the sky he indicated were the sweeping wires of a high-power transmission line, extending from a tower on top of the ridge and stringing across the valley to the next hill. It was Exeter all over again, this time with a striking photograph to go with it.

I returned to Exeter on October 31. On the following morning, I followed up half-a-dozen leads by phone; they were interesting mainly because they indicated the high frequency of sightings in the area.

At noon, I stopped by the power plant on Drinkwater Road in Exeter and spoke to a couple of the engineers for the Exeter and Hampton Electric Company. They had heard many stories about UFO's but had not been aware that so many people were reporting them above or near power lines. They were intrigued with the idea, though, and planned to investigate it. They said that high-voltage power lines do create an electromagnetic field, and that if the objects had any kind of affinity for electromagnetic fields, the power lines would be an obvious attraction. There had been no unusual voltage losses reported on the meters, but, they added, it would be possible for an object to enter an electromagnetic field without affecting the voltage.

In midafternoon, I went to Officer Bertrand's house to get his reaction to a story the Pentagon had released to the local papers about his and Officer Hunt's sighting. It was such a garbled distortion of facts that I could not understand how the Pentagon could release it. Later, an officer at the Pease Air Force Base told me he was "shocked at the Pentagon's stupidity."

With a Washington, D.C., dateline of October 27, 1965, the news story read:

> The Pentagon believes that, after intensive investigation, it has come up with a natural explanation of the UFO sightings in Exeter, New Hampshire, on September 3.
>
> A spokesman said the several reports stemmed from "multiple objects in the area," by which they mean a high-altitude Strategic Air Command exercise out of Westover, Mass., was going on at the time in the area.
>
> A second important factor was what is called a "weather inversion" wherein a layer of cold air is trapped between warm layers.
>
> The Pentagon spokesman said this natural phenomenon causes stars and planets to dance and twinkle.
>
> The spokesman said, "We believe what the people saw that night was stars and planets in unusual formations."

I was confident that no one, including the Air Force, had in-

vestigated this sighting in greater detail than I had. What's more, the release was a direct slam at both Bertrand and Hunt and their capacity to distinguish between "stars and planets" and an enormous, silent craft which had brought Bertrand almost to the point of pulling his gun. I had spent part of two nights patrolling with Bertrand and Hunt, and had come to respect them and their jobs. For the Pentagon to ascribe their sighting to either "high-altitude exercises" or "stars and planets in unusual formations" was patently absurd. If anything, it could only lead eventually to the embarrassment of the Pentagon.

Bertrand was very calm about it. "If they want to turn out ridiculous statements like that," he said, "that's their business. I know what I saw. They don't. And of course I can't accept what they say there. I know for sure it had nothing to do with the weather. I know for sure this was a *craft*, and it was not any plane in existence. I know for sure it was not more than a hundred feet off the ground. I'm not saying it's something from outer space. I'm saying I don't know what it was, and from this newspaper story they've released, I know damn well they don't either. I know it didn't have any wings, and I know it wasn't a helicopter. Or no balloon, or anything of that sort. It's absolutely stupid of them to release something like that."

A rather extensive random survey in the Exeter area brought many more stories to light. Most impressive were the off-the-record accounts by the military:

—A Coastguardsman from New Hampshire told me that although his station would never release any official information, he was on watch one night when an enormous reddish-orange disk moved slowly up the beach, not more than 15 feet above it. He confessed that he was so shocked by the sight that he went into the radio shack and closed the door.

—From an Air Force pilot I learned that pilots had been ordered to shoot at any UFO they came across in an effort to bring them down. But he said that they were apparently invulnerable and that they were capable of outmaneuvering any aircraft the Air Force had. He said that he simply ignored the orders to fire on such objects, since he felt personally it would be better not to alienate them.

—A military radar operator reported that a UFO came directly toward the base, was clocked both visually and on the radarscope. It seemed as if it were brazenly going to land at the base. But instead of landing, it hovered over the base. The officer of the day was notified, and he put a telescope on the object. As he watched, it suddenly accelerated to a speed of over 800 miles an hour, as clocked on the radarscope. It disappeared within a minute.

—A brilliant orange object landed directly off the edge of one of the runways at the Pease Air Force Base, illuminating a wide area where many of the Air Force officers and their families lived, according to a member of a high-ranking officer's family. Some wives reported that the light was so bright that they thought it was morning; one actually started to get dressed until she realized it was still in the middle of the night. Phone calls swamped the switchboard at the air base, and eventually the base was cut off by the commander from outside communication. The fire unit of the base was dispatched to the end of the runway as the object took off and disappeared at an unclocked speed.

—I was given several more reports about the constant scrambling of jet fighters after the strange object when radar sightings had been made in concert with visual sightings.

—Constant radar reports were being made at the Portsmouth Navy Base. In one instance, an object hovered over a water tower at the base before taking off at incredibly fast speed. It was checked both visually and by radar.

—One highly qualified officer at the Pease Air Force Base told me that he had been skeptical about UFO's before he had been assigned to the command at Portsmouth. He was no longer skeptical at all. At least 15 pilots at the base felt the same way.

—Two additional officers of the air base told me that they were shocked and dismayed by the Pentagon report issued about the Bertrand and Hunt case in Exeter. They said it was so unbelievable in the light of what local authorities knew, that it could make the Pentagon a laughingstock. They said in no uncertain terms that the report was severely damaging to the Air Force.

Although none of the personnel supplying this information can be identified, for their own protection, these reports are no less real than any of the other information I put directly on the tapes. In fact, in view of the position of these people, the stories reinforced the thesis that UFO's not only existed, but were beyond the capacity of the military to deal with them. This impotence, of course, might be the underlying reason why the government was carrying out its ostrichlike program of nonrecognition. The public has a naive and childlike faith in the military, and anything admittedly beyond its control might shatter this faith forever.

I was not able to talk to Norman Muscarello until several weeks later, when he came back to Exeter on leave from the Navy. But the interview with him was strangely anticlimatic. The recorded tapes of Officer Bertrand, Officer Hunt, his mother, Officer Toland and others so surrounded the incident in detail that Muscarello's story was simply a total but necessary confirmation of everything which had happened on that predawn morning of September 3. It coincided almost exactly with the description given by officers Bertrand and Hunt. He demonstrated how he had dropped down on the shoulder of the road to keep away from the object when it came toward him. The interview with him completed the cycle of the original incident at Exeter, which had set into motion such a long and arduous period of research.

On Monday, November 8, I was in Exeter with two companions, an editor and a photographer from a national magazine. We were there to recheck some of my earlier interviews. We covered Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Gazda, the entire community in the area of the Pearce home, the police, Ron Smith, Bessie's Lunch, the Jalbert place by the power lines in Fremont and Chief Bolduc and his family in the same neighborhood. In reviewing their sightings with them, it was interesting to note that the descriptions remained basically the same as when they had given them to me a few weeks previously.

At the Bolduc house, Jesse Bolduc had joined the ranks of the observers since the time I had first talked to him. He confessed that he no longer laughed at his wife, and admitted that he had to eat his own words.

At the Jalbert home, the entire family reported continued sightings, and both Joseph Jalbert and his mother recounted a most interesting observation which had happened since I had first met them.

Joseph had recently noticed a reddish, cigar-shaped object in the sky, high over the power lines. It hovered there motionless for several minutes—exactly how many he did not know because he was so absorbed with watching it. After a considerable length of time, a reddish-orange disk emerged apparently from inside the object, and began a slow, erratic descent down toward the power lines. As it reached a point within a quarter mile of them, it leveled off, then moved over the wires until it reached a point several hundred feet away. It then descended slowly until it was only a few feet above the lines. Then a silvery, pipelike object came down from the base of the disk and actually touched the lines, remaining there for a minute or so.

The protrusion then slowly retracted into the body of the object, and it took off at considerable speed—exactly how fast. Joseph could not estimate—and then rejoined the reddish-cigar-shaped object and disappeared inside it.

Joseph's mother had not seen this but had observed a similar occurrence some 20 miles away, near Manchester. The only difference in their descriptions was that the protrusion extending down from the object she observed was reddish rather than silver colored. Joseph was very reluctant to bring this sighting up. His younger brother had prodded him into telling about it, and when we asked him why he was so hesitant, he told us that the whole thing looked too scary and he didn't like to talk about it. "It's the first time I've ever seen one of these things touch anything," he said, "and it happened so near to me that I really tried to put it out of my mind."

By Tuesday, November 9, I was ready to close out the research and begin the long job of trying to correlate all the tapes and notes. Several more reports of sightings were brought to our attention that morning, but most proved to be repetitive,

and I could see no reason for extensive interviews. I met my companions back at the motor inn in Hampton for dinner. It was a cold, sparkling clear night, with a brilliant hunter's moon, and the huge fireplace in the dining room was a welcome sight. We met at about 5:30, and as I was leaving my room, I noticed that the electric lights flickered, faltered for a few seconds, and then came on brightly again. I thought nothing of it, went on into the dining room. My friends were waiting for me in a booth. We ordered Martinis and prepared to relax.

As the waitress brought the drinks, she had a broad smile on her face. She had been helpful in the past in supplying the names of people she had heard about who had sighted objects, and was interested in the story as it developed.

"I suppose this is all your fault," she said, putting the Martinis down on the table.

"What is all our fault?" I asked.

"You mean you haven't heard about it?" she said.

"Heard about what?"

"The blackout. The power failure. All over the east."

"You're kidding," I said. The lights in Hampton were blazing brightly. I did recall, though, the flicker as I had left my room.

"It just came in over the radio in the kitchen," she said. "New York, Albany, Boston, Providence, all of Massachusetts, are absolutely black. Not a light burning. This is no joke, I mean it."

This seemed so incredible that we hardly took it seriously. I got up,went back to the room, and turned on the television set.

I was startled to see the news staff of NBC-TV broadcasting in faint candlelight. The picture was fuzzy and barely discernible. The commentary, of course, confirmed all that the waitress had told us, and more. I still found it hard to believe. And, of course, the first thing which crossed my mind was the long series of UFO sightings involving the power lines, such as Joseph Jalbert's report the evening before. I forgot completely about dinner.

I quickly started pouring through the 203 pages of transcript of the tape recordings. The words "power lines" or "transmission lines" appeared on an alarming number of pages. I began making a notation in the margin of the transcripts wherever a reference like this was made. There were 73 mentions in various locations by various people. These included either the actual use of the words or references to locations near where the power lines ran.

I sat glued to the television set, waiting for some word as to the cause of the unprecedented failure. The news commentators were as confused as everybody else. No one seemed to have any idea of the cause and never in history had there been a power blackout of such extent. I tried to phone my home in Connecticut and was told by the operator that the only calls she could put through were those that were a matter of life or death.

The Portsmouth-Exeter area, we learned, was one of the few pockets of light in the entire Northeast. I found small comfort in that, because I thought of the millions of people in the large cities who must certainly be trapped in cold, dark subways or jammed, stuffy elevators.

I waited in vain throughout the evening and early morning hours for more news but no announcement came which gave even a clue to the mystery. I ran through the transcripts again, still noting the phrases and descriptions referring to the power lines. Suddenly, the major emphasis of the entire UFO research —the power lines—was now becoming the focal point of a new mystery—no less mysterious than the UFO phenomenon I had been dealing with for weeks.

The blackout caused by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid created one of the biggest mysteries in the history of modern civilization. Eighty thousand square miles and 36,000,000 people—one-fifth of the nation's population—were suddenly plunged into inexplicable darkness.

There was a curious lack of physical damage: The utility companies looked for something to repair, but there was nothing. Only a few generators were out of action as a result of the power failure, not a cause. What's more, the utilities were able to restore service with the exact same equipment that was in use at the time of the blackout. What happened that night was not only far from normal; it was mystifying.

If there had been a mechanical flaw, a fire, a breakdown, a short circuit, a toppling transmission tower, the cause would have been quickly and easily detected. Mechanically, however, the system as a whole was in perfect repair before and after the failure.

At 10 p.m., it was announced that the crux of the difficulty lay at a remote-controlled substation on the Power Authority's transmission lines at Clay, New York, a town 10 miles north of Syracuse. The high-tension 345,000-volt power lines stretching over Clay are part of the authority's "superhighway" of power distribution, running into Niagara Falls, east to Utica and south to New York City.

Niagara Mohawk repairmen who drove out to Clay found the substation in apparently perfect order. There were no signs of mechanical failure, fire or destruction. Another report sent FBI investigators and state police to the desolate Montezuma Marshes outside of Syracuse, but they found nothing out of order there.

Something else happened outside Syracuse, however, which was noted briefly in the press, and then immediately dropped without follow-up comment. Weldon Ross, a private pilot and instructor, was approaching Hancock Field at Syracuse for a landing. It was at almost the exact moment of the blackout. As he looked below him, just over the power lines near the Clay substation, a huge red ball of brilliant intensity appeared. It was about 100 feet in diameter, Ross told the *New York Journal-American*. He calculated that the fireball was at the point where the New York Power Authority's two 345,000-volt power lines at the Clay substation pass over the New York Central's tracks between Lake Oneida and Hancock Field. With Ross was a student pilot who verified the statement. At precisely the same moment, Robert C. Walsh, deputy commissioner for the Federal Aviation Agency in the Syracuse area, reported that he saw the same phenomenon just a few miles south of Hancock Field. A total of five persons reported the sighting. Although the Federal Power Commission immediately said they would investigate, no further word has been given publicly since.

Pilot Ross's sighting took place at 5:15 p.m., at the moment when the blackout occurred in the Syracuse area. At 5:25 p.m., a schoolteacher in Holliston, Massachusetts, watched through binoculars with her husband an intense white object in the sky moving slowly toward the horizon. At the same time, David Hague, a 17-year-old from Holliston reported an identical object, moving toward the southwest.

In New York City, simultaneously with the blackout, two women declared in two separate statements that they sighted unusual objects in the sky.

In spite of the lengthy report issued by the FCC, the Great Blackout has still not been adequately explained. Ostensibly, backup Relay #Q-29 at the Sir Adam Beck generating station Queenston, Ontario, was eventually pinpointed as the source of the massive failure. But further investigation, hardly noted in the press, showed that nothing in the relay was broken when it was removed for inspection. In fact, it went back into operation normally when power was restored. The line it was protecting was totally undamaged. "Why did everything go berserk?" *Life* Magazine asks in an article about the blackout. "Tests on the wayward sensing device have thus far been to no avail." A later statement by Arthur J. Harris, a supervising engineer of the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission, indicated that the cause was still a mystery. "Although the blackout has been traced to the tripping of a circuit breaker at the Sir Adam Beck No. 2 plant, it is practically impossible to pinpoint the initial cause." As late as January 4, 1966, *The New York Times* in a follow-up story indicated a series of questions regarding the prevention of future blackouts. The new item says: "These questions more or less are related to the cause, *still not fully understood*, of last November's blackout." The italics are ours.

The Great Northeast Blackout was a mystery, but not any more puzzling than what followed on its heels. On November 16, a series of power blackouts hit many parts of Britain. Dozens of sections of London were darkened, and telephone operators in Folkestone, on the south coast, worked by candlelight.

On November 26, NICAP was advised that power failures in St. Paul, Minnesota, were reported by the Northern States Power Company simultaneous with the appearance of objects overhead giving off blue and white flashes just off Highway 61.

Fifteen minutes later, just north of the original sighting, a resident on Hogt Avenue reported a "blue-glowing" UFO as all house lights and appliances in the area went dead. A motorist also reported that his car lights and radio went out.

The power company announced that it was unable to determine the cause of that blackout.

By December 2, sections of two states and Mexico were plunged into darkness after a widespread power failure in the Southwest. Juarez, Mexico, was hit, as well as El Paso, Texas, and Las Cruces and Alamogordo, New Mexico. Authorities were unable to explain the cause of the trouble.

A few days later, on December 4, portions of east Texas were knocked out electrically, with 40,000 houses losing power. It was the third major blackout since the Northeast Grid failed.

By December 26, the mystery was growing deeper. The entire city of Buenos Aires, and towns as far as 50 miles away, were plunged into darkness by a power failure, with hundreds trapped in subways beneath Buenos Aires' streets. The cause was thought to be a single generator.

On the same date, four major cities of south and central Finland were hit by a loss of electrical power attributed to a single insulator.

One news story on January 13, 1966, is particularly interesting because it received little attention in the press aside from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, *Herald* of that date, even though it was an AP release, with an Andover, Maine, dateline:

The Telstar communications satellite tracing station was blacked out by a power failure which hit a 75-mile area in western Franklin County.

Electrical power failed at 4:30 p.m. Wednesday and was restored at 11:20 p.m.

A spokesman for the Central Maine Power Co. blamed the failure on "an apparent equipment failure which somehow corrected itself."

Noteworthy are two things: 1) The power failure involved a space satellite, and 2) in this age of science and engineering, the equipment "somehow corrected itself." Coupled with the stories of the numerous other blackouts, it is strange indeed that the engineers could not figure out how it went out—and how the failure was remedied.

On the following day, an AP story datelined Augusta, Maine, stated that Chairman Frederick N. Allen of the Public Utility Commission indicated that there was no negligence by the two power companies involved. The Central Maine Power Company said that the blackout was caused by the failure of a big transformer in its Rumford substation.

CMP Vice-President Harold F. Schnurle went on to say that it had not been determined why the transformer failed or why it restored itself to service nearly seven hours later.

The relationship of the Unidentified Flying Objects to the power failures is entirely circumstantial, of course. Both UFO's and the Great Blackout still remain unsolved. But stranger yet is the incapacity of modern science to come up with any kind of real answer to either question. More baffling still is the attitude of the large bulk of the scientific fraternity in presumably laughing off a phenomenon testified to by hundreds of technicians, other scientists, airline pilots, military personnel, local and state police and articulate and reliable citizens.

In the third week in November, a month after the Pentagon explanation, officers Bertrand and Hunt jointly received an undated letter from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, and signed by Major Hector Quantanilla, Chief of the Project Blue Book. It read:

Mr. Eugene Bertrand, Jr.
Mr. David R. Hunt
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire
Gentlemen:

The sighting of various unidentified objects by you and Mr. Norman Muscarello was investigated by officials from Pease Air Force Base, New Hampshire, and their report has been forwarded to our office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. This sighting at Exeter, New Hampshire, on the night of 2 September has been given considerable publicity through various news releases and in magazine articles similar to that from the "Saturday Review" of 2 October, 1965. A portion of this article is attached for your information. This information was released by the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, a private organization which has no connection with the government. As a result of these articles, the Air Force has received inquiry as to the cause of this report.

Our investigation and evaluation of the sighting indicates a possible association with an 8th Air Force Operation, "Big Blast." In addition to aircraft from this operation, there were five B-47 type aircraft flying in the area during this period. Before a final evaluation of your sighting can be made, it is essential for us to know if either of you witnessed any aircraft in the area during this time period either independently or in connection with the objects observed. Since there were many aircraft in the area, at that time, and there were no reports of unidentified objects from personnel engaged in this air operation, we might then assume that the objects observed between midnight and 2 a.m. might be associated with this military air operation. If, however, these aircraft were noted by either of you, then this would tend to eliminate this air operation as a plausible explanation for the objects observed.

Sincerely,
HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., *Major, USAF*
Chief, Project Blue Book
1 atch.
Article "Saturday Review"

Curiously, the letter was not only undated, but the large brown envelope in which it was mailed bore no postmark.

The letter referred to the sighting as September 2, when of course it took place on September 3. It also indicated that the high-altitude exercises were conducted from midnight until 2 a.m., while the police officers encountered the close-range object at approximately 3 a.m. But most ironical was the indication that the case was still in process of "final evaluation," while the Pentagon had already released its own "final evaluation" over a month before the letter arrived.

Officers Bertrand and Hunt replied to the Air Force with this letter on December 2, 1965:

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., *Major, USAF*
Chief, Project Blue Book
Wright Patterson AFB
Dayton, Ohio
Dear Sir:

We were very glad to get your letter during the third week in November, because as you might imagine we have been the subject of considerable ridicule since the Pentagon released its "final evaluation" of our sighting of September 3, 1965. In other words, both Ptl. Hunt and myself saw this object at close range, checked it out with each other, confirmed and reconfirmed the fact that this was not any kind of conventional aircraft, that it was at an altitude of not more than a couple of hundred feet, and went to considerable trouble to confirm that the weather was clear, there was no wind, no chance of weather inversion, and that what we were seeing was no illusion or military or civilian craft. We entered this in a complete official police report as a supplement to the blotter of the morning of September 3 (not September 2, as your letter indicates). Since our job depends on accuracy and an ability to tell the difference between fact and fiction, we were naturally disturbed by the Pentagon report which attributed the sighting to "multiple high altitude objects" in the area and "weather inversion." What is a little difficult to understand is the fact that your letter (undated) arrived considerably after the Pentagon release. Since your letter says that you are still in the process of making final evaluation, it seems that there is an inconsistency here. Ordinarily, this wouldn't be too important except for the fact that in a situation like this we are naturally very reluctant to be considered irresponsible in our official report to the police station.

Since one of us (Ptl. Bertrand) was in the Air Force for four years engaged in refueling operations with all kinds of military aircraft, it was impossible to mistake what we saw for any kind of military operation, regardless of altitude. It was also definitely not a helicopter or balloon. Immediately after the object disappeared, we did see what probably was a B-47 at high altitude, but it bore no relation at all to the object we saw.

Another fact is that the time of our observation was nearly an hour after 2 a.m., which would eliminate the 8th Air Force operation Big Blast, since as you say this took place between midnight and 2 a.m. Norman Muscarello, who first reported this object before we went to the site, saw it somewhere in the

vicinity of 2 a.m., but nearly an hour had passed before he got into the police station, and we went out to the location with him.

We would both appreciate it very much if you would help us eliminate the possible conclusion that some people have made in that we might have a) made up the story, or b) were incompetent observers. Anything you could do along this line would be very much appreciated, and I'm sure you can understand the position we're in.

We appreciate the problems the Air Force must have with a lot of irresponsible reports on this subject, and don't want to cause you any unnecessary trouble. On the other hand, we think you probably understand our position.

Thanks very much for your interest.

Sincerely,
PTL. EUGENE BERTRAND
PTL. DAVID HUNT

Nearly a full month went by, but the officers received no reply whatever from Wright-Patterson. Finally, on December 28, the officers wrote again:

HECTOR QUINTANILLA, JR., *Major, USAF*
Wright Patterson AFB
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Since we have not heard from you since our letter to you of December 2, we are writing this to request some kind of answer, since we are still upset about what happened after the Pentagon released its news saying that we have just seen stars or planets, or high altitude air exercises.

As we mentioned in our letter to you, it could not have been the operation "Big Blast" you mention, since the time of our sighting was nearly an hour after that exercise, and it may not even have been the same date, since you refer to our sighting as September 2. Our sighting was on September 3. In addition, as we mentioned, we are both familiar with all the B-47's and B-52's and helicopters and jet fighters which are going over this place all the time. On top of that Ptl. Bertrand had four years of refueling experience in the Air Force, and knows regular aircraft of all kinds. It is important to remember that this craft we saw was not more than 100 feet in the air, and it was absolutely silent, with no rush of air from jets or chopper blades whatever, and it did not have any wings or tail. It lit up the entire field, and two nearby houses turned completely red. It stopped, hovered and turned on a dime.

What bothers us most is that many people are thinking that we were either lying or not intelligent enough to tell the difference between what we saw and something ordinary. Three other people saw this same thing on September 3, and two of them appeared to be in shock from it. This was absolutely not a case of mistaken identity.

We both feel that it's very important for our jobs and our reputations to get some kind of letter from you to say that the story put out by the Pentagon was not true; it could not possibly be, because we were the people who saw this; not the Pentagon.

Can you please let us hear from you as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
PTL. EUGENE BERTRAND
PTL. DAVID HUNT

In the official Air Force files at Wright-Patterson field is other information on the case:

—In his signed statement to the Air Force investigators, Patrolman Bertrand said: "At one time [the lights] came so close, I fell on the ground and started to draw my gun." He also noted that the lights were always in line at about a 60-degree angle, and when the object moved, the lower lights were always forward of the others.

—In the official Air Force report of the investigation by the Administrative Services Officer of the Pease Air Force Base to Wright-Patterson, dated September 15, 1965, the following information was included: *Identifying Information on Observers* (1) Civilian. Norman Muscarello, Age, 18. 205½ Front Street, Exeter, N. H. Unemployed (will join Navy on 18 Sept. '65) Appears to be reliable. (2) Civilian. Eugene F. Bertrand, Jr. Age, 30. Exeter Police Department. Patrolman. Reliable. (3) Civilian. David R. Hunt. Age, 28. Exeter Police Department. Patrolman. Reliable.

—In the same official report, a statement by Major David H. Griffin, Base Disaster Control Officer, Command pilot. *"At this time have been unable to arrive at a probable cause of this sighting. The three observers seem to be stable, reliable persons, especially the two patrolmen.* I viewed the area of the sighting and found nothing in the area that could be the probable cause. Pease AFB had 5 B-47 aircraft flying in the area during this period *but do not believe they had any connection with the sighting."* (Our italics)

The difference between this report of the actual investigating officer at Pease AFB, and the one officially released by the Pentagon to the local press on October 27, is marked and startling.

When I left Exeter, the sightings were still continuing, seemingly without letup. In the early months of 1966, while Hunt and Bertrand were still waiting to hear from the Pentagon, as many as two or three reports a week were being received by police in the vicinity of the town, one of which induced a dyed-in-the-wool skeptic to run to the police station with a full account of a UFO viewed by at least seven people.

On February 9, 1966, the Pentagon finally wrote a letter of apology to Patrolmen Bertrand and Hunt:

DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
Washington

Office of the Secretary FEBRUARY 9, 1966

Gentlemen:

Based on additional information you submitted to our UFO investigation office at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, we have been unable to identify the object you observed on September 3, 1966. . . .

In 19 years of investigating over 10,000 reports of unidentified flying objects, the evidence has proved almost conclusively that reported aerial phenomena have been objects either created or set aloft by man, generated by atmospheric conditions, or caused by celestial bodies or the residue of meteoric activity.

Thank you for reporting your observation to the Air Force and for your subsequent cooperation regarding the report. I regret any inconvenience you may have suffered as a result.

Sincerely,
/s/ JOHN P. SPAULDING
Lt. Col., USAF
Chief, Civil Branch
Community Relations Division
Office of Information.

MR. EUGENE BERTRAND, JR.
MR. DAVID R. HUNT
Exeter Police Department
Exeter, New Hampshire.

The most logical, but still unprovable, explanation is that the Unidentified Flying Objects are interplanetary spaceships under intelligent control. NICAP and others have been supporting this hypothesis for years. Its credibility, however, has suffered by the support of the crackpot fringe. In spite of this, the hypothesis remains stronger than any other theory advanced.

The biggest remaining question is the apparent attitude of government and scientific authorities who have shown no indication of setting up a full-scale project either to prove or disprove the existence of UFO's. Or if they have, the ostensible paternalistic protection of the public is not consistent with democratic principles. The reaction of those who have experienced close encounters with UFO's in the Exeter area has been one of shock, followed by intense curiosity rather than sustained panic. An unprepared public is far more likely to panic than an informed one. Truth isn't likely to remain hidden forever.

In the light of recent developments, the situation has reached a point where it appears to be the duty and responsibility of the government either to reveal what it knows, or to order a scientific investigation on a major scale and report the findings immediately to the public at large. **—John G. Fuller**

THIS FUNNY LIFE

While attending an exhibition game between the New York Yankees and the West Point Cadets team, one of the cadets in the stand began to heckle one of the Yankee players who had been charged with three errors early in the game.

"Hey, you," he bellowed. "How did a little runt like you ever get into the major leagues?"

The player's reply convulsed the stands: "My Congressman appointed me!"

Harry Bowley
Waltham, Mass.

Residents of Vermont, by payment of a special fee, are able to obtain automobile license plates bearing four or five letters of their own choosing. Thus one may see such license plates as: SKIER, MARY, SATYR, OOPS and many other novel letter combinations which inventive car owners have thought up.

One of the most amusing combinations is held by the artificial insemination technician who services dairy cows in central Vermont. This fellow makes his rounds from farm to farm in a Volkswagen bearing the license plate: TORO.

John R. Cashman
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Four demerits during barracks' inspection usually meant a one-hour tour of guard duty for a hapless cadet. The inspector, a brand-new second lieutenant, was either trying to be funny or believed there was corruption in low places when he discovered a dime on one cadet's bottom shelf.

The lieutenant's discrepancy report read as follows:

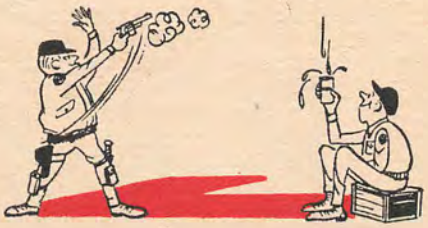
Untidy bottom shelf.....2 demerits
Trying to bribe
inspecting officer.....1 demerit
Insufficient bribe.....1 demerit

Earl C. Steady
Bath, New Hampshire

I work in a lumberyard. One day a customer told me that she wanted a three-quarter-inch pipe plug. I asked, "Do you want a male plug, a female plug or both?"

"I just want to stop a leak," the woman replied. "I don't plan to raise them!"

Joe Olsen
Miami, Okla.



As the hour of noon rolled around, the pilot and copilot of our SAC Jet Tanker decided to eat lunch. The young copilot was dressed as though he were over enemy territory; he had a revolver strapped to one boot and a hunting knife strapped to the other.

He picked up a can of fruit juice and took out his knife. Two quick thrusts of the knife punctured the top of the can.

Because I was new on the crew, the older, more experienced pilot turned to me and sighed, "Thank God! He usually shoots them open."

Capt. G. G. Gibbons
Amarillo AFB, Texas

While I was waiting to get a haircut in a Detroit barbershop, I noticed a one-armed customer in the chair wince when the barber accidentally nicked him. But the barber kept right on talking and paid no attention.

Finally the barber asked, "Haven't you been in here before?"

"Hell, no," the customer replied. "I lost this arm in the war."

Charles Kennedy
Jackson, Michigan

The pert little co-ed minced her way into the professor's office the day before final exams and said nervously:

"Oh, Professor, I'll just do *anything* to pass this course!"

"*Anything?*" asked the professor.

"Oh, yes, just anything. I'll do *anything* to pass this course!"

The professor sat back, thought for a minute, then replied, "Even *study*?"

Name withheld at writer's request,
San Diego, Calif.

During basic training at Parks AFB, I was assigned as flight leader over 48 other men of Flight 391. I was assigned all barracks' cleaning details, barracks' guard and KP duty, etc.

I guess I gave the guys a pretty rough time because when I returned to the barracks one night, I found this note:

Cates—

Tomorrow will be Tuesday—if it's all right with you. Thanks.

God

Donald J. Cates
Billings, Montana

One warm afternoon a small group of firemen were sitting in front of the station house, playing with their company mascot, a large spotted Dalmatian. A woman and her small son drove up to the parking area. The lady asked, in a serious manner, "Why is it most fire departments have dogs?" One old-timer said, with a smile, "They find the hydrants for us at night."

Bill V. Sininger
Lexington, Ky.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

Charlie claimed his Remington Model 742 was the only automatic rifle built to handle the powerful 30/06. Know what?

Three rings of steel say he's right!

I used to think the 30/06 was too much cartridge for anything but bolt-action rifles. Until Charlie introduced me to his new Remington Model 742.

Charlie pointed out the solid-steel receiver. Showed off the patented recessed bolt face that surrounds the cartridge head with an uninterrupted ring of solid steel. Demonstrated how, with the action closed, the cartridge head is actually protected by *three rings of steel.*

Result: An automatic action stronger than many bolt actions. Strong enough to be chambered for such pile drivers as the 30/06 and 280 Rem. Plus the 308 and 6mm Rem.

When Charlie offered to let me shoot a few groups, the Model 742 provided another nice surprise. There was no teeth-rattling "kick". Every foot-pound of power was there, all right. But the 742's modern, gas-operated action kept me right on target for my second . . . third . . . fourth . . . fifth shot.

Charlie says it's the fastest, most dependable system of operation ever built into any gun. And I'm inclined to agree.

But it was when I went off to buy a 742 of my own that I received the biggest surprise of all. Prices start at just $149.95*. (Even though the finish and checkering look like a million.)

There's even a new Deluxe 742 (shown below), complete with basket-weave checkering, Monte Carlo stock with right- or left-hand cheekpiece, Du Pont RK-W "bowling-pin" finish and classic step receiver.

Interested? See your Remington dealer or send for the free 1966 Remington catalog. (Address below.)

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited. *Fair Trade retail prices in states having Fair Trade laws. Prices subject to change without notice.

Remington DU PONT

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Are we changing the "Winston tastes good" slogan?
Not quite.

To Winston smokers, it's still "like a cigarette should."
But to the rest of you, it's "like your cigarette should."

Get the message? Unless your cigarette is Winston,
you're missing out on the best taste in filter cigarettes.

So change to Winston and change for good—for good taste.